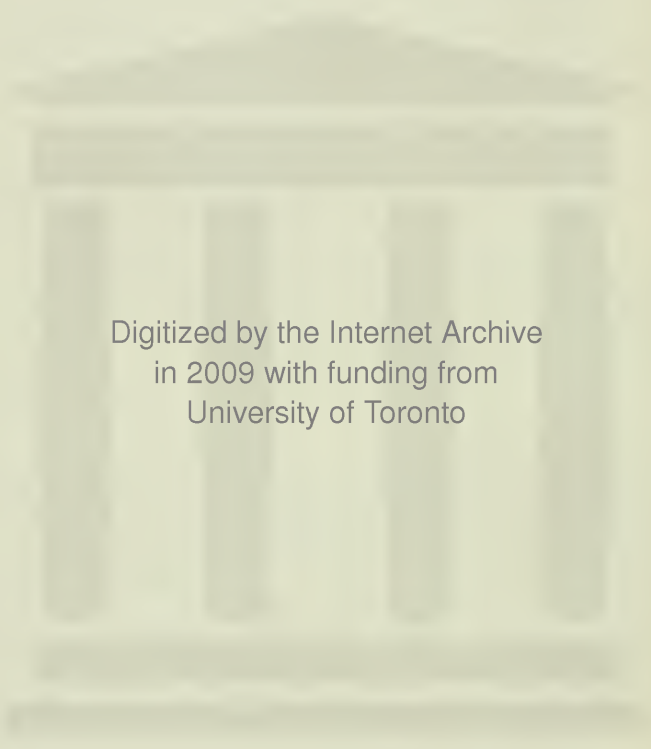




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PELOPONNESUS:

NOTES OF STUDY AND TRAVEL.

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PELOPONNESUS:

NOTES OF STUDY AND TRAVEL.

BY

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22/5/11

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

1858.

LONDON :
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

TO
GEORGE FINLAY, Esq., LL.D.

T H I S V O L U M E

IS DEDICATED,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF MUCH KINDNESS SHOWN

TO THE AUTHOR.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

May 29, 1858.

P R E F A C E.

THE second title which I have given to my book indicates its character and limits its pretensions. While on the one hand it is so far from exhausting the copious theme 'Peloponnesus,' that it leaves many places and many questions untouched, or only casually alludes to them, on the other hand it claims, within its limited scope, to be the product of personal observation and independent research. I had no ambition to add one more to the multitude of Travellers' books, but I chose the narrative form as the most convenient mode of connecting together a mass of observations and reflections otherwise desultory and inconsequent.

I have endeavoured to select such topics, and so to treat them, as, if possible, to interest not merely archæologists, but educated men generally. I have wished to make the book grave in substance and light in manner. This is, I know, a hazardous experiment. In aiming at both objects I run great risk of hitting neither, and may find that the book appears trivial to the one class and pedantic to the other.

During the tour I was occupied in comparing local features and extant remains with the conclusions of Colonel Leake and the testimony of ancient authors, especially Pausanias. In this task I was materially aided by the large French map; and I had throughout the advantage of the counsels of my friend and fellow-traveller Professor Thompson.

In writing the book my plan has been the same. I have deliberately abstained from consulting more recent writers on the subject. Where, for special reasons, I have deviated from this rule, I have always mentioned the author referred to. If I had discussed all the theories broached by modern travellers and scholars, I should have given my text an air of controversy or of commentary, and overloaded my notes with references, which would indeed have been 'caviare to the general.'

I shall no doubt discover that many of the views put forward here as original, have been already propounded or controverted in other works.¹ Even so, in the one case, the truth will be confirmed by an additional and independent

¹ For instance, I now find that the dissenters from the received view as to the destination of the underground chambers at Mycenæ, have been more numerous than I was aware of. Among them are Dr. E. D. Clarke and Colonel Mure.

I take this opportunity of apologizing for having inadvertently attributed to Colonel Mure an opinion as to the identity of the Erasinus with the river at Stymphalus, which is really due to Colonel Leake.

witness; in the other case, my arguments must go for what they are worth. Having spent the best part of my life in studies connected with ancient Greece, I have, perhaps, as much right to form and express a judgment of my own as others who have trodden in the steps of Colonel Leake.

All are but gleaners after him. It is indeed impossible to ignore or depreciate the services which he has rendered to Greek geography, archæology, and literature. His truthfulness, his sagacity, his diligence, and his learning are above all praise. I am the more anxious to make this avowal as, otherwise, I might be supposed by a hasty reader to have written in a spirit of antagonism. But the fact is, that while I have dwelt upon those points on which I ventured to differ from him, I have passed over in silence the far greater number of cases in which I assented to his views. Not unfrequently I have been indebted to him for the data which enabled me to combat his conclusions.

The most experienced and accurate of travellers cannot claim exemption from error. Notes written hastily and under difficulties are reduced to form after a multitude of novel sights, a constant change of scene, and a succession of days crowded with various incidents, have intervened to perplex and disturb the memory. Every traveller who writes a book, has on this score to ask for the indulgence of his readers, especially of such as put it to

the severe test of reading it in the country of which it treats. I have done what I could to guard against inaccuracy. My descriptions were for the most part written on the spot. I have seldom altered the original rough phrases of my note-book for the sake of rounding a sentence, and never preferred antithesis to fidelity.

In speaking of the modern Greeks, I have borne in mind how liable a foreigner is to misinterpret such manners and customs as are strange to him ; and I have not ventured upon any general and sweeping assertions unless they were corroborated by the authority of some one more entitled by long residence in the country to speak positively of its people. I have set down nothing in malice, and nothing, I trust, in haste.

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PELOPONNESUS.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

EIGHTEEN centuries ago the remote and savage island of Britain was periodically visited by certain enterprising merchants of Marseilles engaged in the tin-trade. These merchants were no doubt Greeks; for though Greece had lost all political consequence and national spirit, yet those who called themselves her children retained in their hands the commerce of the Mediterranean and the world. Adventurous from a restless temperament and love of gain, with a keen instinct of self-preservation and a practised dexterity that supplied the place of physical courage, unweighted with any prejudices in favour of truth and honesty, the then Greeks far outstripped in commercial enterprise and in commercial success their Roman masters; clumsy men, who could only be great *en masse*, in an elephantine, imperial way, who conquered nations and governed provinces, but could neither found firms nor keep ledgers, whose foreign journeys were undertaken by fifty thousands together, and resulted, it may be, in an ovation or even a triumph, but yielded no tangible return, much less an adequate profit for the outlay of time, men, and capital. So, while aggregate Rome grew and grew,

and aggregate Hellas dwindled and dwindled, individual Romans became poorer and poorer, individual Greeks richer and richer. Politically, the former despised the latter; personally, they envied them; and from this scorn and envy sprang a hatred such as it has always been the fortune of the Greeks to excite in the breasts of their neighbours; such as is felt for them at this present time by the aborigines of Smyrna, Trieste, or Manchester. Doubtless those *Cives Romani* who were reduced to commerce, were often compelled to borrow money of the gentile Shylocks, and repaid them with compound abuse. In one notable instance the abuse was clothed in hexameter measure, and has been preserved to our time. Through the exaggerations of the satirist we can discern the contour of the substantial truths which they enfold. The Greekling of that day, under the impulse of want or avarice, was ready for any enterprise however arduous, any journey however distant. Was there a demand for tin, and would it leave a profit on importation, the Greek was ready to start even for Britain. Such expedition did he use, that in three months he returned safe and sound, and was seen bustling about the principal *stoa* of Marseilles, jingling the leathern purse he wore at his girdle, and showing to all that listed his bran-new samples of Cornish tin.

Our enterprising friend is accosted amongst others by a stranger who is walking about with tablets in his hand, on which he makes memoranda. The stranger's accent shows that he is from Sicily. After a casual glance at the specimens, he puts a string of questions on matters not connected with the markets, out of mere

idle curiosity, about the strange island and its wild people, &c., and receives the information that the natives about the promontory of Belarion, the extreme south-western corner of Britain, are, owing to their intercourse with strangers, far more civilized than the other savages of the island; that they have learnt the value of their tin, are able to dig it out themselves, and cart it across the sands to Iktis—an island at high tide—‘whence,’ says the merchant, ‘we ship it for the opposite coast of Galatia’ (meaning Gaul). ‘We thence bring it on pack-horses in thirty days to Marseilles. And now, stranger, how much do ye bid, per Attic talent, for the tin?’ The stranger declines to make a bid, pockets his tablets and walks away, to the infinite disgust of our friend, who finds that he has been wasting his time and breath on a fellow who proves to be a historian or geographer, or something of the sort, one of that purblind tribe who are the disgrace of the nation, and who do not see that the true, lasting greatness of the Greek race rests on their success in commercial speculation.

The scene I have described is not altogether imaginary. I will not vouch for the exact place and time, but something like my description certainly did happen somewhere about Marseilles in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. What the merchant’s name was, I cannot tell you; the stranger’s name was Diodorus.¹

¹ Diodorus Siculus, b. v. p. 301. In the place which he called Iktis, where the tin depôt was, he seems to have blended the characteristic features of the Isle of Portland and St. Michael’s Mount, and then to have baptized the compound by the name belonging rightfully to the Isle of Wight.

In those days, then, the trader laden with British tin made his way from the shore of the Channel to Marseilles in thirty days. The modern traveller not similarly encumbered performs the journey in about the same number of hours; so brief is the space which, thanks to mechanical science, separates the most westerly of Greek cities from the land whose very existence was unsuspected by Herodotus and whose whereabouts, jealously concealed by the Phenician merchants, anxious to monopolize the trade, long continued unknown to their rivals. The Greek who at length discovered the secret was himself a native of Marseilles, by name Pytheas.¹ How would he have marvelled if the gods of Delphi and Dodona could in very truth have pierced through the veil of futurity, and had told him that that land was to be the cradle of a race which, in courage, perseverance, and tenacious nationality should be the Hellenes of a new world; that at a time when, with rare exceptions, the famous cities of Hellas should be abandoned to the encroaching sea, the gathering sand-dunes and the growing thicket, Britain should be the seat of cities many times greater than the greatest, and many times wealthier than the wealthiest of those old cities; the metropolis of an empire wider than the dreams of Alcibiades, or the achievements of Alexander; and the centre of a commerce to which the ocean should be no longer the dreadful limit, but the familiar highway. The descendants of those rude barbarians might now without presumption expound Thucydides to the citizens of Athens. They visit Greece with the feeling of pilgrims eager to pay

¹ Plin. *N. H.* ii. 75.

their devotions at the holy places of literature and philosophy and art; and they gather, for the decoration of their homes, mutilated fragments of Hellenic art, at a lavish cost which would have staggered Pericles and Phidias. But I need not dwell upon facts patent to all, or illustrate a contrast so obvious. I touch upon the subject only because it is one of those commonplaces which inevitably occupy the mind of the student and the traveller, tedious if dilated on, but which it were affectation to omit.

Except the scanty fragments collected in its museum, Marseilles contains, I believe, not a vestige of Greek, or even Roman, antiquity. Of the walls, temples, quays, and aqueducts of old Massilia there remains not one stone upon another. Antiquarian tastes are seldom prevalent in a commercial city. I should have said never—but that I bethink me of Temple Bar, which hinders the enunciation of my proposition as effectually as it impedes the traffic of Fleet-street. But, making all allowances for Temple Bar, it neither prevents traffic nor negatives proposition. Your men of business have no leisure for diletanteism, and the daily study of invoices and bills of lading is not favourable to the growth of sentiment. With such men, where ground-rents are high, ‘the mouldering lodges of the past’ stand but a poor chance. Only those who have little concern with the present have much love for the past. This is a passion fostered by seclusion and study, sometimes morbid and restless, evaporating in mere sentiment, but of inestimable service, when it finds its development in action, in preserving, arranging, illustrating its treasures and storing up materials for the historians, artists, and philosophers who are yet unborn. By the

nature of the case the antiquarian spirit in any nation must be of somewhat late growth, yet its prevalence is no indication of national decline. On the contrary, it is strongest among nations which have not yet passed their meridian, and in an exceptional class whose combativeness is stimulated by the different spirit which prevails around them. It is strongest in Northern, and weakest in Southern Europe. It was strong in Alexandria and Pergamos in the best days of the Macedonian kings; it was obviously feeble in Athens and Corinth in the days of Pausanias. It was strong in Italy under Claudius; it was almost extinct, with all other lights of the old world, in Honorius' time. Never was antiquarianism so rife as it is this day in France and England. Indeed, in the former country it is so rampant, that it overleaps itself and falls on the other; not content with conserving, it actually commits restorations.

I make no doubt that there is a flourishing society of antiquaries at Marseilles, which might have done good service if it had been somewhat more antique itself and come into existence while there were still some antiquities to preserve or restore. Now they are busy worshipping their patron Epimetheus; in rustic English, 'shutting the stable-door on the stolen horse.' To this hypothetical society I should attribute the design of a fountain erected during this present century, and thus inscribed, 'Les descendants des Phocéens à Homère.' One only trace of the ancient Phoceans is believed to survive in the name of a street, Rue de la Cannébière, which is supposed to be derived from *kánnabis*, the Greek word for 'hemp,' 'tow.' The derivation is probably correct, but the in-

ference more than doubtful. *Kánnabi* still survives in modern Greek, and it is more probable that the name of the street is a relic of Levantine commerce in the middle ages than of the Phocæan settlement two thousand four hundred years ago.

Marseilles, like London, has enjoyed a continuous and, of late, increasing prosperity. Placed as it is on a magnificent harbour, near the embouchure of a great river flowing from and through a region of abundant and varied fertility, its prosperity depends on permanent not transitory causes, natural not accidental. The name, which is not of Greek origin, implies that the Phocæans found a city ready to their hands, and under the same name it has continued to flourish, of whatever race its masters might be.

The destiny of Naples has been somewhat similar. It has retained the name given it by its Greek founders; like Marseilles, it has been exempted from the general ruin of Greek towns; and, like Marseilles, retains no trace of its old masters.

I embarked at Marseilles on the evening of Thursday, March 20th, and landed at Naples early on the morning of the following Sunday. The incidents of such a voyage are neither novel nor attractive; instead, therefore, of describing what has been repeated *usque ad nauseam*, I will ask the reader who is kind enough to accompany me on my journey, to reflect how this Mediterranean was in former days 'a Greek lake,' in a far stricter sense than it ever was, or ever will be, 'a French lake;' the fleet of the Messageries Impériales to the contrary notwithstanding.

So early as six centuries before Christ, on all the

islands, and on the greater portion of the mainland, there was scarcely a commodious harbour, scarcely a coign of vantage, where the adventurous Greeks had not established a town or a factory. So strong was the principle of vitality in the old stock, that wherever an offshoot or bud was washed ashore, it took root and grew into a vigorous tree. A ship-load of emigrants speedily developed into an independent self-supporting community, holding their own against all comers. The like has never been seen in the world's history, for the Italian maritime republics of the middle ages offer rather an illustration than a parallel. In the sixth century B.C. a thousand Amalfis fringed the shores of the Mediterranean. It was not till the vitality of Hellas began to decay that a tendency towards agglomeration manifested itself. The Athenian confederacy and the Spartan were the prelude to Macedonian and Roman conquest, and to the utter corruption of national life which subsisted during the long agonies of the Byzantine monarchy. The power of that empire was a *vis inertię*; its unity—the unity of cohesion, not of organized vitality.

After five days spent at Naples and in its neighbourhood, we embarked on the afternoon of March 28th for Malta. Coming on deck early next morning, I saw behind us Stromboli smoking like a factory-chimney, and before us the Straits of Messina smooth under a drizzling rain. In all ages and in all countries the prosaic spirit of the general public insists upon solidifying into fact the fictions of the poet, and so these straits, being the narrowest westward with which the first Greek sailors were acquainted, were fixed upon as the site of the Homeric Scylla and Charybdis. To transform the monsters into a rock and

a whirlpool respectively is an easy process. Rocks there are in plenty, *à choix*, but to find the whirlpool is not so easy. For want of a better, a sort of eddy or backwater, close to Messina, is pointed out to the curious stranger as Charybdis, miles away from any possible Scylla. The most foolish of pilots would not give Scylla so wide a berth as to run the risk of falling into the other alternative.

The truth is that the scene of this, as of other fictions, is to the poet's mind in some far-off unknown ocean, a mere brain-born fantasy, without the smallest nucleus of fact or the least *soupeçon* of allegory.

The marvellous beauty of Messina demands an acknowledgment by way of passing toll from every stranger. A long line of stately buildings fronts the quay, the hills behind are crowned each with a convent or a fortress, while streets and gardens in picturesque medley fill all the hollows and climb all the steepes. Perhaps no city has suffered more from earthquakes, pestilence, and cannon-balls; but its position as the key of Sicily, or rather the link of the two Sicilies, prevents its sharing the ruin of Syracuse and Agrigentum. A torrent divides the city into two unequal parts, and the *detritus* brought down by it forms, with some addition from art, the sickle-shaped mole which constitutes and protects the harbour. It was not, however, from this mole that the Greek name *Zancle* was derived, but from the shape of the harbour itself, quite different in old times. In the sixteenth century an earthquake filled up a great part of it.

Notwithstanding the ravages of nature and man, the city still contains some specimens of antiquity, medieval, not classical—the cathedral, for instance, in the apses

of which are some large mosaics of the thirteenth century done by Greek artists, of the Madonna, St. John the Theologian, and others. It would be curious to compare the style of these works with the mosaics in the Neapolitan Museum brought from Pompeii, executed twelve hundred years before, and inscribed with the name of Dioscorides of Samos. One seems to feel that the imperfections of the older work were owing to the unskilfulness of the artist, those of the later work to the decline of art.

After eight hours' stay, we left Messina. A furious wind and sea drove most of the passengers below. I remained on deck, and was more than rewarded for my long endurance by a lifting of the clouds, which revealed Etna with all her snows, lighted up by the westering sun.

Next morning, Sunday, March 30th, we landed at Malta, and in the evening sailed in a new screw-steamer, the *Danube*, for Syra. Rough weather which rendered the deck untenable, a thumping screw which made sleep impossible, a pitching vessel, and indifferent food, made our three days' voyage seem like an age.

On Tuesday we caught sight of Cephalonia far to the north, and later Cape St. Gallo, with the snowy Taygetus beyond it. On Wednesday afternoon we sailed under the red cliffs of Melos, and at ten at night anchored off Syra. The Etesian wind blowing steadily from the north-east deterred our captain from entering the harbour; so we lay all the next day under the lee of a barren island capped with a newly-built lighthouse, full in sight of the town. By this delay we missed the Austrian boat which leaves every Thursday for the Piræus, and were compelled to wait at Syra till Sunday, much commiserated by a fellow-

passenger, who assured us that Syra was 'a place to cut one's throat in.'

However, to a landsman long in pitching steamer pent, all *terra firma* is welcome as a home—*omne solum patria*. The little Hotel d'Angleterre furnished decent lodging and abundant food, and the new people and strange modes of life afforded us ample amusement.

Two simultaneous festivals were going on—the accession of King Otho and the Annunciation. Greeks, wearing the so-called national, really Albanian costume, white kilts of ample fold and embroidered jackets, swung about the quays and filled the *cafés*—Greeks from the islands still wearing the livery of servitude, baggy trousers tight at the ankles, and coats of the same colour; grave Turks, and fussy Europeans of all nations. To find people actually reckoning by drachmas, to read the signs over the shops, to see those venerable characters and that ancient language applied to the meanest and most trivial uses of every-day life—all this produces in the mind of a new-comer a sensation of unreality, as if the whole thing were an elaborate joke. Strange contrasts, too, meet the eye and ear in this little Babel. For instance, entering one day a *Pan-topoleion*, or general store, where all things are sold from waterproof capes to pickled walnuts, we found Epaminondas the owner in altercation with a ship's captain from Hull; if that may be called an altercation where the Yorkshireman poured forth a torrent of provincial and emphatic Saxon, and the Greek only shrugged his shoulders. The *cafés* are numerous, as in most Greek towns, and all well-frequented. There is no attempt at decoration, nor any provision in the way of sofas or chairs

for the external comfort of the guests, only bare walls and wooden benches; on the other hand, there is a goodly array of liqueur-bottles, a long row of narghilés, called in the new *lingua franca* of the Levant, *per onomatopoean*, hobble-bobble, and a constant supply of good coffee. The refecton is extraordinarily cheap. Here is a bill incurred (and paid) by a party at the Elysia (τὰ Ἑλύσια), spelt as the waiter would have spelt it. I give it, without explanation, as a specimen of the phonetic orthography common in the modern Greek, and at the same time a lesson in Greek currency:

2	καφφέ		20	λεφτά.
1	ρόσώλιο		10	
2	παῦνζ		60	
1	χόββελ-βόββελ	...	10	

The total amount being one hundred leptas, or one drachma, equal to $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ sterling.

There are few more striking sights than the town, or rather towns, as viewed from the sea. The old town, Syra proper, occupies the upper half of a steep conical hill; the new town, Hermopolis—not inaptly named as the seat of trade—spreads itself along the shore. The houses and churches in both are dazzlingly white. The soil, wherever it appears, as well as the higher hills behind, is of a reddish brown, scarcely relieved here and there by patches of garden and cornfields—poor starvelings dying of thirst.

The position of the old town—so difficult of access, and so inconvenient for purposes of commerce—was no doubt selected as affording security from the depredations of pirates at a time when the declining powers of Venice

and Genoa became unable to protect the seaboard. Thucydides, in the preface to his history (b. i. c. 7), tells us that, while the more ancient towns were built up above, away from the sea, for protection against the rovers who infested the coasts, the more modern towns, which had grown up in times of comparative safety, were placed down below close to the shore—a position more commodious for purposes of trade. His words receive an excellent commentary at Syra. Now that the fleets of the great Powers have again done the work of the Cretan king, the new town lines the shore. It is to France, Austria, and England that the Greeks owe the security of their commerce. Without the oppressive interference of these barbarians, piracy would be as rife as ever in the Levant. The intricate navigation, the changing winds, the countless coves and harbours of the Archipelago, offer to piracy such facilities and temptations and such impunity as no other part of the world can afford. The feeble and corrupt governments of Greece and Turkey would be quite unable to cope with the evil. To these islanders legitimate trade is as distasteful as any *corvée* to the serf; and piracy the favourite profession, followed without shame whenever it can be followed without fear. In their eyes it is an honourable calling; which, to say truth, it scarcely becomes the children of Norsemen and buccaneers, and the first cousins of filibusters to disparage.

Man in his natural state is not only a political or social animal, but also a beast of prey, and looks upon those with whom he has neither acknowledged kinship nor habitual intercourse as chronic foes and fair game. Till quite recently a Greek islander would no more shrink

from committing an act of piracy, than an English or Scottish Borderer, in the fifteenth century, would have hesitated to join in a foray; a Devonshire seaman, in the sixteenth, to ship himself in an armed vessel bound for the Spanish Main; or a Highlander, in the seventeenth, to lift a few head of cattle from the pastures of his Sassenach neighbours. Privateering, also, sanctioned down to the present century by the foremost nations of earth, is only piracy with a licence, which affects the legality, but cannot touch the morality of the practice. In those early days, as Thucydides says (b. i. c. 5), the profession of pirate had as yet no disgrace attached to it, but rather brought a man credit. In proof he quotes the practice and code of certain continental tribes in his own day, and the question which the ancient poets constantly represent as being everywhere alike put to newly-landed strangers, 'Whether they are pirates?' In illustration of this passage in Thucydides, two from the *Odyssey* are usually brought forward (b. iii. 73, and b. ix. 254), where the same words are used by Nestor to Telemachus, and by the Cyclops to Ulysses: 'Strangers, who are ye? whence sail ye the watery ways? Come ye on business, or rove ye at haphazard like pirates o'er the sea, who wander with their lives in their hands, doing mischief to foreign men?' Col. Mure¹ goes so far as to say that Thucydides *quotes* this passage. He certainly does not quote it; and it may, I think, be doubted whether he had not rather in his mind some other parts of epic poems now lost, where the question was put more directly. Observe that Homer does

¹ *History of Greek Literature*, vol. ii. p. 52.

not represent the strangers as being asked 'Whether they *are* pirates?' but 'Whether they are *like* pirates?' that is, in having no single object in view, and being bound to no particular place. Col. Mure observes: 'Amid the general blindness of commentators to the facetious element of the poem, this inquiry has usually and very uncritically been assumed to be made in sober earnest.'

We must hesitate to receive this interpretation, when we remember that Thucydides was one of these 'blind and uncritical' commentators. It is, I think, clear from the words of the historian that the question was one of the commonplaces to which all epic poets claimed a right as to their stock-in-trade, and of which no one could claim the invention. The joke, if joke it were, must have been worn very thread-bare by repetition, as it was the question put 'everywhere by all alike.' I cannot but hold that the received sense is the real one, and that the question is put 'in sober earnest.' In its simplest form, 'Are you pirates or honest men?' it was probably current in the ante-Homeric epic, when the deeds of pirates furnished a theme for popular admiration and for poets' praise, like the deeds of Robin Hood and Adam Bell during the analogous period of moral and literary culture in England. We may infer, from the softening of the question by the author of the *Odyssey*, and from the expression of blame which he attaches to the pirate's life, not, assuredly, in joke, that in his days the innocence of the old time was giving place to a more elaborate system of morality, and the good old rule, the simple plan, was no longer thought compatible with dignity and honour. At all events I think that the question is serious, and that Thucydides

was perfectly justified in drawing from it the historical inference he does. His sagacity, moreover, is vindicated by the experience of other peoples and later times.

In the meanwhile, thanks to this abnormal state of security, the town of Hermopolis is growing to be one of the most important places of the Levant. It has already distanced the Piræus, and is beyond comparison the most important seaport of the Greek kingdom. In the year 1855 no less than fifty-six vessels were built in its docks.

Its customs produce from 25,000*l.* to 28,000*l.* per month. I very much doubt, by the way, whether the shilling I paid to the custom-house officer on landing, in consideration of his waiving the right of search, ever found its way into the coffers of King Otho. This rapid growth is due entirely to the convenience of its position as a rendezvous for vessels from the west bound for Smyrna, Constantinople, or Salonica; a second Malta, as it were, for, like Malta, it offers no intrinsic sources of wealth. The value of the whole annual produce of the island is estimated by the English consul there at from 10,000*l.* to 12,000*l.*, while the revenue derived from the customs exceeds, as I have said, 300,000*l.*

The soil is thin and stony even in the clefts and hollows, while the ridges of the hills are bare rock, coarse red marble, or hard slate. The wells are few and scanty. Plain there is none. It is impossible that the island ever could have merited the praise of Homer. He endows it with 'goodly herds and flocks, abundant vines, and plenteous wheat,' but in this, as in so many cases, the traveller will be grievously disappointed if he seeks to justify the epithets of the epic poet by some distinctive peculiarity.

These complimentary phrases are the ordinary courtesies of the wandering minstrel, who finds a welcome wherever he goes, and repays pudding with praise. If this be indeed 'the isle which is called Syrie,' of which Homer speaks, the real prose commentary on the line would be that there the bard had found, or hoped to find, no lack of beef, mutton, white bread, and wine.

But I incline to think that the Homeric name 'Syrie,' belongs not to any spot in the known globe, but to a little cloud-island which floated once on a time across the poet's mental vision, and was forthwith photographed and framed in verse for the perpetual delight of all who read, and the endless perplexity of all who comment. The swineherd, leader of men, is entertaining the fluent stranger, and 'capping' him with one of his best stories, told in the first person as the more graphic mode.¹ Syrie is described as an island 'above Ortygia, where are the tropics of the sun. There hunger is never known, there men are plagued by no disease, but in the fulness of years Apollo and his sister come and slay them with painless shafts.' The identity of Syrie and Syra rests upon the mention of Ortygia, which is assumed to be another name for Delos. This assumption has no authority in the Homeric poems to rest on, nor do I find any of earlier date quoted than Servius and Strabo. Ortygia occurs twice in the *Odyssey*, with no reference to Delos, and once in an interpolated line in the 'Hymn to Apollo' it is spoken of as different from Delos,² but apparently in its neighbourhood.

¹ *Od.* xv. 402, 599.

² The second passage, here referred to, of the *Odyssey*, is in book

The identification of the mysterious and fictitious Ortygia with the real Delos is a later invention, for the purpose of reconciling two discrepant narratives, and giving to vague mythologies a local habitation. The words which follow,

v. line 123. There Ortygia is spoken of as the island where the rosy-fingered Dawn dwelt with her paramour Orion, when he was slain by the offended Artemis. Compare this with the other passage, which places it 'where are the tropics of the sun,' and we see at once that the Homeric Ortygia is quite removed from the known earth and the regions of reality. I think that it is not difficult to explain how the confusion arose. In 734 B.C. Archias, a Corinthian (to use the words of Mr. Grote, vol. iii. p. 487), 'in the violent prosecution of unbridled lust had caused, though unintentionally, the death of a free youth named Aktæon.' Being in consequence compelled to leave the country, he led a body of emigrants to Sicily. The name of the murdered youth and the occasion of his death would, as I conceive, suggest the propriety of placing the new colony under the especial protection of Artemis, and of giving to the little island where they built their city the name of Ortygia, already famous in the mythological stories of that goddess. Hence Pindar, in the commencement of the first Nemean Ode, addresses this, the real Ortygia, as 'Sister of Delos.' Doubtless the mythologers of Syracuse, with that unscrupulousness which characterizes all mythologers, appropriated to their sanctuary many features of the legends which had their local home in Delos, and the Delians made reprisals by asserting that *their* island was the original Ortygia. The Dorian pride of race on the one side, and the Ionian on the other, were interested in maintaining either theory, and the piety of the Hellenes in general contented itself with accepting both, without trying to unravel the confusion.

It is foreign to the present question to investigate the origin of the legend which connected Arethusa with Alpheus. If I might venture upon a guess by the way, I would suggest that the fountain had in early times a double name, Arethusa and Alphussa (Ἀλφούσσα; compare Ἀελφούσσα, or Τιλφούσσα, the famous Bæotian spring), the one name a dialectic variety of the other; and that the story was invented to show how it came about that the two streams were blended in one. To quote the well-known lines of Shelley, where, like all great poets,

‘where are the tropics of the sun,’ seem to me to state expressly that Syrie and Ortygia lie in a region beyond the regions familiar to the Greeks; and the rest of the description proves that, like the land of the Phæacians, it belongs to the kingdom of Cocaigne. That easy process of rationalism which consists in ignoring the supernatural part of a story and accepting whatever is not in itself impossible as a statement of fact, has long been exploded in historical criticism. Surely the process is equally absurd in matters of geography. We ought not to quote this passage to prove that Syrie had two capital cities, and was more fertile in old times, unless we are also prepared to admit that it was on the tropics, and that its inhabitants were exempt from the ordinary ills of human life.

One day we climbed by a stony path the hill which rises behind the town. This specular mount occupies almost the centre of that imaginary circle, or geographical ring-fence, from which the Cyclades derive their name, and is, perhaps, the point from which the best view of the group can be obtained. To the right lies Delos, scarcely distinguishable from the larger island of Rhenæa; both being equally bare and desolate, and separated by a channel so narrow, that Polycrates tied them together

he is indifferent to geographical precision if it interferes with his metre or his rhyme:—

‘And now from their fountains
 In Enna’s mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks,
 Like friends once parted,
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.’

with a chain,¹ and Nicias connected them by a bridge² built in a single night, as an agreeable surprise to Apollo. We were deterred from visiting this famous island by the consul, who threatened us with a steady gale and a fortnight's detention. Over Delos rises the barren ridge of Myconos; turning to the north-east we see Tenos, the best-watered and most fertile of the islands, Naxos perhaps excepted. On its steep slopes we can count many villages, white houses among green vineyards and cornfields, with jagged peaks of red granite rising behind. Further away to the north is Andros, a huge mass of bold rock, and further still in the dim distance the lofty mountains of Eubœa. Between Eubœa and Andros is the d'Oro Strait, through which, as through a funnel, the Etesian winds blow at times with terrific fury. It bears an evil repute among sailors, and has been fatal to the Oilean Ajax and many a better man. Almost at our feet to the north-west lies the 'narrow' rock of Gyaros, the Norfolk Island of the Romans, utterly barren, without a level or pleasant spot of ground, scarcely six miles in circumference, and as uninviting a residence as could well be to a man fond of ease, or change, or pleasure. Its familiarity to the Roman ear, doubtless, induced Virgil to mention it as one of the anchors of Delos, otherwise Syra or Tenos would have had a better claim.³ It is plain, I think, that Virgil

¹ Thuc. iii. 104.

² Plutarch. *Nicias*, c. 3.

³ *Æneid*. iii. 74—

Quam pius Arcitenens oras et litora circum
Errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque revinxit.

Some MSS. and Edd. invert 'Mycono' and Gyaro;' but this scarcely helps the sense, for the one island has no more claim to the adjective

had never visited these parts when he wrote the *Æneid*. Myconos cannot be called lofty except, perhaps, in comparison with Delos itself. But, indeed, in no part of Æneas's voyage before he reaches Italy can I trace any sign of the poet's personal acquaintance with the scenery. Westward we have Ceos and Cythnos; to the south-west, Seriphos, famous in old times for its proverbial insignificance;¹ southward, Siphnos, Paros and, lastly, the picturesque and noble outline of Naxos.

The contemplation of this panorama produces a strange

'lofty' than the other. Statius, too, following Virgil, as in duty bound, mentions the anchors of Delos in the same order—

. . . . ipsa tua Mycono Gyaroque revelli,
Dele, times. (Thebais, iii. 438.)

Ovid, as if to correct what had been noted as an error in Virgil by the critics of the time, calls Myconos 'lowly,' which is an error on the other side.—*Metam.* vii. 463.

Hinc humilem Myconon cretosaque rura Cimoli,
Florentemque Cythnon, Scyron, planamque Seriphon.

Neither is 'plana' appropriate to Seriphos. I am persuaded, moreover, that he here confounds *Syros* with *Scyros*, an island far away to the northward. If the *Metamorphoses* had been written after his banishment—which we know from *Tristia* (ii. 555) was not the case—he would have described more accurately these islands, through which he sailed on his way to Tomi (*Tristia*, i. 11, 7), though it is true that he was too much occupied with his elegiacs to observe them, but supposes, on the other hand, that *they* were lost in admiration of *him*—

Quod facerem versus inter fera murmura ponti
Cycladas Ægæas obstupuisse puto.

A most characteristic passage this. Mr. Ruskin can scarcely find a better example of 'the pathetic fallacy.'

¹ Arist. *Ach.* 542; Plat. *Rep.* b. i.

mixture of delight and disappointment. These masses of limestone and granite, infinitely varied and always beautiful in form, lit up with splendid sunshine, set in a vast circle of cobalt blue, form a spectacle as rare as charming to the children of the misty north; but the sense of abandonment and desolation gives one pain. Our own poets are accustomed to invest these islands of the Ægean with attributes borrowed from the islands of the Pacific. As Keats says :—

Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And laurels and lawn-shading palm and beech,
In which the zephyr sings the loudest song,
And hazel thick, dark-stemmed, beneath the shade, &c.

The ‘embowered Cyclades!’ Homer himself could not have found an epithet less merited. Nor, when Ovid called Melite (Malta, to wit) ‘fertile,’ was the compliment more misapplied.¹

Even we, the public, who are not poets by profession, except in so far as we may have wooed the unwilling Minerva in Latin verse, at times think poetry, as M. Jourdain talked prose, without knowing it, and investing our dreamlands with all that is most striking to the fancy in popular voyagers’ books, the tropical luxuriance of Tahiti or South America, or with all that charms us most in our own scenery, thick woods and sloping lawns and deep meadows, call the paradise of our creation by the sweet-sounding Greek names familiar to us from childhood. We have a vision of our own, and we undo it by a visit. Is it, then, better to stay at home? Certainly

¹ *Fasti*, iii. 567.

not, unless for one who prefers dreaming to waking. The only interesting geography is geography of three dimensions; and a knowledge of any country derived from actual inspection, gives an unsuspected significance and a new interest to the study of its history and its literature, and even furnishes, to one who has the divine gift, more solid materials for poetry. Shelley's Italian pictures are a thousand times more vivid than the vague generalities of his Hellas, and Keats would have found something better to say of the Cyclades as they are. If any one says that Wordsworth's palinode, 'Yarrow visited,' is not equal to the 'Yarrow unvisited,' I can only reply, as people always reply to awkward facts, that it is neither here nor there. My proposition is true in the main.

We sailed from Syra in a French steamer on Sunday, April 6th, at sunset. There was a great crowd of Greeks, who spread their beds and blankets on deck; pilgrims who had been paying their devotions to Our Lady of Tenos. When I came up, soon after sunrise next morning, we were coasting along a broad bay fringed with sand. Behind it, and between the grey stony hills which came down on either side to the sea, lay a plain, sterile and colourless, except on the left a belt of pale blue olive-groves. Then we became aware of a tall, square tower and a range of yellow broken wall on a rocky eminence a few miles inland, and then it flashed upon us that the bay was the bay of Phalerum and the stony hills, Parnes and Hymettus.

Half an hour later we rounded the headland, on the extreme point of which an English sentinel was standing, and entered the harbour of the Piræus. A little swarm of boats put off from the shore as soon as we appeared,

and when we came to anchor, and were waiting for *pratica*, hung round the vessel 'like flies round the milk-pail in summer time,' as Homer says. Whenever an Englishman appeared on deck, he was at once detected, and a score of voices assailed him with 'I say, Johnnie, vare good boat.' Such were the first words which welcomed us to the Attic shores. The magnificent harbour contained but few merchant-ships, and would have seemed almost empty but for the towering masses of English and French war-steamers, of which some half-dozen were riding at anchor. A row of mean buildings lines the quayside. The most imposing was the custom-house, which a few months afterwards was burnt to the ground. The Greek newspapers directly charged the principal official with consuming the accounts which he could not balance. That functionary, if he has read Aristophanes,¹ may console himself with the reflection that a similar charge was brought against a greater man, even Pericles. The conflagration, too, was, in that case, proportionally greater, for it embraced the empire of Athens.

The mysterious *pratica* being at length obtained, the vessel was boarded by a rabble of boatmen, to escape from whose importunity we surrendered ourselves and our luggage to a commissionaire despatched for the purpose from the hotel in the 'asty' where we proposed to lodge. He had us rowed ashore for two drachmas, bribed the officer on duty at the custom-house for another, and hired for four drachmas more, a droschky, which in three quarters of an hour conveyed us to Athens.

¹ *Pax.* 606.

The reader who has trusted himself to my guidance thus far, will be inclined to ask with Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

I am bound to explain why I depart from what seems, at first sight, the natural course, and for the present pass over Athens in silence. The subject has, indeed, been treated of so often and so well, that I dare not challenge a comparison. On this ground alone I would answer Sebastian's proposal as Antonio does:—

Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets.

I cannot hope to add anything to the exhaustive investigations of Leake and Penrose, or to surpass the vivid sketches of Wordsworth and Stanley. I therefore determined not to attempt anything like a detailed account of Athens and its antiquities, but to confine myself to some remarks in the shape of detached essays, on some points still subject to discussion and controversy. Since Colonel Leake's time, neither the discoverer nor the theorizer has been idle, and what the shovel of the one has brought to light, the pen of the other has involved in obscurity. But for the little I have to say on the subject of Athenian antiquities, this is not the place. Our first visit was limited to a week, for the most favourable season for travelling was already come, and we were advised to lose no time in setting out. It was not till the ensuing summer that I found leisure to make a serious and lengthened study of

the matchless relics still extant in the capital. To me, therefore, the natural plan seems to be to speak first of the Morea. In this way, too, I shall best consult for the orderly arrangement of my work, by keeping its narrative portions together. The Morea, unlike Attica, offers no single spot of such absorbing interest as to induce the traveller to linger there and leave minor objects unseen ; on the contrary, when he returns, after a month of constant movement, he would be puzzled to say which of many cities, which of many scenes, has most delighted him. So that the subject lends itself more easily to continuous narrative than to separate essays.

For these reasons, the 'Notes of Study and Travel' submitted to the public in the present volume relate only to PELOPONNESUS.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ATHENS TO MEGARA.

TOURISTS in Western Europe perform their task in two ways, in a carriage or on foot. As Greece, after thirty years of constitutional government and renewed connection with 'wheel-going Europe,' has not yet any carriage-roads to speak of,¹ the first course is impracticable. And as the traveller in Greece has to provide himself with food, cooking-utensils, and bed, the second course is scarcely feasible either. The only available plan is to go on horse-back. You may either hire horses for yourself, in which case the owner or his underling accompanies you as agoyat, or groom, to look after the beasts, leaving you to provide for and look after yourself; or you may contract with a dragoon for the supply of everything, lodging and bed, food and cookery. The latter plan is in every respect the best. You are freed from all anxiety as to where you shall sleep and how dine, and from the greater anxiety as to

¹ The first achievement of liberated Greece, in this respect, was, of course, the road from the Piræus to the city, five miles and a fraction in length, for part of which the remains of the northern 'long wall' furnished a solid foundation; the second, that to Phalerum, something more than three miles, over which the queen drives to her bath every morning in summer; and, finally, by slow degrees, a road practicable for carriages has been completed through Eleusis and Megara to Thebes.

whether you shall sleep or dine at all; and thus you are able to devote your attention exclusively to external objects. It is, of course, more costly. The dragoman will ask thirty francs a day per head, and will not take less than five-and-twenty, whereas with an agoyat only all expenses will be covered by twelve or fourteen francs a day. There is, indeed, a third method, which is the most economical, and in some respects the best of all, and that is to go a-foot and lead or drive a horse laden with the baggage of the party. Unfortunately the plan will only suit those who are young, strong, and already familiar with the people and the language. The students of the French Academy adopt it, and are consequently looked upon by the professional dragoman as low, ungentlemanly fellows. M. About, indeed, tells us that, when a student himself, he ventured on an equestrian tour, but the result was infinitely disastrous, and prudence as well as economy may prescribe to his successors the humbler and safer mode. I am not, however, sure whether this mishap, like other parts of his most entertaining volume, be not a figment of his brain. Certainly in all our cavalcade there was not one horse which ever displayed the slightest tendency to run away—quite the reverse.

There are about half-a-dozen men at Athens who follow the profession of dragoman, and who, when not on duty in that capacity, serve as *laquais de place*, and expound to the curious stranger the antiquities of the city. We selected one Alexander, a Corfiote, on the recommendation of the *Handbook*, and drove an easy bargain by giving him what he asked. In two days he had made his preparations, and at half-past eight on Tuesday, the 15th of

April, our cavalcade started from the hotel. The travellers were three in number, two English, one American, each mounted upon a somewhat sorry steed, which was destined to become much sorrier before the month was past. Immediately before us rode Alexander, in white kilt and crimson jacket, cracking his whip and shouting at intervals to let off some of his superabundant vainglory. Before him was a horse laden with certain provisions and a kitchen battery, and above all was perched the presiding genius, whose duty it was to put this and that together for our daily refection—the cook, in fact. His name was Constantine, born at Scio, and providentially saved from the massacre of that ilk when a mere child. He was dressed in sad-coloured Turkish costume, and, whether from the impression of early misfortunes or from a sense of official responsibilities, always preserved a solemn gravity of countenance and deportment. He proved himself a jewel of a cook. We drank his health almost daily. Foremost of all were three horses carrying beds, campstools, table, canteen, and our personal luggage, accompanied by three agoyats on foot, Eleutherius, Pericles, and Alcibiades, all in white kilts, coarse woollen jackets, and greaves or gaiters of the same. Eleutherius, alias Leftéri, was a man of middle age and substance, being owner of the horses; Pericles, a stolid crass young man, native of Thebes; and Alcibiades, a born Athenian, a merry dog and sad pickle, not unworthy of his name. In this order our procession crossed the Cephissus, and marched along the road which in old times was the sacred way leading from Athens to Eleusis. There are no traces of the ancient road; indeed, as the ground which it crosses hereabouts is always dry

and hard, there never was any need for either substruction or pavement. Not till we come to the low wet ground near Eleusis do we discover any remnants. Notwithstanding the ravages of the last Philip and of him who, happily for mankind, was the first and last Sulla, it was still in the time of Pausanias bordered with many altars and tombs, temples and statues, of which no vestige now remains. The road makes straight as an arrow for a depression in the mountain-range—a *col* it would be called in Switzerland—through which winds the pass of Daphne. Before entering the pass we turned to say good-bye to Athens. There are still traces of ancient fortifications near the road at this point, marking probably the site of one of the fortresses where the young *peripoloi* did garrison duty. Although so marked a feature in the physical geography of Attica, it does not appear that this point was of any importance as a military post, and consequently makes no figure in history. The ridge is indeed practicable anywhere for light-armed troops, and might, I have no doubt, be crossed in many places by hoplites and even cavalry—Greek cavalry, that is, not dragoons or hussars. The rampart which Colonel Leake traced along the crest of the hill and in the pass near Liosta, is not mentioned in any history that I know of. Certainly it either did not exist, or was already abandoned to ruin in the time of the Peloponnesian war. Otherwise the Athenians would have made some stand there, or at all events Thucydides would have told us why they did not.

It probably was thrown up when Greece was kept in fear of the Gauls, and as it proved to be unnecessary, escaped the notice of historians. Any inference drawn

from its structure would be doubtful, as works of necessity built in haste resemble each other everywhere and at all times. The characteristics of an age are exhibited only in works of skill and leisure.

There is, moreover, another pass leading from the plain of Eleusis to that of Athens, opening on the latter near the modern village of Liosta, between the lower ridge of which we are now speaking and the main range of Parnes, of which it is a spur or offshoot. To this lower ridge, between Mount Parnes and the Straits of Salamis, two names are commonly assigned, Ægaleos and Corydallus. Looking at it from Athens, the first hypothesis that occurs is that one portion of the hill thus intersected by the gorge of Daphne bore one name, the other portion the other name. But Thucydides (b. ii. c. 19), speaking of the first invasion of Attica by the Peloponnesian allies, tells us that, after advancing as far as the so-called Rheitoi (which we know to be on the Eleusinian side of the hill, near the foot of the pass of Daphne), they went on, keeping Mount Ægaleos on the right, through Kropeia to Acharnæ; that is to say, instead of crossing by the pass of Daphne, they crossed by that of Liosta. This shows clearly that the name Ægaleos was applied to that part of the range which lies between Daphne and Parnes.

A well-known passage in Herodotus (b. viii. c. 90), stating that the chair of Xerxes was set on the slope of Mount Ægaleos that he might see the battle of Salamis, shows no less clearly that this name was also given to the seaward portion of the mountain. The ancient Ægaleos then stretched from Parnes to the sea. What, then, becomes of Corydallus? Strabo mentions an Attic village

or demus of that name near the Straits of Salamis, at the foot of a mountain of the same name. This mountain (which scarcely deserves so imposing a name) may be identified with a lower range running parallel to Ægaleos along its seaward part between it and Athens. Other authorities have placed Corydallus between Attica and Bœotia, and the *Dictionary of Geography* refers to Athenæus (b. ix. p. 390) as one of them. In reality the inference to be drawn from his testimony makes in favour of the statement of Strabo. He quotes Theophrastus's words: 'The partridges *at Athens* on this side of Corydallus towards the city *call* (κακκαβίζουσιν), and those on the further side twitter (τιττυβίζουσιν).' Thus the partridges on the further side of Corydallus are still called 'the partridges at Athens,' which could only be said of a hill situated entirely within the Athenian plain.

But such questions must, after all, be answered doubtfully; and we need not be surprised to find that, in the lapse of five or six hundred years, after so many changes, social and political, geographical names had changed too; some extended in their application, some restricted, some disused altogether, giving place to new. Thus in Pausanias's time the mountain which we have shown to be Ægaleos in the fifth century B.C. had assumed in whole or in part the name of Poikilon Oros, 'the variegated;' a title for which it is difficult to account. Thin soil, lack of moisture, and sparse vegetation make it as monotonous in colour as any hill in Greece.

The name Daphne rests upon no ancient authority, and there is not a single laurel to justify it. Perhaps it may be a fancy-name in honour of Apollo and his temple,

coined by some medieval scholar dwelling at Athens. And there were many such—Michael Acominatos, for instance, Archbishop of Athens, at the end of the twelfth century, quotes Aristophanes in a memorial addressed to government, complaining of the decay of the city.¹ Perhaps the convent here may have been founded by monks from the once flourishing convent of Anaphe, who gave to their new home the name of the old, a name easily corrupted into the more familiar word Daphne. It was a word which commended itself to Christian as well as Pagan sympathies.

The grove of Daphne near Antioch, which from the time of Seleucus Nicanor had been, so long as Paganism continued to flourish, one of the most famous idol-shrines, was subsequently the scene of a great triumph of the Church, and of a miraculous manifestation celebrated by the golden mouth of Chrysostom. The remains of St. Babylas, Bishop of Antioch, which had been buried in Apollo's precinct, were removed by order of Julian. 'During the night,' says Gibbon (ch. xxiii.), 'the temple of Daphne was in flames; the statue of Apollo was consumed, and the walls of the edifice were left a naked and awful monument of ruin. The Christians of Antioch asserted with religious confidence that the powerful intercession of St. Babylas had pointed the lightnings of heaven against the devoted roof.'

Of course, when Julian's tyranny was overpast, the bones of Babylas were restored, his church rebuilt, and thus Daphne was sanctified in the eyes of Christians as the resting-place of a thaumaturgic saint.

¹ Finlay's *Med. Greece*, p. 155.

We rested awhile at the convent, which is clearly built of the materials, and doubtless occupies the site, of the temple of Apollo. Its foundation was attributed to Cephalus;¹ probably from its situation near the head, κεφαλῇ, of the pass. The origin of half the legends of Greece is to be sought in a jingle of words. The pass from Eleusis into Bœotia was called τρεῖς κεφαλαὶ or Δρυὸς κεφαλαὶ;² and this of Daphne, whose ancient name is nowhere recorded, may have been simply known to the Athenians as Cephale. The convent, which was once rich and prosperous, is now ruinous, poverty-stricken, and almost abandoned. It consists of a courtyard surrounded by a cloister and cells, and on one side a church on the Byzantine model, with a central cupola. Some of the dukes of Athens, of the De la Roche family, lie buried there—or rather lay, for one tomb at least has been rifled. To them also is attributed a Gothic façade which has been added to the outer wall of the church.³

Remounting, we soon pass on the right hand a rock, on the smoothed face of which are niches and inscriptions to Aphrodite; no doubt the site of the temple which Pausanias mentions. In his time there was ‘in front of it a wall of rough stones worth seeing’—there is a wall of rough stones now, scarcely worth seeing. That Father of Handbooks does not seem to have thought the view of the plain and bay of Elensis, which shortly opens out to the traveller, worth seeing, for he passes it without notice. Indeed, I do not remember, in all his book, a single phrase

¹ Pausanias, i. 36.

² Herodotus, ix. 38.

³ Buchon, *Principauté Française en Morée*, vol. iii. pl. xxxi.

implying any sense of landscape beauty. The dullest of moderns could scarcely fail to notice and admire the fair reach of blue, land-locked sea which comes curving in upon the level plain, green with spring, and the rocky hills that stand around Eleusis, sheltering the sacred bay and sacred plain from all the winds that blow; rocky hills, bearing so proudly their famous names Parnes, Cithæron, Salamis. Nor is the prospect what it was. The bright jewel to which the landscape was but the setting—the mystic temple with its glorious gates of Pentelic marble—is gone, and in its place a group of poverty-stricken hovels makes an anticlimax to the beauty and bounty of nature.

Shortly after descending into the plain we come to a little salt-water lake, from which a stream or streams are constantly flowing to the sea; doubtless the Rheitoi of Pausanias. What he says is worth quoting, as it illustrates his attainments in physical geography. ‘What are called Rheitoi have no characteristic of rivers, but the stream for their water is sea. It is probable that they flow even from the Euripus under ground,¹ and fall into the lower sea.’² He goes on to say that they are sacred to Demeter and Aphrodite, and that the right of fishing belongs exclusively to the priests. The little lake seems not unsuitable for a vivarium. I asked one of the men if there were any fish there. Inferring that I should like an affirmative answer, he promptly gave one.

Further on we pass a ruined tomb, and find many traces of ancient and solid causeway; among others a

¹ ‘Under ground.’ I propose here $\epsilon\pi\omicron\upsilon\tau\eta\varsigma\ \gamma\eta\varsigma$, instead of $\alpha\pi\omicron\upsilon\tau\eta\varsigma\ \gamma\eta\varsigma$.

² *Att.* i. 38.

bridge, whose arch is half buried in the alluvial soil. By and bye we cross the Cephissus, which, as Pausanias saw it, ran with a stronger stream than its namesake in the plain of Athens. It is not the case now. Probably in the old time the Athenian river was bled even more than at present for the irrigation of orchards and gardens, and its volume, as it flowed into the Phaleric Bay, proportionately smaller.

In wet weather, however, the Eleusinian stream, now a mere thread, spreads out into a flood ; and under the very eyes of the goddess—*Cerere non probante*—devastates the cornfields. This antagonism, perhaps, gave rise to a legend that Pluto descended at a spot by the river side when he carried off her daughter ; and the story that here Theseus killed the giant Polypemon, may refer to some ancient works executed by Athenians for checking the ravages of the inundations. Before reaching the village we stop at a deserted chapel, which serves as a receptacle for some recently discovered fragments, all in a very battered state. There is a head of Jupiter, and the lower part of a draped female figure. The fame of this last discovery had reached Athens ; and, from the reported dimensions, the British minister there supposed it might be the supplemental part of the colossal head and bust at Cambridge, the so-called Phidean Ceres. It is, however, very much smaller in its proportions. The Cambridge statue, probably, represented a worshipper or priestess of Demeter bearing a basket of sacred offerings, and was not a Caryatid. I infer this from a passage in Pausanias (ii. 35, 4), where, in describing another temple of Demeter at Herminione, he says : *πρὸ δὲ τοῦ ναοῦ γυναικῶν ἱερασαμένων*

τῇ Δήμητρι εἰκόνες ἐστήκασιν, κ.τ.λ.—‘Before the temple stand portrait-statues of women who have held the office of priestess to Demeter.’

The statue of the Eleusinian goddess herself was doubtless consumed by the fire in the time of Aurelius, which destroyed the temple.¹ In the same church we saw a sepulchral stone, a round column four feet high, with a sitting figure of Isis holding the sistrum, and the inscription *Ισοδοτη Ισοδοτου Μιλησια*. The tombstone, doubtless, of one of a family devoted to the worship of Isis, perhaps a priestess who had come from the distant Miletus to worship at Eleusis, and died there. Demeter was naturally identified with the Egyptian goddess. As Isis bewailed the lost Osiris, so Demeter bewailed the lost Persephone. The sorrows of the bereaved mother and the widowed wife are, of all human sorrows, the deepest and the most hopeless. Unable to find consolation on earth, the sufferer yearns after heavenly sympathy, seeks and surely finds, among the objects of her worship, one who has borne the like afflictions, and is prompt to pity and to redress. Thus, if the comparison may be made without irreverence and without offence, the Isis and Demeter of Paganism were shadows which suffering humanity created for its comfort, in anticipation of the perfect type which it afterwards found in the Mater Dolorosa.

At Eleusis there is little to note beyond the remains of the propylæa, whose enormous fragments of Pentelic marble, blanched by their long burial, are scattered in disorder, just as Dr. Clarke left them, uncared for. These

¹ Finlay, *Greece under the Romans*, p. 75.

relics of past magnificence contrast sadly with the poor cottages around them. Close by we observed a colossal bust of some Roman emperor, unfinished and intended to ornament a wall like those at Hampton Court on a larger scale. Pausanias (i. 2, 4,) mentions a similar decoration in a building at Athens : "Ακρατος πρόσωπόν ἐστίν οἱ μόνον ἐνὺκοδομημένον τοίχῳ. The bust at Eleusis was perhaps intended for that of Marcus Aurelius, who rebuilt the temple. The portico, of which the ruins are still extant and evidently belong to a much earlier age, probably remained uninjured. The limits of the artificial platform on which the temple stood, under the shelter of the citadel, as described by Livy (xxxi. 25), are clearly marked. Unfortunately it is covered with cottages, and the owners' rights must be bought as a preliminary step to a systematic excavation. At this point the guidance of our old cicerone fails us, for, as he says, his own sense of propriety, and the warning of a dream, forbade him to speak of what was within the wall of the Hierum.¹ In the harbour below, now shallow and occupied only by a few fishing-boats, there are parallel lines of hewn stones under the water; doubtless the foundations of landing wharfs, as in the two smaller harbours of the Piraic peninsula.

We left Eleusis at a quarter-past two. The road leading along a gentle slope between hills and sea, now through shrubs and low brushwood, now through fallow and cornfields, is smooth and level. We put our horses to their best speed, and reached Megara before five. Between Attica and the Megarid there is no defensible

¹ Paus. i. 38, 6.

frontier; hence it was easy for the Athenians to pour in their troops, and so take partial and vicarious revenge for the raids of the Peloponnesians in Attica. Indeed, geographically, the Megarid seems to belong to Attica, being separated from Corinth and Bœotia by high mountain ranges; and if the tradition current among the Megarians themselves can be trusted, it was also politically united with Attica till the Dorians of the Peloponnese conquered it in the reign of Codrus. These Dorians also possessed themselves of Salamis; but they were expelled by the Athenians in Solon's time, and were afterwards scarcely able to hold their own against their powerful neighbours. The mountain barriers which divided them from Bœotia and the Peloponnese, rendered them, especially in winter, dependent in a great measure upon the supplies of Attica; hence the distress to which they were reduced by the decrees of Pericles excluding them from the Athenian markets. When the war broke out, and to this exclusion was added the annual raid of the Athenian troops, their distress became extreme, and furnished Aristophanes with one of his most comic scenes. The Bœotian in the same play has not suffered any diminution of his creature comforts.

The modern Megara occupies the site of the ancient—two hills of no great elevation at a distance of two miles from the sea, overlooking an even slope of fertile soil, a winding shore, and beyond Salamis and Ægina, with the archipelago of islets dotting the bay. In the time of Pausanias it was, and long had been, a decayed place. He says it was the only town which even the munificence of Hadrian could not cause to prosper. There

was a curse upon the place;¹ so it had shrunk and shrunk into a beggarly town, crowded only with temples, containing some great works of Attic art and many antiquities, genuine or apocryphal, and haunted by a tribe of *laquais-de-place* of more than ordinary mendacity. Of all these temples not a trace is left, at least not *in situ*. We were taken to a kind of outhouse to see three mutilated statues of draped figures, and we observed here and there a block of marble or fragment of column.² Nor are there any means of ascertaining which of the two hills must be identified with the Acropolis of Kar, which with that of Alcahous; but from the prominence which our faithful *exegetes* gives to the former, and from its probable etymology (Kar, *kara*, head), it may be assumed to be the higher of the two. The latter was fortified with walls, attributed by tradition to the hands of Apollo.³ They were, therefore, polygonal, not Hellenic, because such a legend implies a style of building no longer in vogue; and not Cyclopean, a kind of work which would be attributed to the rude strength of a monstrous giant, rather than to the harmonious and equable power of a god. The modern Megara has quite the appearance of a Turkish town: tortuous illpaved or unpaved streets; little houses, each like a bandbox, with flat roofs. The excellent

¹ Paus. i. 36, 3.

² On what has been the pedestal of a statue I read the following fragment: *την αρχιερειαν των Σεβαστων δια βιου πολυμνειαν τειμοσθενους* (?) *αρετης ενεκεν και σωφροσυνης και των εις την πατριδα φιλοτιμιων.*

³ Theognis, a native of Megara, thus addresses the god (773): 'King Phæbus, thou with thine own hands didst build the towers of our Acropolis (*πολιν ἄκρην*), showing favour to Alcahous, son of Pelops.'

khan in which we were lodged had a court-yard and a kind of verandah of exceptional magnificence. The houses are built for the most part of what Pausanias calls 'conchite' stone. I will quote his words, for they are as applicable now as ever—'The Megarians are the only Greeks who have this conchite, and many things in their city are made of it. It is very white, and softer than other stone, and there are sea-shells in it all through.'¹

Half-an-hour's walk through corn-fields brought us to the hill by the shore, on which stood the Acropolis of the ancient Nisæa, now crowned with the ruins of a Frank castle. In the walls I noticed large blocks of a blue-veined marble, probably Hymettian; and lying on the beach below, part of a Doric column, encrusted with shells and fringed with seaweed. Both blocks and column may have belonged to the temple which Pausanias mentions as a ruin in his day. The port is a little bay, defended on one side by the castle hill, and on the other by a promontory, stretching far out to sea. Both hill and promontory have at some prehistoric period been islands off the shore. In front is the little island of Minoa, joined anciently by a bridge to the promontory, where the Athenians lay in ambush in a clay-pit before their night-attack upon Nisæa.² The fact of Minoa fronting Nisæa, and its being made, probably more than once, the basis of operations for an invading force, has given rise to a legend about a war between Minos and Nisus. Of the Megarian long walls not a trace remains. The soil is alluvial, and the plough has passed two thousand times over their site.

¹ Paus. i. 44, 9.

² Thucydides, iv. 67.

CHAPTER III.

THE ISTHMUS—CORINTH.

WE left Megara betimes in the morning. As we ascended the mountain-side we turned out of the way to look at a square fort of that rough-and-ready structure which has no assignable date, being common to all times. As we rounded the shoulder of the hill we had a glorious view of the Saronic Gulf, studded with all its islands, rippling in the morning breeze and flashing in the morning sun. The road we took is called the *kake skala* (i.e. evil stair); and when we passed deserved the name better perhaps than at any time before or since. Originally a foot-road ‘for well-girt men,’ made by the giant Skiron—much as a spider makes its web—to entrap solitary travellers, whom he threw over the rocks into the sea to fatten a pet turtle withal,—it was enlarged by Hadrian into a road wide enough for two carriages to pass.¹ The statement is still attested by many wheel-marks in the rock. In course of time it had degenerated into a horse-track. A portion of it where the cliffs are steepest was blown up by General Church in the War of Independence, just as it had been broken up by the Peloponnesians in the Persian war to arrest the progress of the Oriental invader.² At this

¹ Paus. i. 44, 10.

² Herod. viii. 71.—ἰζόμενοι ἐν τῷ Ἰσθμῷ καὶ συγχώσαντες τὴν Σκιρωνίδα ὁδόν, κ.τ.λ.

point, therefore, travellers were compelled to pick their way among the fragments as well as they might, descending into the water and remounting by a precipitous track. As we passed workmen were busy repairing the rupture, so that at that moment it was worse than ever ; but, after all, not alarming to any one who has travelled in the Alps.

There are two other roads to Corinth, one passing near to the summit of the mountain, and a road still more circuitous, more difficult, and therefore more defensible, by the opposite flank. If the Athenians could have gained possession of Megara, they might have defended the passes of Mount Geranea, and being at the same time masters of the sea, they would have sealed up the Peloponnesians within their own peninsula, isolating them from the Bœotians, and effectually protecting Attica. Hence the bitterness with which they regarded the stubborn little people who, with the clannish feeling so much more marked in the Dorians than in the Ionians, clung to their brethren through good and evil. It is probable that the principal traffic in old times passed over the middle road. It might indeed, at first sight, be inferred, from the passage of Herodotus just quoted, that the Scironian road was the only road in the time of the Persian war ; but this inference, improbable in itself, is not warranted by the text of the author. It was indeed the only road which they were able effectually to render impracticable, as it was cut in the rock along the side of a steep and, in places, precipitous cliff overhanging the sea ; the road over the mountain offered no such facilities for defence. Besides, if the Peloponnesians could have thus effectually barred the advance of the Persians at this point, there would have been no need for

their entrenchments across the isthmus. In the late war General Church occupied the central road, and built a series of stone walls across it to afford cover for sharpshooters. This plan of defence would probably have been of no avail before the introduction of fire-arms. At all events, the Greeks did not attempt it against the Persians. The coast-road along the Scironian rocks, we may infer from Pausanias, was not practicable for carriages till Hadrian's time. Whether the middle road was practicable for carriages may be doubted. I could see no trace of wheels, and incline to the negative.

How, then, did the 'Seven against Thebes' or the Epigoni pass with their chariots from Argolis to Bœotia? Of course I do not regard these events as historical, but the difficulty must have occurred to some matter-of-fact critic. Again, how did mainlanders who entered their chariots for games held in the peninsula, or *vice versâ*, get them thither? Either the chariots were sent by sea, as Hiero's must have been, or they were taken to pieces and transported as so much baggage on the backs of pack-horses or mules. The well-bred horses which were to run in the races would be generally sent by sea, as being less liable to accident than if they travelled by the rough and stony tracks. It is certain that in the beginning of the fifth century B.C. there was nothing like a smooth and continuous road between Athens and Sparta, else Phidippides would not have gone on foot when so much depended on his speed.¹

After passing the rocks we came about ten to the village

¹ Herodotus, vi. 105.

of Kinetá, which Colonel Leake supposes to be the site of Crommyon. The thick underwood which here lines the shore hides all traces of antiquity, if such exist. Leaving the woods, we paused to look at the singular and beautiful colour of the landscape. All the hill-side was starred thick with the white and lilac flowers of the sage-leaved cistus and hoary with grey thyme; and further off, where the eye could no longer distinguish the separate flowers, it presented a strange glossy surface, like a lawn covered with a veil of silver tissue. Above the silvery slope a wood of light-green, round-topped pines shone yellowing in the sunlight, mixed with plots of flowering gorse. The air was filled with the fragrance of the thyme, as our horses trampled and cropped it.

At half-past eleven we came to a halt at Agios Theodoros; a solitary little chapel by the seaside. We bathed while Constantine lighted his fire and Alexander spread our table under the shade of a lentisk, that abundant shrub which occasionally, as here, grows into a tree.

In the wall of the little chapel is an inscription,¹ of which this is a translation:—

‘I, Philostrata, am gone to the sources of my being, leaving the bond wherewith nature bound me; for, after completing my fourteenth year, in the fifteenth I left the

¹ The inscription runs thus:—

[Φι]λοστράτα βεβηκα πηγας εἰς ἐμας
 [Λ]ειπουσα δεσμον ᾧ φύσις συνειχε με
 ἐπι τοις[ι] δεκα γαρ τεσσαρ' ἐκπλησας' ἐτη
 πεμπτῳ το σωμα καταλελοιπα παρθενος
 ἀπαις ἀννυμφος ἡθεος ὅτῳ δ' ἔρως
 Ζωης ενεστιν αφθονως γηρασκετω.

body, a virgin, childless, unwedded. Whosoever hath a love of life, let him grow to old age unenvied.'

The sense and phrasology of this inscription show that it was composed by some Platonist during that neutral period, that Wasser-stillstand, which intervened between the ebb of Pagan and the flow of Christian devotion, probably in the fourth or fifth century, when traces of the old philosophy still survived the wreck of the old religion within the walls of Athens, Coriuth, and the dwindling cities of Greece. Clement Marot, who lived in a period of similar spiritual stagnation, when the old forms of faith had lost their power over the heart, wrote on a young maid of honour of the Duchess of Ferrara an epitaph singularly resembling that on Philostrata in tone and spirit:—

De Beauregard Anne suis qui d'enfance
 Laissay parents, pays, amis et France,
 Pour suivre ici la Duchesse Renée,
 Laquelle j'ay depuis abandonnée,
 Futur époux, beauté, fleurissant age,
 Pour aller veoir au ciel mon heritage,
 Laissant le monde avec moindre soucy
 Qu'en laissant France alors que vins icy.

Leaving Agios Theodoros at two o'clock, we came in something more than an hour to Kalamáki, where the Austrian steamer for Athens lands its passengers to cross the isthmus. It is a little village with a custom-house. Its old name was Schoinos, which is also the name for lentisk, that grows so abundantly here. Had it been Schinos (Anglicè, 'squill'), one might have supposed it to have been a nickname referring facetiously to the neighbouring Krommyon (onion).

About a mile beyond Kalamáki is the sanctuary of Poseidon, where we dismounted and stayed two hours. On a subsequent occasion I was able to spend several hours more on the spot. I shall put down here the results of both investigations.

The peribolus, or sacred enclosure, is of so irregular a shape, that it defies definition or description, and can only be conceived by a plan, which will be found at the end of the volume. It occupies the angle of a natural platform, and its shape is owing to the nature of the ground. The wall *A B* is built along the edge of a ravine fifty or sixty feet in depth. Similarly the wall *B C* stands on the crest of a steep bank, which is highest at *B*, and gradually diminishes to *C*. The sides *C D*, *D A*, are built on a level. *A B* formed part of the Isthmic wall, the remains of which may be traced in an almost continuous line towards the west, and are still discernible in places towards the east also. There cannot be a doubt that this wall occupies the place of the earthworks thrown up by the Peloponnesians during the Persian invasion, for this is at once the narrowest part of the isthmus and the most defensible position, thanks to the ravine which intersects it here.

The main part of the present wall is held by Col. Leake to be clearly Hellenic, though we have no information as to the time or occasion of its construction. But when we reflect that, with the exception of the period treated of by Thucydides, Greek history has come down to us in mere fragments, we need not be surprised at the omission. There were many occasions on which we may conceive it to have been built. It has been frequently

repaired and restored by the successive owners of the Morca.

The wall *A D*, running at right angles to the former, is even stronger. It is furnished with towers at intervals, so that the peribolus forms a fortress of itself quite independent of the Isthmic wall. Its construction clearly proves it to be a military work, not the mere boundary line of the sacred ground. On the outside of this wall are the remains of some houses, and of a small church apparently of great antiquity. Within the enclosure there remains not a trace of either the temple of Poseidon or any of the other temples mentioned by Pausanias. On my second visit I found at *a*, tumbled down among the fragments of the wall, a great many drums of small Doric columns, with portions of an architrave and cornice; the chord of the fluting measures four inches. These, which being partly hid among shrubs, have not been noticed by any other traveller, belonged in all probability to the propylæa of the sacred enclosure. They are of grey limestone, and, I think, of ancient workmanship. At this point an artificial slope has been constructed for a road, and at a little distance a cutting has been made in a low hill for the same purpose. There must also, I think, have been another entrance at *b*, where the wall curves inward. Among the broken ruins of the wall one may trace a flight of broad steps. Close to this is a fragment of a Doric column; probably the same which Col. Leake saw and supposed to have belonged to the temple of Poseidon, as my measurement of the fluting coincides with his.

The entrance at *b*, I conceive, may have been 'the sacred entrance' mentioned in an inscription (now in the museum of Verona), which records the repairs

PLAN OF THE ISTHMIAN HIERUM.



1 Natural Bridge 2 Ancient Bridge 3 Theatre. 4 Stadium
5 Ravine.

J W Lowry sculp

executed by a high priest with a Roman name, and so called as being that by which processions passed from the stadium to the temple. It is obvious that there must have been another entrance besides that at *a*, for that is on the side furthest removed from Corinth and from the stadium, and they would scarcely make a circuitous route, and descend the hill, merely for the pleasure of reascending it. If the temple stood at *c*, which is the most likely place, exactly fronting the entrance at *b*, the avenue of statues and pine-trees, of which Pausanias speaks, most likely extended to *a*, by which he, approaching from Megara, entered the Hierum. The temple of Palæmon, which, he says, was on the left, would stand in the corner at *b*. The whole space is now vacant, except that there is a little church at *d*. Close to it I noticed a small unfluted column of cipollino, and in another part of the enclosure a similar column of white marble. Outside, at *e*, close to *b*, the side of the glen is faced with an ancient Hellenic wall; at the bottom of which are oblong rectangular holes, clearly intended for drainage, and, I should think, meant to carry off the water from the concavity of the stadium, which, from its position and shape, would be liable to be flooded. The stadium occupies a dell between two spurs of a hill south of the Hierum.¹ The *cheimarrous*, or winter-torrent, which had formed the dell, was diverted, or else carried underground, to the outlets just mentioned. It has now resumed its natural course, and broken through the semi-circular end of the stadium. Not a vestige remains of

¹ Pindar's ἐσλοῦ Πέλοπος πτυχαί (*Nem.* ii. 21), and βᾶσσαι Ἰσθμοῦ (*Isth.* iii. 11).

the seats of white marble which Pausanias mentions as 'worth seeing.' Its area is filled with fragments of pottery, and overgrown with tufts of wild thyme, lentisk, and sage. The unbroken stillness of the desert now prevails from day to day, from year to year, in the spot which for so many ages, at each recurring festival, rang to the shouts of the eager crowd that thronged its marble steps. This stadium, however, has an especial claim upon our regard, more than the sentimental interest which attaches to all such sites. It was in the mind of St. Paul when he wrote to the Corinthians¹—'Know ye not that

¹ 1 Cor. ix. 24.—οὐκ οἴδατε ὅτι οἱ ἐν σταδίῳ τρέχοντες πάντες μὲν τρέχουσιν, κ.τ.λ. And in the 26th verse he refers to the pugilistic combats of the Isthmian games, using the remarkable technical term ὑπωπιάζω, so inadequately rendered in our version by 'keep under.' These pugilistic encounters took place probably in the theatre, for Lucian, speaking of them, says (*Anacharsis*, ii.)—ἐν τηλικούτοις θεάτροις οἳα σὺ διηγῇ, τὸ ἴσθμοι καὶ τὸ ἐν Ὀλυμπίᾳ. Were this, however, not probable on other grounds, the words just quoted would not be conclusive, as θέατρον may mean the mass of spectators as well as the place properly so called. I quote the *Anacharsis* of Lucian, chiefly because it throws such remarkable light on some of St. Paul's allusions. Compare the following:—

Αναχ. . . . τάλαιπωρούμενοι καὶ ἀισχύνοντες τὰ κύλλη καὶ τὰ μεγέθη τῇ ψάμμῳ καὶ τοῖς ὑπωπίοις, ὡς μήλου καὶ κοτίνου ἐγκρατεῖς γένοιτο νικήσαντες . . . ἀτὰρ, εἰπέ μοι, πάντες αὐτὰ λαμβάνουσιν οἱ ἀγωνισταί; Σολ. οὐδαμῶς, ἀλλὰ εἷς ἐξ ἀπάντων ὁ κρατήσας αὐτῶν. Αναχ. εἰτ' ὧ Σόλων ἐπὶ τῷ ἀδήλῳ καὶ ἀμφιβόλῳ τῆς νίκης τοσοῦτοι ποιοῦσι . . . ; and with regard to the spectators, ἄλλοι δὲ ἀλλαχόθι πάντες ἐγκονοῦσι καὶ ἀναπηδῶσιν ὥσπερ θέοντες ἐπὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ μένοντες καὶ ἐς τὸ ἄνω συναλλόμενοι λακτίζουσι τὸν αἶρα. (Ib. 4.) The verbal coincidences are so numerous and so striking, as almost to persuade us that Lucian was acquainted with St. Paul's language; and, if this be so, it goes far to support the notion entertained by some that Lucian was a renegade Christian. Certainly the author of the *Philopatris*,

they which run in a stadium, run all, but one receiveth the prize?' and, continuing the allusion, he assumes their familiarity with the careful and laborious training of the athletes. 'Now he that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. They do it to obtain a corruptible crown'—the crown of pine, taken, doubtless, from the sacred trees within the Hierum—'but we an incorruptible. So run that ye may obtain.'

About one hundred and fifty yards west of the Hierum are the remains of the theatre, consisting of rough stones, mortar, and a mass of small pebbles. It was faced with marble, like the stadium.¹ Spon, who visited the spot in 1676, speaks of 'les beaux restes d'un théâtre de pierre

which bears his name, had read the account of St. Paul's speech to the Athenians on Mars' Hill—*ἡμεῖς δὲ τὸν ἐν Ἀθήναις Ἀγνωστον ἐφευρόντες*, κ.τ.λ. (Luc. *Philopatris*, xxix.)

If it were certain that the above passages in the *Anacharsis* were written by one who had in his mind the words of the epistle, we should then have strong ground for assigning to *ἐγκρατεύεται*, in verse 25, a meaning corresponding with that of *ἐγκρατεῖς*, 'makes himself master of.' This would give a peculiar and appropriate force to *τοίνυν* in verse 26, and the general sense of the Apostle's words would run thus:—

'Know ye not that they who run in a stadium run indeed all, but one receives the prize? So run that ye may win (i.e. choose a race in which you shall all get a prize). In the Christian race every one who contends obtains all prizes; the athletes of the Isthmian games contend to win a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. I therefore run confidently, having no uncertainty about the result; I fight in very earnest, not like a mere spectator mechanically mimicking the pugilists; my adversary in the ring is my body, which I bruise and maltreat like a very slave, lest after I have proclaimed rules to others, I myself should be disgraced when put to the final proof.'

¹ *Θέας δὲ ἄξια ἔστι μὲν θέατρον ἔστι δὲ στάδιον λίθον λευκοῦ.*
—Paus. ii. 1, 7.

blanche,' but neither he nor his companion Wheler mentions the stadium. Pausanias, when he speaks of 'white stone,' always means 'marble.' Now, as Mr. Spon is by no means to be implicitly trusted, it may be doubted whether he really records what he saw or merely mis-translates and misunderstands what Pausanias saw. On the high ground above the theatre are several fragments of white marble, and some large wrought stones. About two hundred yards beyond the theatre, to the westward, is the bed of a torrent, narrow and deep. Descending here by chance through some thick brushwood, I found a bridge not mentioned by any traveller, and unknown to our guide. The torrent being nearly dry, I was able to pass through the arch and measure it. An arch it unquestionably is. It has been repaired and elongated towards the south, apparently in Roman times, as mortar is there used; but the older part has no mortar, and has all the characteristics of the best times of Hellenic masonry. The arch is about four feet wide, six feet high, and twenty-seven feet long. The stones of which it is composed are of great size—some of them six feet in length. A little lower down, the stream finds its outlet into the ravine by a natural chasm, into which I made my way without much difficulty. Above the bridge are the remains of a tower, built of unwrought stones and mortar; there are also traces of late walls at intervals, from this place to the upper end of the stadium. From this I infer that the fortress, comprising at first only the Hierum, was at a later period enlarged, so that the right bank of the torrent and the northern side of the stadium formed part of its exterior defences.

To return to my narrative. Yielding at last to the impatience of our guide, we left the ruins at half-past five, and soon came to a smooth expanse of ground (perhaps the very site of the ancient Hippodrome) which suggested the idea of a race; and a small *Pinus maritima*¹ close to the goal furnished a crown for the head of the victor,—or, in literal fact, a sprig for his hat. Soon after, in the twilight, we passed the great quarries out of which Corinth was built. It was dark when we reached our journey's end.

Corinth has retrograded in civilization since the date of the *Handbook*. The paragraph headed 'Corinth: Inns,' may now be written in identical terms with the famous chapter on Irish snakes—'There are none.' The 'civil and attentive landlord of the *Great Britain*' has died, and left no sign; and as to the 'other inn' mentioned in the book, people denied all knowledge of its existence, past or present.

We were received in a private house. After dinner we strolled by moonlight through the village—for modern Corinth is but a village—and wandered among the old columns which have looked down upon the rise, the prosperity, and the desolation of two successive Corinths.

Colonel Leake, after an elaborate examination of the

¹ In equestrian contests, however, the crown seems to have been, not pine, but parsley, as at Nemea. Δωρίων στεφάνωμα σελίνων (Pind. *Isth.* ii. 15). The σέλιον was a favourite plant with the Dorians, and gave its name to one of their cities in Sicily. Perhaps they chose it from its resemblance in sound to Ἑλλην, as the Ionians chose their flower, the ἴον. 'Canting,' even in heraldry, is of Pagan invention.

question, has arrived at the conclusion that these columns are the remains of a temple erected probably by the Bacchiadæ in the beginning of the eighth century before Christ, and certainly not later than the middle of the following century, and are therefore almost as old as Homer. 'Whatever be the actual date, it is certain that we have here the most ancient temple-ruins in Greece. We not only find in them the narrow intercolumniation, tapering shafts, projecting capitals, and lofty architraves which are the attributes of the early Doric, and which were perpetuated in the architecture of the western colonies of Greece, but we find also that the chief characteristic of those buildings is still stronger in the Corinthian temple than in any of them, its shaft being shorter in proportion to the diameter, than in any known example of the Doric order, and, unlike that of any other Doric column of large dimensions, being composed of a single block of stone.'¹

Colonel Leake is disposed to assign the ruins to the temple of Athene Chalinitis. But it appears to me that there is just as much reason for thinking that they belonged to the temple of Fortune, or that of All the Gods, or that of Apollo. The temple of Athene was adjacent to the theatre,² and the theatre was in all likelihood on the slope of the Acro-Corinth; for it is not probable that the Corinthians alone, of all the Greeks, would neglect facilities offered by nature. Hence we should infer that the said temple was nearer to the foot of the hill than the existing ruins are.

¹ Colonel Leake's *Morea*, vol. iii. ch. xxviii. p. 249.

² Paus. ii. 4, 5.

But it would be a waste of time to attempt to discuss the topography of ancient Corinth; of all the buildings, sacred and secular, of the old city, no trace remains, except a few unsightly heaps of Roman brick-work, which have outlived their history as completely as the pyramids. The ancient walls, famed for their dimensions, have entirely disappeared. Colonel Leake describes an amphitheatre excavated in the rock on the eastern side of the modern town, and supposes that, as Pausanias does not mention it, it may be posterior to his time. I did not take the trouble to visit this work, as it was 'only Roman' of a comparatively contemptible antiquity, and belonging to a period with which one has little acquaintance and no sympathy. Were such a relic in Britain, people would go hundreds of miles to visit it as one of the earliest monuments of human labour. In Greece people do not care to turn a few hundred yards out of their way for its sake. I have since regretted this and similar omissions of laziness and *insouciance*; this especially, as I should have liked to see whether there be any ground for a hypothesis which has occurred to me, that the old theatre was on the same site, and was altered into an amphitheatre when the refined amusements of the Greek citizen had given place to the brutal amusements of the Roman soldier, and mimic tragedy failed to move men whose eyes were feasted with the sight of real blood. In this way we account for the disappearance of the theatre, which is generally, by the nature of the case, the most indestructible of all the monuments of an ancient Greek city.

We rose betimes in the morning to ascend the Acro-

Corinth. The upper part of this magnificent natural fortress is all precipitous crag, the lower part a succession of steep slopes, propping the wall as it were. The rock, a grey limestone, overlies a bed of red schist, and at the point of junction land-springs ooze out, which keep the slopes green with grass till far in the summer. The hill culminates in two summits; between and about which is a space of broken but still available ground, girt with a winding battlemented wall of mediæval structure, shining white in contrast with green-sward and grey rock, and suggesting the simile of a necklace carelessly flung on. We reached the fortress gates in about an hour, and were admitted by one of the half-dozen old soldiers who form the garrison. The most sheltered part of the inclosure is filled with the ruins of a Turkish village. Among these is a mosque, with its minaret like the chimney of a furnace. There is another mosque near the highest point of the hill. On the very summit stood a temple of Aphrodite Urania,¹ to whom the voluptuous Corinthians devoted the highest of their high places, and just below it a well. Every trace of the temple has vanished; but the well is there still, 'full,' as in Strabo's time, 'of sweet and clear water.' This is the famous Peirene, the supposed source of the fountain of that name in the lower town, the pride

¹ That Aphrodite was worshipped at Corinth under this epithet may be inferred from a fragment of Pindar (ix. 1, 3), *οὐρανίαν πτάμεναι νόημα ποττῶν Ἀφροδίταν*: though the passage of Pausanias which Dissen quotes as direct authority for the statement (ii. 23. 8), relates to Argos, not to Corinth. The second book of Pausanias is called *Corinthiaca*—hence Dissen's mistake—but really includes Sicyon and the Argive cities.

and boast of the ancient Corinthians. And this was how they came by it :—When Zeus had carried off Ægina, the daughter of Asopus, Sisyphus, who was somehow in the secret, offered to give information to the bereaved father on condition of being provided with a supply of water in Acro-Corinth. The bargain was struck. Asopus gave the fountain, and Zeus sent the tell-tale to dree his dole in Hades. But this last particular, in Pausanias's opinion, wants confirmation.

The panoramic view which the summit commands is widely famous, and deserves all its fame. It has been described by many travellers; by so many indeed, that another description may be thought superfluous. Yet though the point of view remains the same for all, the prospect is infinitely varied according to the hour of the day, the season of the year, and the conditions of the atmosphere. Sometimes the air is so clear and so still, and the outlines of the most distant objects so distinct, that the hills are dwarfed to the appearance of the hills on a raised map. It was very different as we saw it. Towards the north a blue mist filled the valleys and hid the bases of the hills, and lay upon the distant sea, so that it was hard to distinguish where the vapour ended and the water began. The summits of Helicon, Parnassus, and the Ætolian hills, still covered with snow, stood up bold and clear with deep purple sky behind; but lower down the outlines grew less and less distinct, the masses seemed less and less solid, fading away into ethereal dimness and 'the blue hyacinthine haze' which 'lay dreaming round their roots.' There was something strangely beautiful in this inversion of the common

conditions of nature. The earth-born giants seemed to have scaled heaven at last.

Turning round towards the east, we have before us the sharp ridge of Geranea stretching out a long peninsula into the Corinthian Gulf; then Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; then the Saronic Gulf, studded with islands and glimmering in the sunshine. Towards the south the prospect is comparatively limited by the high table-land and hills of Argolis. The lower slopes of the valleys are covered with cornfields, and the higher with tracts of wild brushwood. A little to the west of south the rocky, castle-crowned peak, which is called Pendeskouphiá, occupies the foreground; and beyond it are seen the mountains that stand about Nemea, and prominent among them the Phouka, shaped like a truncated cone.

To the west we look upon a succession of long hills sloping down to the Gulf of Corinth, breaking away at intervals in abrupt steps white like chalk, but edged above with red; doubtless the decomposed schist washed down by rains. Where the slopes are bare the colour is red or grey; where covered with shrubs, like the level tablelands, dark olive-green. Beyond these are higher ranges of grey limestone dotted with black pines, and high over all the snowy peaks of Cyllene. Immediately below us to the north we see the village of Corinth standing about those dark columns. The ground about it, now green with wheat, and maize, and vines, descends in a succession of terraces to the belt of barren sand which lines the shore.

In wandering over the summit of the hill I found several wells opening into large covered tanks; doubtless

the same which Strabo says he was told of, but did not see (p. 379). These, with the perennial spring before mentioned, secured the Acro-Corinth from what must have been the weak point of the isolated mountain-fortresses of Greece—want of water. But for this fatal defect, the Peloponnesus has a thousand fortresses as impregnable as the Acro-Corinth, though scarce one so spacious, and none situated in so commanding a position. Since the introduction of gunpowder Acro-Corinth is assailable from several points. Even before that date, when ‘arbaletriers’ served for artillery men, the fortress was attacked from Pendeskouphiá and another post to the northward. The Greek Chronicle of the French Conquest of the Morea says (1474–1479):—

Λοιπὸν διατὶ ἔνι τὸ βουνὸν τοῦ κάστρου τῆς Κορίνθου
πλατὺ καὶ μέγα φοβερόν καὶ ἀπάνω ἔνι τὸ κάστρον
εὐρίσκεται πρὸς μεσημβριὰν τοῦ ἐκείνου τοῦ κάστρου
ὁκάτι ἔνα βουνόπουλον, τραχὺν γὰρ μὲ σπήλαιον,
καὶ ὥρισεν ἐνταῦθα ὁ Πρίγκιπας καὶ ἀπάνω ἔκτισε κάστρον
Μουντεσκουβὲ τὸ ὠνόμασαν, οὕτως τὸ κράζουν πάλαι.

Thus we see that the word Pendeskouphiá, or ‘Five-caps,’ the origin of which has, I dare say, puzzled many ingenious topographers, is nothing but a corruption of Montesquion, itself compounded of ‘*mont*’ and an old word ‘*esquieu*,’¹ in Provençal *ecuelh*, in modern French *écueil*.² So that a word at first sight seeming to be compounded of two obvious modern Greek words, is really derived ultimately from two Latin words, ‘mons’ and ‘scopulus.’

The passage I have quoted, by way of specimen, from

¹ Buchon, *Morée*, i. 87.

² Diez, *Lexicon Ling. Rom.*

the Chronicle, tells how Guillaume de Ville Hardouin, Prince of the Morea, aided by Guillaume de la Roche, the Megas Kyr, or Great Lord, Grand Duke, of Athens, took the Acro-Corinth after it had held out in possession of the Greeks for forty-two years. The French first established themselves in the Morea in 1205, and the Acro-Corinth was captured in 1247. When they finally abandoned the principality in 1333, the fortress reverted of course to the Greek emperors. In 1458 Mohammed the Second, after subduing the rest of the Morea, gained possession of it also; partly by the effect of a battery which he established on Pendeskouphiá, and partly by the treachery of the Greek archbishop. So, from that time to the War of Liberation in 1821-1827, this 'fortress, formed for freedom's hands,' remained in the occupation of Turk or Venetian; the one tyrannical and oppressive, both aliens to the people whom they ruled. Freedom's hands were too weak to hold it; and, indeed, considering the heterogeneous elements of which the population was composed, Sclavonian, Albanian, Greek, it would have been hard to say which were Freedom's hands. Not that the poet had any meaning in particular when he used the phrase.

He fagoted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.

CHAPTER IV.

NEMEA, MYCENÆ, AND TIRYNS.

WE left Corinth about eleven. As we were riding through the street a man with a large basket, passing in great haste, tendered to each of us a handful of boiled wheat; what is called 'fermety' in the south of England, and, more correctly, 'frumenty' in the north. I was informed that, when a death occurs, one of the relatives goes round the town offering this boiled wheat to every one he meets. What is the origin or meaning of the custom I cannot discover.

Turning to the left, we rode through a narrow ravine whose chalky sides painfully reflected the sunlight. In two hours we passed the site of Cleonæ; 'a little city' in Pausanias's time, and now a desert. The direction of the walls may be traced, but there is not enough above ground whereby to test the accuracy of Homer's epithet, 'well-built.'¹ Pursuing our way over high and stony ground tufted with low shrubs, marked here and there with traces of an ancient carriage-road, we reached in an hour and twenty minutes² the edge of the tableland, and looked down upon a level plain of rare verdure, surrounded

¹ *Iliad*, ii. 570.

² Mr. Grote (vol. ii. p. 625) says that the grove of Nemea was less than two miles from Cleonæ. This is an error.

on all sides by bleak, grey, barren hills worn by the winter torrents into a thousand furrows. Every glen contributes its runlet; many a landspring, too, unseen feeds the herbage and helps to swell the river Nemea, which serpentine through the deep alluvium of the plain, and at last finds an outlet, not visible from the place where we stand, between two lofty peaks which rise to the northward. The 'deep-plained,'¹ the 'well-watered'² Nemea! To the west side, ridge above ridge, are the mountain barriers of Arcadia. A white track winding up the opposite slope and along a glen which opens out right in front, leads to the site of old Phlius. Hence Pindar³ speaks of Nemea as 'lying under Phlius' hills primeval, bare of shade,' not clothed with dark forests, like Helicon and Parnassus, the hills which looked down on his own Boeotian plain. Strabo mentions Nemea as lying between Cleonæ and Phlius. The ordinary road between these places doubtless took the course which we have been following, and, crossing the plain, ascended again by the white track of which I have spoken above. Pindar elsewhere⁴ calls the Nemean festival 'the Cleonean contest;' partly because the place lay still nearer to Cleonæ than

¹ βαθύπεδος Νεμέα.—Pindar. *Nem.* iii. 30.

² εὐδρόου Νεμέης.—Theocr. xxv. 182.

³ *Nem.* iv. 45—βοτάνα τέ νῦν ποθ' ἁλέοντος νικάσαντ' ἔρεφ' ἀσκήοις Φλιοῦντος ἱπ' ὠγυγίοις ὄρεσιν. Critics are agreed to translate ἀσκήοις here as 'shady,' considering the *a* to be intensive; but I think the other rendering is much more probable. The description given in the text is almost verbatim what I wrote on the spot. Pindar's εὐφυλλος Νεμέα (*Isth.* v. 61) refers to the grove of cypresses around the temple.—Paus. ii. 15, 2.

⁴ *Nem.* iv. 16.

to Phlius, and partly because the people of Cleonæ were by right presidents of the games. Below, on the level, rise three tall columns, two of them supporting a fragment of architrave; on the side of a hill to the left are the remains of a stadium; and last, but not least, a few hundred yards below to the right, is a ruinous Turkish fountain, and near it a spring of water. Here we halted for rest and luncheon, and afterwards walked to the stadium. At first sight it presents, as Colonel Leake says, the appearance of a theatre, so short are the earth-banks on each side of the semicircular end. That it is a stadium, however, there can be no doubt, as there are traces of masonry supporting a cross-wall at a distance of something more than two hundred yards from the semicircle, the normal length of the stadium. I do not think, from their position, that the ends of the embankments can have been carried away, as Colonel Leake suggests, by winter rains. I rather suppose that they have never existed. Nature has not done so much here as in many other sites, and to complete the stadium would require the construction of artificial embankments and a great amount of labour. Either the cost was too great in a place so poor and so remote, or the natural banks, being very high, afforded sufficient room for the spectators; or, again, some temporary scaffolding might have been put up at each festival for additional accommodation. In the face of a scarp above the stadium is a conspicuous cavern-mouth. I wonder that it has not been claimed on behalf of the Nemean Lion.

Mounting our horses, we rode down to the temple. The wall which fenced the sacred cypress-grove about the

temple may still be traced at intervals. In one corner a church has been built out of the ruins, and is now a ruin itself. The three tall Doric columns look down upon the *disjecta membra* of their prostrate brethren. Thereby hangs one of those puzzles on which archeologists love to exercise their ingenuity. The slender proportions of these columns—each having the length of six diameters—and approximating to the rules of the Ionic order, seem to indicate that the edifice is of late construction. On the other hand, the roof had fallen already when Pausanias saw it, and it is more probable that a new temple would be erected when the games were growing in popularity, than during the period of their decline. Colonel Leake conjectures that it was built about the time of Pindar, and accounts for the inordinate height of the columns by supposing that among the lofty hills a tall building would be more appropriate than in a town.

I cannot agree with this theory. The towering hills do not inspire the architect with emulation, but rather produce a sense of the littleness of all human work. The lofty spires of English churches are to be found not in Cumberland—puny rivals of Skiddaw and Helvellyn—but in the flats and fens of Lincolnshire, with nothing earthly to dispute their proud pre-eminence.

On leaving Nemea we crossed a ridge of hills of no great elevation towards the south-east, and descending a glen, joined the direct road from Corinth to Argos. This is the road known by the name of Tretos, or ‘the perforated;’ not, I conceive, in consequence of the caverns in the neighbouring rocks, which are not more numerous hereabouts than elsewhere, but because the glen itself is,

as it were, *drilled* through the rock. And drilled it has been by the stream which flows at the bottom. We saw, or fancied we saw, frequent wheel-marks in the rocks, and we know that this was the direction of a carriage-road. But from my subsequent observations I learnt to distrust these marks. The ordinary mode of carrying wood in Greece is to tie the heavier ends of the poles on each side to the back of the horse or donkey, and suffer the other ends to trail along the ground, thus making two parallel ruts which in course of time may attain the depth of and be mistaken for wheel-tracks. When a depression is once made, it becomes a channel for the winter rains, and so is smoothed and deepened.

During the War of Independence the Greeks inflicted in this pass a tremendous defeat upon the Turks; and for years after, the bones of unburied thousands showed where the fight, or rather massacre, had been. Now all traces are obliterated by a luxuriant growth of dwarf planes, oleander, myrtle, holly, and two kinds of arbutus.

By-and-bye the glen opened out into the plain of Argos; and after three hours' ride from Nemea, we halted at a lonely, poverty-stricken house, called the Khan of Kharvata. We were lodged in an upper room with mud walls, holes for windows, and a roof through which at night I watched the stars. The sumptuous dinner provided by our cook presented an absurd contrast to the squalor of our apartment. The absurdity was often repeated, and always met with indulgent toleration.

On the following morning we walked to the ruins of Mycenæ, passing through the village of Kharvata on our

way. These ruins have been described minutely by Colonel Leake, popularly by Mr. Mure, succinctly by the author of the *Handbook*, and variously by other travellers. They have been so elaborately measured, drawn, delineated in ground-plans and sections, that to give another detailed account would be merely to reiterate what others have already said. I shall therefore only notice a few points on which I fancy I have something of my own to say, for the rest referring my readers to the above-mentioned authorities, and merely prefixing a brief general sketch in order to make myself intelligible to those who have not the means of consulting the books which I recommend.

In the chain of mountains which bounds the plain of Argos to the westward, between two eminent and prominent giants, is a narrow glen, which opens out as it descends and terminates towards the plain in a tongue of tableland (if the term may be used of ground only comparatively level). On the south side is a profound and precipitous crag; on the north a rugged, stony steep; and at the foot of crag and steep, on either side, a mountain-stream. At the western extremity of this rocky platform a long ridge stretches downwards to the plain, trending southwards as it descends, with sides sloping gently on the left, steeply on the right, to the bed of the respective torrents, which join in one at the apex of the triangle. The platform, thus impregnable on three sides, and commanding, from its position, an abundant supply of water from the natural drainage of the hills, unites those indispensable requisites which the earliest inhabitants of Greece always sought in the sites of their cities. If there were not one stone left upon another, we might still affirm with certainty that a

city had once stood there. As it is, both the site and the extant remains agree with all ancient testimony, from Homer to Pausanias, to prove that here, 'in a nook of the horse-pasturing plain of Argos, stood the city of the Mycenæ, rich in gold.'¹ 'Besides other portions of the circuit-wall there remains the gate, and there are lions standing over it, and they say that these also were the handiwork of the Cyclopes, who made the wall at Tiryns for Prætus.'² Thus seventeen centuries ago—nay, six centuries before that, at the birth of history—these walls were of a fashion which had even then so utterly passed away—of an antiquity which was left so completely without record, that, in the belief of the men who dwelt beside them, they had been piled by fabulous monsters for a mythic king. A story which no more contains any fruitful germ of truth, than the name which the Suffolk peasants have given to the Dyke that crosses the heath at Newmarket. From the passage just quoted we see that neither Pausanias, nor those who told the legend, recognised the distinction which some antiquaries draw between Cyclopean and polygonal building. There are specimens of both in the walls of Mycenæ; but the latter preponderates, and is exclusively employed about the Gate of Lions. If the term Cyclopean be employed at all, it would be well to employ it in the sense in which it was used by those who invented it, as a common term for both styles. In the earlier, huge blocks unwrought are

¹ Homer, *Od.* iii. 263. *Ægisthus, μύχρ' Ἀργεὸς ἱπποβότοιο πόλλ' Ἀγαμεμνονέην ἄλοχον θέλγεσκ' ἐπέεσσιν*; and, after slaying Agamemnon (305), *ἐπτάετες δ' ἦνασσε πολυχρύσοιο Μυκῆνης*.

² Paus. ii. 16, 4.

piled one upon another, and the interstices filled with smaller stones; in the later, the stones are smoothed at one end and on the sides—but not squared—and fitted exactly each to each, so that the external face of the wall presents a smooth, compact mass of irregular polygons.¹ The first is the work of Kratos and Bia, the second shows the hand of Prometheus. Prometheus has been concerned also in the plan of the fortifications. The weak point of the position is towards the west. Here accordingly there is an inner and an outer line of wall, and the gate, moreover, is recessed, so that the assailant had a wall on each side. The two walls, by the way, which lead up to the gate are not quite parallel, as is generally stated. The stone above, containing the famous bas-relief, is not ‘green basalt,’ but grey limestone; whether it has been a triangle or an irregular pentagon in shape, as the top is broken off, must remain doubtful. Above the door of the ‘Treasury of Atreus’ is a triangular space, which has very likely been filled with a similar stone; on the other hand, over the little postern in the north-west side of the wall, there

¹ Euripides (*Hercules Furens*, 944), speaking of these very walls of Mycenæ, calls them

Κυκλώπων βάθρα
φοίνικι κανόνι καὶ τύκοις ἡρμοσμένα,

from which we see that not rudeness merely, but massiveness and antiquity, were the characteristics of the works which the Greeks of that date attributed to the Cyclopes. Similar in the poet’s fancy were the walls of Troy, which he calls (*Troades*, 814) κανόνων τυκίσματα Φοίβου; and such, doubtless, were the walls of the Megarian Acropolis before mentioned, which were also attributed to Apollo, and which, it may be, suggested to Euripides the description of the wall of Troy.

are two stones which seem to have been pentagonal. As over the postern, so in all probability over the great gate, there were two sculptured stones of the same size and shape, one facing inwards, corresponding to that which remains towards the outside. From Pausanias's words one would infer that there were more than a pair of lions over the gate. In his time perhaps the interior stone was still extant. The unhesitating way in which he calls them lions, indicates that the figures had their heads then. From the parts which now remain they might be called panthers or dogs, anything with paws, being designed with a truly heraldic contempt for the specific distinctions of natural history. They are, indeed, exactly like 'supporters' ramping on either side of a kind of pedestal, the top of which is unfortunately broken. There are many conjectures as to what it has been; at present it looks more like a music-stool than anything else. It is evident that Pausanias attached no importance to the symbol, whether he knew or not what it was intended to represent.

In the absence of any ancient authority, having no other example of imitative art of the period, and being utterly ignorant of the religion and polity of the people who set up the stone, of which the upper and most significant part is gone, we shall do well to abstain from conjectures, which in such a case are as aimless as the arrows which children shoot into the air. Colonel Mure's notion that it is the symbol of Apollo Agnieus may be true or it may not; but that the scene of the *Agamemnon* is laid before this gate, and that the bas-relief above is directly

addressed in the words "Ἀπολλων ἀγνιῶτ',¹ is a theory quite inadmissible. The scene of the *Agamemnon* is laid not before the gate of the city, but before the gate of the palace, and the Aguius here invoked is such a symbol as every householder in Athens set up before his own door.² The mention of the *Agamemnon* reminds me of somebody else's theory, that Æschylus meant the scene to be laid at Argos, not Mycenæ, because the summit of Arachne, the last link in the fiery beacon-chain, is visible from the former, but not from the latter city. Such rigorous exactness, I am convinced, is quite alien from the spirit of Æschylus, and of all the old poets. Æschylus and every one of his audience saw daily the top of Arachne towering pre-eminent among the Argive hills. No one's sense of probability would be shocked by the natural supposition that it could be seen from Mycenæ, which lay almost at its feet. We must not fetter the free mind of the ancient poets by such matter-of-fact laws, nor, as readers, expect them to observe restrictions which their auditors did not impose. Those who saw no absurdity in the arrival of Agamemnon only half-an-hour after his telegraphic message, were not likely to cavil on a minute point as to the topography of a foreign country. On the other hand, I do not venture to affirm that Æschylus laid the scene of his play not at Argos, but at Mycenæ. The scene is 'before the palace of the Atreidæ,' and I question whether he

¹ Æsch. *Agamemnon*—

"Ἀπολλων, "Ἀπολλων, ἀγνιῶτ', ἀπόλλων ἐμός.

ἂ ποῖ ποτ' ἡγάγες με; πρὸς ποίαν στέγην;

Observe, Cassandra here says, στέγην, not πόλιν.

² Aristoph. *Thesm.* 489.

wasted a second thought upon its site. There is not in all the play the faintest allusion to the scenery of the Argive plain, or the relative position of its cities. Æschylus had evidently been a diligent reader or hearer of Homer—his characters, language, and allusions prove this—insomuch that a saying was attributed to him, ‘that his dramas were but fragments from the great Homeric banquet.’ He could not, therefore, have been ignorant that Mycenæ was constantly spoken of by Homer as the city and abode of the Atreidæ; and yet throughout the play there is no mention of Mycenæ. Argos occurs several times in the sense of the country, and Argeioi for the people. Homer uses ‘Argos’ with four different limitations; first, as the city of Diomed;¹ second, as the kingdom of Agamemnon;² third, as comprising also the kingdom of Menelaus;³ and fourth, as a generic name for all Greece.⁴

Now, in the days of the Attic dramatists, the term Argos was by universal usage in common life applied only to the city; hence arose doubtless a certain confusion in the popular mind in regard of the Homeric ‘Argos,’ and a disposition to credit the city with all that had been attributed to Argos in the wider meanings. And no doubt the citizens of Argos, as they transported the people of Mycenæ and incorporated them with their own body, were anxious also to appropriate their ancient legends and heroic fame. The *Agamemnon* was represented ten years after this final destruction of the ancient capital of the Atreidæ. The fact that the poet does not

¹ *Iliad*, ii. 559.

² *Ib.* i. 30.

³ *Odyss.* xv. 80.

⁴ *Iliad*, ix. 246.

mention the city, seems to indicate that its fate excited little notice or sympathy in contemporary Greece.

If the Argive topography of Æschylus is thus indefinite and negative, that of Sophocles is elaborately wrong. In the opening scene of the *Electra*, the 'Pædagogus,' addressing Orestes, says: 'Here is the ancient Argos you were longing for, and this the Lycean agora of the wolf-slaying god' (to wit, the market-place of the town of Argos); 'and this on the left is the renowned temple of Hera, and, at the place we are come to, believe that you have before your eyes Mycenæ, rich in gold, and here the blood-stained house of the Pelopidæ.' No one reading this description would infer that Argos was between five and six miles distant, and the Heræum nearly two. The truth was that neither Sophocles nor his 'Pædagogus' thought of administering a lecture on topography under the guise of a dramatic entertainment—as Milton or Ben Jonson might have done; so far from it, he held the entertainment to be all in all, and made topography and everything else give way to it. He wanted to produce an effect by bringing Argos, Mycenæ, and the Heræum within the compass of a single *coup d'œil*, and I warrant that not one of the spectators was pedantic enough to quarrel with him for it. He would not have taken similar liberties with the neighbourhood of Athens—on the contrary, in the *Œdipus at Colonus* he is rigorously exact, because the audience were too familiar with the scene not to be shocked at any departure from fact; and in that case the most powerful effect was to be obtained by adhering to it. I remember to have read a play of M. Victor Hugo's, called, I think, *Marie Tudor*, where the scene opens with the following stage direction: 'Palais de Richmond:

dans le fond à gauche l'Eglise de Westminster, à droite la Tour de Londres.' Not one of the audience would be shocked by this impossible compression, and therefore the poet was quite justified in annihilating space to make a thousand people happy. If either play would have gained a tittle by the change, M. Victor Hugo would not have hesitated a moment to make the *Abbey* and the *Tower* change places, nor Sophocles to transfer the *Temple of Hera* from the left hand to the right. But France is the only country which in these days has a living drama, and whose poetry is not cramped by pedantry.

To resume the description of Pausanias: 'In the ruins of Mycenæ there is a fountain called Perseia, and underground buildings of Atreus and his children, where they kept their treasures.' He goes on to say that there were also tombs of Agamemnon and his murdered companions, Clytemnestra and Ægisthus being buried at some little distance from the wall, not inside, like the others. There remain now no fountain¹ and no tombs; but the well-known 'Treasury of Atreus' lies on the southern side of the ridge, and there are traces of at least three similar but smaller buildings on the other side. All these are outside the wall, whereas from the description of Pausanias one would have inferred that they were within it. If they were treasuries, it seems incredible that they should not have been within the wall. The hypothesis of an outer wall creates a new difficulty. It is obvious that Pausanias means by 'the peribolus,' the extant circuit of the Acropolis. I infer, too, from a passage in the history of Thucydides,

¹ Unless we may identify the Perseia with a spring on the opposite side of the city, beyond the walls.

who probably saw the city within fifty years of its capture by the Argives (468 B.C.), that there were no walls in his time, except those we now see. 'The fact that Mycenæ was a little place, or any other *polisma* of those days which now appears insignificant, would afford no certain ground for disbelieving that the armament [sent to Troy] was as large as it is stated by the poets and the received tradition' (b. i. c. 10). If the space on the lower ridge, supposed by Colonel Leake to have been occupied by the main part of the city, had been surrounded by walls, the words of the historian could not have been applicable. The size of the city would have been by no means so contemptible. Colonel Leake believed that he had found traces of a wall along the crest of the ridge. I differ on such a point with great hesitation from so eminent an authority; but neither I nor my companions were able to see anything else along the ridge but the limestone rock cropping out, and a few stones which have served in recent times to separate the tenements of a now-deserted hamlet. Supposing that there were a wall along this crest, we should not get rid of our dilemma. Either the 'Treasury of Atreus,' or those of 'his children,' would be outside the wall. In the midst of these perplexities it is hard to pick one's way to a reasonable hypothesis. On the whole I incline to the belief that the wall now remaining was the wall which bounded the 'little place' of Thucydides, the same which Pausanias mentions as the 'peribolus,' and that no wall embracing a wider circuit ever existed. If there be—though I could not see them—any remains, Cyclopean or Hellenic, on the lower ridge outside, they are the remains of some detached fort, or other outwork,

not part of a city wall. The little community transplanted by the Argives in B.C. 468 to Argos—just as the inhabitants of Alba were transplanted to Rome—consisted probably of a few hundred families, some living in the city, some dispersed over the adjacent country, but all able to find a refuge within its walls in time of danger.

The 'city' of the heroic ages was as different from the 'city' of later times, as Kenilworth is from Birmingham, or Carcassonne from Bordeaux. Thucydides warns his readers, who were familiar with the busy, crowded, populous cities of his own time, not hastily to infer that the force of the ancients was small in proportion to the remains of their cities. Had he developed his thought he would have gone on to say that, in the infancy of commerce and manufacture the population was scattered over the country, not collected into towns. The city contained the castle of their liege lord and the houses of his immediate dependents and the temples of their patron gods. Hither they went at stated festivals to worship, to plead for justice, to sell the produce of their fields. Hither also they fled for refuge, with their flocks and herds, in time of need. For, small as is the circuit of the walls, a considerable portion of the space within was left vacant, and served, no doubt, for the purpose just mentioned. How do we know this? Simply by the fact that the rock which comes to the surface is as rough as nature left it, and has never been smoothed so as to serve for the foundation of a human dwelling. The same remark will apply to the remains of all the oldest cities in Greece—Tiryns, Crissa, Orchomenos, &c. Of course it would have been ill living for a multitude of cows and

sheep, so cribbed and confined, if the durance had lasted long; but the ordinary danger was, we may infer, such a raid or foray as that of Nestor on his neighbours of Elis.¹ Besides Mycenæ, there were Tiryns, Larissa, Mideia, the citadel of Palamedes, the sanctuary of Hera, and perhaps other similar strongholds available in those days for the dwellers in the Argive plain, so that Mycenæ would amply suffice for the uses to which a city was then applied. When we talk about 'the imperial capital of Agamemnon,' we deceive ourselves with the associations derived from later times. Even if we take the *Iliad* for veritable history, the King of Mycenæ was only the feudal superior or liege lord of other chieftains, who ruled their respective fiefs in Argolis and the adjacent islands, like a Villehardouin or a De la Roche in the thirteenth century, and elected to the supreme command over similar potentates for an especial occasion, as the British elected Cassibelaunus. We must not compare the monarchy of Agamemnon with the monarchies of other regions and other times, we must not expect to find in Mycenæ ruins commensurate in extent with those of Nineveh or Rome, and here, as elsewhere in Greece, we must learn not to be surprised that a famous name which our imagination, deluded by the genius of ancient poets and the influence of modern associations, has bestowed on some great and gorgeous ideal, belongs in reality to a little nest on a ledge of barren rock.

There remains still a difficulty to be met. How is it that 'the treasuries' were outside the walls? As I have said before, this difficulty is not solved by adopting Colonel

¹ Homer, *Iliad*, xi. 670, 399.

Leake's 'ancient wall,' for some of 'the treasuries' are on one side and some on the other. Nor is it solved by admitting the existence of a wider fortification embracing them all; for then we may ask, why were not the treasuries within the wall of the citadel, in the safest possible place? Not being there, I hold that they are not treasuries at all. As this assertion contradicts a theory which has hitherto commanded, so far as I know, universal assent, I am bound to justify it by giving my reasons at length. On what, then, does the common opinion rest? On the statement of Pausanias, and the acquiescence of modern travellers. Colonel Leake writes: 'As to their having been the treasuries of the Atreidæ, it was at least a tradition which had descended to Pausanias in an unbroken series; and as there is no reason to doubt that they were built for the purpose which the Greek name implies, it is no more than consistent with the history of Mycenæ to believe that the largest, or that which is nearly complete, was the treasury of Atreus himself; for Agamemnon having been much engaged in war, and having passed a great part of his reign abroad, was much less likely to have accomplished such a structure.' ¹

Now, in the first place, how do we know that 'the tradition had descended to Pausanias in an unbroken series?' They were the work of a people quite distinct from the Greeks of historical times, in modes of life, in polity, art, and civilisation; of a people whose very memory had been swept away by the Dorian invasion. They were buildings of a fashion to which Hellenic works

¹ *Morea*, ch. xx.

afforded no parallel (for 'the circular buildings called Tholoi, the Philippeium of Olympia, the Odeium of Sparta,' &c., with which Colonel Leake, in another place, compares 'the treasuries,' were all *above ground*); and they had probably been rifled of their contents, whatever they were, nearly a thousand years before Pausanias's time. How can we vouch for 'the unbroken series of tradition,' in the absence of any allusion by an earlier author? I believe that the name rests on no tradition, but solely on the guess of ignorant peasants, who are always dreaming of buried treasures. And treasuries at Mycenæ would of course be called the treasuries of the Atreidæ. As well might we claim the authority of tradition for their modern name, 'the ovens.' They are quite as likely to have baked the bread of those voracious heroes, as to have kept their wealth. The only building of the kind, so far as we know, about which 'ancient tradition' may be appealed to, was the brazen chamber at Argos. Pausanias says, 'There is a subterraneous building, and on it was the brazen chamber which Acrisius once made for the safe keeping of his daughter, but Perilaus pulled it down when tyrant of Argos' (ii. 23, 7). The meaning of this probably is that Perilaus stripped off the brass or bronze which coated the roof, as in the treasury at Mycenæ. Now Pausanias accepts this story about Danae without the slightest question or doubt; but in this case the 'ancient tradition' is too contrary to modern common sense to be received. It is not unlikely that 'the chambers of the daughters of Prætus,' which Pausanias mentions as being near Tiryns, may have been similar places, and the Argive legend may

have had, *mutatis mutandis*, its counterpart there. If this be so, the number of these edifices militates against the hypothesis that they were treasuries. The chambers of the daughters of Prætus were evidently undefended by walls.¹ They were probably on the plain, not very far from the southern gate. The reason given for assigning the larger treasury to Atreus and a smaller one to Agamemnon, reminds one of the wise sage who cut in his door a large hole for his cat and a small one for his kitten. If Agamemnon were a poorer or busier man, why could he not keep his treasures in the building which had served his father?

But, seriously, if these are not treasuries, what are they? I answer, tombs. If they were merely store-houses, why such costly and elaborate ornament? Men care that their treasures should be securely, not splendidly lodged. On the other hand, they spare no cost in the honours paid to the dead. And if it be a part of their creed that departed spirits have power over the living for good or for evil, fear conspires with love and sorrow to do them honour, and to pay them worship. Thus we find that nations the most diverse in character, the most widely removed in age and place, lavish the best gifts they have upon the tombs of their princes and fathers. The wealthy bestow their most precious wealth, the skilful their most cunning skill, and the rude people, that have neither wealth nor skill, bestow the labour of strong and willing hands. Pyramid and cromlech, tumulus and cairn, the rock-tombs of Egypt, Syria, and Etruria, the mausoleums of Halicarnassus and

¹ Paus. ii. 25.

Rome, the gorgeous vaults of St. Denis and the Escorial, are all evidences of the same feeling which lies deep at the root of our common humanity. This, I think, suggests the only true purpose of these costly underground buildings without the walls of Mycenæ. Of the people who built them we know nothing. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that they manifested in this, their own fashion, a feeling which they must have shared with all mankind, than to attribute to them capricious prodigality in wasting decoration upon a building of no sanctity, where it could not be seen, and gross imprudence in storing their wealth where it could not be defended?

One word more on a point of detail. I do not think that the triangular space above the door was intended for a window. If it were, it would have singularly facilitated the entrance of a thief into 'the treasury.' It was probably filled with two parallel stones with sculptures in relief, like those over the Gate of Lions. In the British Museum there are some fragments of sculpture which once decorated the doorposts of the 'treasury.' The material is a red porphyritic stone; the pattern an arabesque of the simplest kind, in low relief, and of rude workmanship, more like the ornaments on a Byzantine or Lombard church than anything one finds in a Greek temple. The Greeks, moreover, in their best days, never employed coloured marbles, although they were to be had for the hewing almost at the gates of Athens and Sparta. Hymettus furnished to the Romans much-prized rafters (*trabes Hymettiae*) with pale blue veins, and Taygetus blocks of serpentine. Hellenic architecture has no resemblance to, and cannot be a development of, that of ancient Mycenæ.

This complete disruption of tradition seems to indicate a greater divergence in race, a more complete conquest and extermination, than the legends about the successive domination of Perseidæ, Pelopidæ, and Heracleidæ would lead us to infer. Those who inhabited Mycenæ in historic times were probably in no way lineally descended from those who built the walls and subterranean chambers of their city, and had only the right of cuckoos to their nest.

‘Fifteen stades distant from Mycenæ, on the left hand, is the Heræum.’ So Pausanias. A stade being two hundred and two yards, the distance is four hundred and ninety yards short of two miles. It is even less from the village of Kharvata; but so rough and stony is the track, that we were fifty minutes in riding to the spot. The site of the Heræum, which had been sought for in vain by Colonel Leake, was found by General Gordon when looking for quails. The colonel did not beat quite high enough upon the hill-side, being misled by Strabo, who gives the distance from Mycenæ to Argos as fifty stades, the distance from Mycenæ to the Heræum ten, that from the Heræum to Argos forty, and naturally inferring that the temple could not be so far from the direct road between the two cities. Herodotus says (b. i. c. 31) that the Heræum was forty-five stades from Argos. Herodotus and Pausanias are right in each statement, Strabo wrong in both. In all questions of topography the two former are to be trusted much more implicitly than the latter, who was a compiler, not an observer.

Pausanias proceeds: ‘Along the road from Mycenæ runs a water called Eleutherion, and the women who are appointed to the secret ministrations about the temple and

at the sacrifices use it for purifications. The temple itself is in the lower part of what is called Eubœa. For they give this mountain the name of Eubœa, saying that the river Asterion had three daughters, Eubœa, Prosymna, and Acraia, and they were Hera's nurses. And from Acraia they call the mountain which faces the temple, from Eubœa all that lies about the temple, and Prosymna the tract below the Heræum. The said Asterion, flowing below the Heræum, falls into a chasm and disappears.'

I could not identify Eleutherion. The streams run not along, but across the road, and must in their general direction always have been the same. The Asterion was doubtless the stream which has cloven a deep gully for itself, and which we cross immediately before arriving at the temple. I looked in vain, however, for the chasm.

What Pausanias says about the three daughters of Asterion is an illustration of the way in which he, in common with many Greek writers, overlooked the most obvious etymologies. Acraia clearly means the top part of the mountain, and Eubœa the middle, adapted to pasture grounds. What Prosymna may be is not so clear. Asterion must keep his youngest daughter for the present.

All the district comprehended under these three names was probably destined for the support of the temple and its ministers. On the hill at Argos, full in view of this mountain, was a temple of Hera Acraia. Both Hera and Zeus were supposed to have an especial favour for high places. There was on the Acro-Corinth a temple of Hera Bounaia; a title, as I need hardly say, derived from *βουνος*, 'hill,' not from 'Bounos, son of Hermes,' as Pausanias hath it. I find, from another passage in the

same writer (ii. 37, 2), that Prosymna was one of the titles under which Demeter was worshipped by the Argives. I conclude, therefore, that it was some provincial name for 'arable land,' as the lowest part of the mountain is. There is perhaps no trade or art, besides agriculture, which so abounds in local and provincial terms not generally understood. Farmers and labourers travel less out of their own neighbourhood and their own class than any other people.

Now that the site of the Heræum has been discovered, one is surprised that it should have remained so long unknown. The masonry is on such a scale that I discerned it with the naked eye from Argos. The position has been selected not merely as being conspicuous, but as being secure also. The ancient Heræum was a fortress as well as a temple. The position combining natural strength with a copious water-supply so far resembles that of Mycenæ, but differs from it inasmuch as it stands out on a projecting spur, instead of nestling in a recess of the mountain chain. The declivity, which is almost precipitous on the south side, slopes on the other sufficiently to be formed by art into a series of terraces, each supported by masonry. Some of this masonry is of the most regular Hellenic kind; in another part every third course consists of smaller stones.

Recent excavations—still in progress when we were there—have laid bare part of the foundations of the temple, so as to leave no doubt as to its exact site, but bringing nothing to light by which the dimensions could be estimated with anything like certainty. The complete disappearance of the building at so great a distance from any town, seems to prove that its materials were con-

vertible into lime. If it had been built of marble, Pausanias would probably have said so; moreover, in another place (viii. 41) he says that no temple in the Peloponnese, except that of Tegea, surpassed in beauty of material that at Bassæ, which we know from its remains to have been built of limestone. The Heræum was therefore, in all probability, of limestone too, always excepting the decorative sculpture in the frieze and pediments. Immediately in front were a flight of steps, and perhaps propylæa, fronting the road to Argos, and from which a path to the right led to a lower terrace, intended probably for the abode of the servants of the temple. After describing the various statues which filled the pediments, or stood before the entrance in the pronaos and in the temple itself, Pausanias says: 'Above this temple are the foundations of the former temple, and whatever else the fire had left. It was burnt down by the lamp setting fire to the garland; Chryseis, the priestess of Hera (whose duty it was to watch), having been overpowered with sleep. Chryseis fled to Tegea and took refuge in the sanctuary of Athena Alea; and the Argives, notwithstanding the magnitude of the calamity, did not pull down the statue of Chryseis, but it stands to this very day in front of the burnt temple.'¹

Immediately above the site of the temple just described is a polygonal wall supporting the highest terrace of all; on which, no doubt, the more ancient temple stood, though not a vestige now remains. Some religious scruple seems

¹ Paus. ii. 17, 7. Thucydides (iv. 133) mentions Phlius as the place where Chryseis took refuge.

to have prevented the Argives from meddling with the relics of the first temple. It was originally built on the lonely hill-side, perhaps as a common holy place for all the inhabitants of the Argive plain, and a peculiar sanctity attached to it on account of its immemorial antiquity. The Argives, and probably the other communities, so long as they retained their independence, dated the public acts according to the year of the Priestess of Hera. Thucydides, evidently expecting that his work would be known and read in the Peloponnese, gives the date of the commencement of the war, according to the Argive calendar, 'when Chryseis was in the forty-eighth year of her priesthood.'¹ The accident to the old temple occurred eight years and a half afterwards.² Another priestess, whose name Thucydides carefully records, was appointed instead of the aged and somnolent Chryseis.

The excavations undertaken by the government had been much talked of, and their results vaunted even in the English papers. We were very much disappointed with what we saw collected at Argos. Some shelves in a little room contained the whole—a few small fragments. There was one beautiful female head with the hair in a band and gathered in a knot behind, and also some feet and hands of marble. There was a fragment of a frieze with the honeysuckle ornament painted pale yellow on a black ground, with red in the centre. There was also a lion's head with open mouth, which must have been a gargoyle, and a piece of moulding of which the ornament represented a buckle and tongue. I do not know the archi-

¹ Thuc. b. ii. 2.

² Ib. b. iv. 133.

tectural name. There was also a fragment of inscription in apparently ancient letters, ΠΟΞΑΥΛΑ ΕΠΟΙΚΙ, which I give here for the benefit of those persons to whom an inscription is interesting in inverse proportion to its completeness.

A ride of somewhat more than an hour over a comparatively smooth road brings us to the walled (or rather wally) 'Tiryns.'¹ No one can doubt the especial propriety of the epithet in this case. As the walls were in Homer's time, as they were in Pausanias's time, so they remain substantially now, and seem destined to last as long as time itself—'A work of Cyclopes, made of unhewn stones, each stone of such magnitude that the smallest of them could not be so much as stirred by a yoke of mules. Small stones have been fitted in at some remote time, so that each serves as nearly as may be to join the large ones.'²

The hill on which Tiryns stands, and which it completely occupies, is an isolated eminence—a natural tumulus in the plain, from twenty to fifty feet high, about three hundred yards long by one hundred broad. The southern and higher half is separated from the northern by a wall. The communication was through a long passage to the west, with doorway, in the lintel of which a huge hole for a bolt still remains. This wall and doorway was probably what passed for the House of Prætus. The northern part had two entrances; a postern with two stones meeting in an acute angle at top, and on the

¹ Homer, *Il.* ii. 559—Τίρυνθά τε τειχιόεσσαν.

² Paus. ii. 25, 7.

opposite side a gate with an inclined plane outside, so as to expose the right or unshielded side of an assailant. There was also a separate entrance by a still wider gate to the southern part. The walls to right and left were pierced by galleries, the purpose of which is not obvious, owing to the ruined state of the great gateway. The walls are in places twenty-four feet thick, and Colonel Leake found the dimensions of one stone to be ten feet six inches by three feet nine inches by three feet six inches. To his precise and elaborate description I beg to refer those who feel sufficient interest in the subject. There is only one point in it which our observation could not verify. In the eastern wall by the southern gate we could only find *one* passage. As at Mycenæ, there is not a vestige of any wall outside; and I do not believe that any such ever existed. The name Licymna was probably given to the southern portion on the upper level, the strongest part, and capable of separate defence, the citadel proper of Tiryns.

The remark of Colonel Leake that, 'after the return of the Heracleidæ, Mycenæ, Tiryns, &c., were reduced to the condition of dependent towns or castles,' appears to me not to be borne out by such fragments of their history as we can refer to. That Mycenæ and Tiryns sent four hundred men as a contingent to the force of Leonidas when Argos stood aloof, shows that at that time they were actually, as well as nominally, independent. It would be the natural policy of Sparta to support these weaker communities against the threatening power of their neighbours, and they in return sympathized with their foreign patron, exactly as Scotland clung to France as the natural enemy of her own too preponderant

neighbour and kinswoman England. It was not probably jealousy of the glory these little states had acquired by their share in the Persian war, but the obvious promptings of self-interest which moved the Argives twelve years afterwards to transplant the inhabitants. They had, doubtless, long been waiting for a fair opportunity.

It may be worth while to notice a slight discrepancy in Pausanias's account of Tiryns. In one place (ii. 16, 2) he says that indications of Prætus's dwelling are still left in Tiryns; in another place (ii. 25, 7), that only the wall of the city remains. The legend that Prætus had possession of the Heræum implies that, till the time of their suppression, the Tirynthians had, or claimed, a kind of precedence in the administration or the worship of that temple.

Close to Tiryns, about the place where I suppose the chambers of Prætus's daughters to have been, is a house with outbuildings and pleasant garden of orange and lemon-trees, looking, however, somewhat forlorn and neglected. This is an agricultural college founded by Capo d'Istrias; but, like constitutional government and other exotics imported from Western Europe, it has not thriven. It ought to thrive here if anywhere, for the plain is one of the most fertile in Greece.

We reached Argos, riding along a smooth road (*aptum equis*) between fields of cotton and tobacco, and crossing the dry beds of two streams, the Inachus and Charadrus, in an hour and a quarter. In other parts of the plain towards the sea are rice-grounds. Now, cotton and rice will only grow in very moist soils. How do we account for this moist and even marshy plain having the epithet

of *polydipsion*, 'thirsty?' From this fact, that, the soil being mostly sand and gravel, the water, so long as there is any fall, percolates through. Thus while the flat ground, lying scarcely above the sea-level, is saturated with moisture, all the upper slopes, constituting by far the greater part of the so-called plain of Argos, are dry. The lower plain may be called 'thirsty' for the opposite reason, not because it wants, but because it gets so much to drink.

At Argos we were lodged in a clean and comfortable house, which contrasted agreeably with the hovel we had left at Kharvata.

CHAPTER V.

ARGOS, AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE town of Argos presented a busy scene on the morning of Saturday, the 19th of April. It was a market-day, and the streets were crowded with wares and vendors. Country people had brought in baskets filled with onions, leeks, chicory, water-cresses, and other Lenten fare; and the townspeople tempted them in return with a display of wearing-apparel, from fez-cap to slipper, with calicoes (probably) from Manchester, knives (possibly) from Sheffield, and white umbrellas, at two drachmas a-piece, also warranted English manufacture. The town is to all appearance the most genuinely prosperous of any town in Greece. The houses are all built in a rough-and-ready fashion, with neither dressed stones, nor rough-cast, nor stucco—for use and not for show. One might suppose, too, that the settlers had been so busy building roofs for their heads that they had had no time to provide the luxuries of paving and draining. And this is about the truth. The ancient name of Argos is usurped by an upstart younger than many a Brownville or Smithville in the United States. We reached at length a large open space, which our exegetes, in default of ancient legend, made the scene of a modern cock-and-bull story. Here, he said, the French, when they occupied Argos, massacred I

know not how many children as they were coming from school. This is not the only instance which has led me to conclude that the modern Greeks are at least as 'daring in history' as their brave ancestors. In this space are some Roman ruins incapable of identification—being perhaps remains of buildings subsequent to the time of Pausanias—and not far off the only important relic of ancient Argos, the rock-hewn seats which formed the centre of the theatre. 'Its two ends were formed of large masses of rude stones and mortar, faced with regular masonry: these are now mere shapeless heaps of rubbish. The excavated part of the theatre preserves the remains of sixty-seven rows of seats, in three divisions, separated by diazomata: in the upper division are nineteen rows, in the middle sixteen, and in the lower thirty-two, and there may perhaps be some more at the bottom concealed under the earth.'¹

I counted thirty-five seats in the lowest division, sixteen in the middle, and eighteen in the uppermost, making sixty-nine in all. The 'rectilinear rows of seats excavated in the rock contiguous to the theatre' are now covered up and ploughed over. I observed afterwards, close to the theatre at Chæronea, seats similar to those which Colonel Leake saw here. I doubt whether they formed a sort of *lesche* for loungers in the intervals of the entertainment, like the *foyer* of a modern theatre, or whether they were anything more than steps facilitating access to and egress from the upper tiers.

A steep and stony path leads from hence to the

¹ Leake, vol. ii. p. 396.

summit crowned by the great castle of Argos ; a stronghold, which, after being jealously guarded by all the tyrants of the land, from Acrisius downwards, has since the restoration of freedom been abandoned to solitude and decay.

You enter by a small court built in rude courses of alternate brick and stone, as I suppose, of Byzantine structure; and through this you pass into the main court, an irregular polygon, defended at each angle with towers. The wall is of immense thickness. There is a broad path all round along the battlements, accessible by flights of steps at intervals. It contains, among other ruins, a small church with an apse. This court is obviously of post-Byzantine construction, for I observed marble crosses in low relief, and other ornaments which had belonged to a Greek church, built into the walls. It is no doubt the work of the Frank lords of the Morea. The two courts occupy the summit of the hill, and are surrounded on three sides by a larger enclosure, on a level, considerably lower, also defended by a strong wall, with towers at intervals. The towers are for the most part square. I observed, however, three round towers, and one of a trapezium shape. In the outer court are several cisterns. In the walls, on the north and north-west sides, I saw considerable masses of Cyclopean masonry of the second order, and Colonel Leake saw some of the first order also. Hellenic work appears at intervals; and in one place I noticed—where a large mass has been overturned and uprooted by gunpowder—the alternate layers of flat bricks and cement showed the handiwork of the Roman legionary. The present structure, mainly Frank, but

partly Byzantine, has been kept in repair by Venetians and Turks. Few places have had so continuous a history so legibly written in their walls. They comprise within their circuit a space much larger than do the walls of Tiryns, and scarcely less than those of Mycenæ. They are probably coincident in the main with the limits of the ancient city of heroic times, having, like Tiryns, its citadel on the higher platform, where the inner court or keep of the present fortress now stands. But its fortunes have been different. While Tiryns and Mycenæ never developed beyond their ancient limits, and have continued desert since they were dismantled, nearly two thousand years ago, the Larissa of Argos has been in constant occupation. The ptoliethron of the Achæan monarchs became the Acropolis of a Hellenic city, a fortress under the Roman and Byzantine empires, and, in the Middle Ages, as ‘the whirligig of Time wrought his revenges,’ it became a feudal castle of Frank lords; thus reverting to a purpose singularly resembling that for which ‘the Cyclopes’ built it. When the French invaded the Morea, in 1205, it was in possession of Léon Sgueros, a Greek, who held Nauplia and Corinth also, in the name of the emperor. In the absence of its lord, who was shut up in Acro-Corinth, the town was taken at the first assault by Guillaume de Champlitte, ‘pour ce que il estoit en plain,’ says the French Chronicle (p. 37); but the castle was not taken till 1248, when it was given by Villehardouin to his ally Guillaume de la Roche, lord of Athens, ‘together with the fair castle of Naples,’ *i. e.* Nauplia. In the following century it came into the possession of the family of Enghien. Speedily on the

final expulsion of the French, followed the extinction of the Greek rule; and since that time the fortress has been, like all others, held alternately by Venetians and Turks—masters not equally oppressive, but equally detested, because there are no degrees in the hatred wherewith a Greek hates his masters.

Now that freedom and security have again permitted the free development of natural advantages, a new Argos is rising on the ancient site at the base. The natural advantages which Argos possesses are obvious. Its position is more commodious than the secluded Mycenæ, more healthy than the low-lying Tiryns; and it commands a more abundant supply of water, by springs and aqueducts, than either. Their Cephissus, which Poseidon smote in his wrath, was still supposed to run underground and feed the wells of the city. Its military advantages are no less apparent. It stood at the junction, or, so to speak, the *ganglion* of the various roads to Laconia and Arcadia; where, in the historic times of Argos, dwelt her most formidable foes and most efficient allies. Laconian invasion was what they had most to fear, and no other position could so well command and protect their plain.¹ With these, doubtless, conspired other causes more subtle and more complex. The springs of national prosperity lie deep. We see some nations flourishing with all kinds of natural obstacles, others

¹ When the better days of Sparta were over, Argos became most formidable as an aggressive post, a *point d'appui* for an invading army. Cleomenes regarded its occupation as of the utmost importance—φοβηθεῖς μὴ τοῦ Ἀργούς οἱ πολεμιοὶ κρατήσαντες, καὶ τὰς παρόδους ἀποκλείσαντες, αὐτοὶ πορθῶσιν ἀδεῶς τὴν Λακωνικὴν, κ.τ.λ.—Plutarch. *Cleomenes*, c. 21.

decaying in spite of manifold natural advantages. Again, the spirit and vigour of a people fail and die without any change in external circumstances adequate to explain the fact. We use a trite simile, but allege no reason, when we compare the life of a nation to the life of a man, or when we talk about the ebb and flow of the tide of a nation's prosperity.

The view from the walls of the Larissa is magnificent. At our feet on the slope lies the town, with its fringe of gardens and green fruit-trees, with here and there a black spire of cypress, and sweeping round in a bold curve from the left the white broad bed of the Charadrus. Early as the season was, not a drop of water was apparent; it had all trickled through the sand and gravel, drunk up, in fact, by the thirsty soil of Argos. Beyond, stretches the level plain, faintly green with young crops of cotton and tobacco; a marsh towards the right, and then a curved line of beach, ending at the town and harbour of Nauplia, over which rises the castle-crowned crag of Palamedes. The Argive plain is bounded, on all but the seaward side, with an amphitheatre of jagged precipitous mountain ranges. Further away to the east is the peak of Arachne; to the north, the fantastic shape of Fouka; Cyllene soaring to the north-west; and between them, the distant snows of Parnassus.

In the afternoon we drove to Nauplia; and were no sooner there than, glad to escape from its filthy streets and filthier inn, we got a boat to cross the bay. While inside the harbour, every dip of the oar stirred up foul mud, and raised a more than Thamesian stench. One cannot wonder that Nauplia was peculiarly liable to the

plague while as yet there was plague. The reason of its disappearance I take to be this :—

Plague was a generic name, applied by the ignorant and indiscriminating Franks of the Middle Ages, and Orientals of all ages, to a variety of epidemic diseases, each of which has now, thanks to the Hakims of the west, got its appropriate name. The scourge is not removed, only the sufferers have learned to distinguish the separate lashes of which it is composed. But this by the way.

I observed that, as we sailed across the bay, the castle of Argos presented the appearance of a regular oblong quadrangle ; so that, unless it was very different in old times, it cannot have been from its shape that it acquired the name by which it is known in Plutarch—*aspis*, ‘a round shield.’ Fragments of ancient wall, still extant, both in the external and internal courts, indicate that its former extent was coextensive with the present, and its shape probably identical. If so, the origin of ‘aspis’ must be sought elsewhere ; perhaps in a piece of local slang immemorial at Argos ; in which case it may be sought, but will assuredly never be found. If it were not almost absurd even to guess at such a riddle, I would suggest that it is a popular contraction of ἡ ἔσω πόλις.

In an hour and twenty minutes, partly rowing and partly sailing, *remis velis*, with the aid of a feeble fickle breeze, we reached Myli, ‘the Mills,’ where a landing-place, with a few poor houses about it, marks the site of the ancient Lerna. Along the sea-shore is a strip of firm gravel ; but between this and the foot of the hills, quaking paths and ditches brimful of stagnant water, remind us

that we are crossing the Lernæan marsh. At the edge of *terra firma* a copious source gushes from under conglomerate rock, and close by is a still, deep pool. These features of nature remain unchanged, while the groves, temples, and statues which abounded hereabouts have left not a wreck behind. The traveller who visited this spot seventeen hundred years ago writes :¹—‘I saw a fountain, called that of Amphiaraus, and the Alcyonian lake, through which the Argives say Dionysus went to Hades to bring up Semele. And there is no end to the depth of this lake ; and no man that I know of has ever been able by any device to reach the bottom, for even Nero, though he had ropes made of many stades in length, and tied them together and hung lead to the end of them and whatever else was useful for the attempt, even he could not find any limit to the depth.’ As, in default of other apparatus for comparing the profundity of the Alcyonian pool with that of Pausanias’s credulity, we were throwing pebbles into it, a peasant digging in a garden close by, who informed us that he was also a priest, came up and volunteered the statement that the pool had no bottom, for that once a man sounded it with a line of seventy-seven fathoms, and found none. There can be no doubt, at all events, of the identity of the lake. Pausanias goes on :—

‘Here is another thing I heard. The water of the lake to look at is calm and still ; but, although it presents this appearance, its nature is such that it draws down any one who ventures to swim across, and takes and

¹ Paus. ii. 37, 5.

carries them away to the abyss. The circumference of the lake is not great, about a third of a stade'—*i. e.* sixty-seven yards, and I should guess much the same even now—'and about its edges grow grass and reeds;' to which I would add, yellow iris and wild celery. In a ditch close by I saw two large water snakes—Lernæan hydras—marked yellow and black. The creatures abound here still. Pausanias takes occasion to remark that, in his opinion, the hydra which Hercules killed here only differed from other hydras in size and venomousness, not in the number of its heads. 'There was one Peisandros, of Kamira, who wrote a poem on the subject, and, like a lying Rhodian as he was, stuck all those heads on the hydra to make the beast more terrible, and to increase the dignity of his own poetry.' It was this same Peisandros who, disdaining the old story about Hercules killing the Stymphalian birds, to make his hero more terrible, represented him as frightening them away with a rattle. *Sic itur ad astra.*

Here our horses met us. Riding to the westward, along the right bank of a dry river-bed, the ancient Cheimarrhos—'a river not falsely named,' as Æschylus says—then crossing it, and striking up the opposite hill, we came at length to the so-called 'Pyramid,' the object of which is a matter of dispute. Pausanias, whose brevity is sometimes as unseasonable and provoking as his prolixity at other times, here leaves us in the dark. All that he says with any possible reference to 'the Pyramid,' is, that 'on the right of the road to Tegea, and above it, was a *polyandria*, in honour of the Argives, who defeated the Lacedæmonians near Hysiaë, in the time of the

Athenian Pisistratus.' These polyandriæ, or joint monuments, were common in Greece. That of the Athenians, at Marathon, was a tumulus surmounted by stelæ, or pillars, inscribed with the names of the dead; that of the Lacedæmonians, at Thermopylæ, was the same; that of the Bœotians, at Chæronea, was a tumulus surmounted by a lion. In all cases, a tumulus appears to form an essential part of the monument.

In this case 'the Pyramid' is built upon an eminence which seems at first sight to be artificial, but on closer inspection proves to be natural, for the native rock comes to the surface here and there. It may be that, nature having furnished the tumulus, the paucity of earth and the abundance of stones on this bleak hill-side suggested a building instead of a barrow. The building is quadrangular, and is entered through a narrow passage formed by the overlapping of one of the walls, as in the examples already noticed at Mycenæ and Tiryns. The exterior walls, at the height of some three feet from the ground, begin to slope inwards, making an angle of perhaps thirty degrees with the vertical. The interior walls do not slope. The inside is nearly a square of about twenty-three feet, and the outer walls are at the basement between nine and ten feet thick. As the inner face of the wall does not slope, it is clear that the building is not properly called a pyramid; the wall must have terminated in a ridge of coping stones, at the height of some twelve or fourteen feet from the ground. There is a doorway, of which the top is formed by stones overhanging till they meet at the apex, like the postern at Tiryns. Another example occurs in the Cyclopean walls of Tusculum.

The style of the whole fabric is polygonal, and, what is very unusual in ancient Greek building of any style, the stones are joined with mortar, which, I am convinced, must have formed part of the original edifice, and is not to be attributed, as Colonel Leake suggests, to subsequent reparations. Now the question is, for what purpose did this building serve? Clearly not for a fortress, for the sloping wall outside, which one can climb up, would facilitate the attack of an enemy, and the straight wall inside, which one cannot see over, would prevent its being defended. I incline, then, to the belief that it is the Polyandria. As the building was not by any means a pyramid, and as there were probably many similar buildings then extant in Greece, Pausanias did not think of making any remark on its form. The objection that the style is too early for the assigned date rests merely on hypothesis. We do not know when polygonal building finally ceased. Probably it continued to be employed in some cases long after the regular Hellenic was in general use; for instance, where the requisite tools, skill, and time were wanting.

This is just the sort of building which one might conceive the survivors of an army to erect for their comrades. The elevation given by Colonel Leake represents the stones as much smaller than they really are; nor is the basement by any means so regular as in the picture. There are some remains of an Hellenic building not far off, and other traces of ancient habitation, from which we infer that the Kenchreia of Pausanias stood here.

The road by which we return to Argos passes another

place called 'Myli,' or the Mills, a common name in Greece. The mills in question are turned by the sources of the Erasinus, which issue from the foot of a precipitous hill. This 'son of the rock' is full grown at his very birth, like Athene, and gushes out an abundant river of crystal water. In the face of the cliff above is a large cavern, one branch of which is walled off and made into a church; the others wind far into the heart of the hill. About the mills grow willows, poplars, mulberries, and other 'tame trees.' Here the Argives used to hold a festival, which they called *Turbe*,¹ in honour of Dionysus and Pan. It is so beautiful and, what is more to the purpose, so pleasant a spot, that, if it had been near Athens, it would have been made familiar to us in many an immortal song. No doubt its praises were hymned in not a few Argive dithyrambs. I suppose that no river of the same bulk has so short a course as the Erasinus,—something more than a mile. The ancients imagined it to be identical with the river which disappears at Stympthalus;² a notion which, strange to say, has found favour even in modern times. Colonel Mure believes that the fact had

¹ *τυρβη*, perhaps connected with *θόρυβος*.

² Herodotus, vi. 76—'Cleomenes had been told by the Delphic oracle that he should take Argos. So, when he came with an army of Spartans to the river Erasinus, which is said to flow from the Stympthalian lake,—for this lake, they say, falling into a dark chasm, reappears in Argos, and for the rest of its course this water is called by the Argives Erasinus,—be that as it may (*δ'ᾶν*), when Cleomenes came to this river, he sacrificed to him, and as the omens were not favourable to his crossing, he said that he admired Erasinus for not deserting his countrymen, but the Argives should not come off scot-free for all that.'

been ascertained by actual experiment, by throwing something in at Stymphalus and seeing it re-appear at 'the Mills.' There is not the slightest evidence that such an experiment was ever made; it would require an amount of pains, patience, and concert such as the old Greeks were not in the habit of devoting to the examination of natural phenomena. Besides, even if there were a connexion between the rivers, it is not likely that such an experiment would ascertain it. Whatever was thrown in, would be almost certain never to come out. Floating substances would be arrested, and colouring matter filtered, on the way. The story of Alphæus and Arethusa, and a thousand similar absurdities, prove that the Greeks would believe anything about the waters under the firmament. No considerations as to distance, direction, difference of level, stood in the way of a legend. To them a river was a god and a fountain a nymph,—persons as well as things,—and the two ideas were confounded inseparably in the popular mind. Though water could not run uphill, a god or nymph might. In this particular case, the facts apparent would have led a much less credulous people to the inference drawn. A copious river disappears at Stymphalus; a river equally copious re-appears near Argos. What more obvious than to put this and that together? Now that we know something of the constitution of the earth's crust, it seems strange that such a theory should still be advocated. Considering that between the two places lie many ranges of lofty hills, with strata upturned and disrupted in all complexity of disorder—a disorder which, from the nature of the case, must prevail below the ground as well as above, the

chances are infinite against a stream of water continuing in the same channel so far.

Probably the waters of the Stympalian river, severed into a thousand runlets, feed the sources of the Asopus and Nemea, and find their way to the Gulf of Corinth, while the Erasinus is a main drain of nature's contrivance for carrying the waters of Artemisium to the Gulf of Argos.

It was growing dark as we remounted. By the roadside runs a copious stream, diverted from the Erasinus to irrigate the Argive fields and gardens. A multitude of frogs assailed us with a pertinacious chorus, in notes much louder and harsher than the notes of the frogs of England. They begin with an inarticulate preparatory sound, like an old Dutch clock groaning in the effort to strike, and end with a succession of spluttering 'quacks.' The frog language cannot be better rendered into articulate speech than by the Brekekekex koax koax of Aristophanes. Our men threw stones at them to stop their clamour with very little success. When Dionysus in the play says, 'Ah, I thought I should stop your koax at last,' I fancy that he does it by hitting the chorus severally on the head with his oar. They were most likely arranged in a row at the back of the stage, with their heads just appearing above the floor, along which floor (a lake for the nonce) Dionysus is rowing his boat by the aid of the 'machine man'¹ underneath. It is a pity that no stage directions have come down to us with the ancient drama.

¹ μηχανοποιός. Aristoph. *Pax*. 174.

CHAPTER VI.

A GREEK CHURCH.

THE next day was Palm-Sunday, according to the orthodox calendar. Instead of palms they used laurels to decorate the churches and the doorposts of their houses. Like the eiresionæ of old, the withered boughs are suffered to remain till the recurrence of another festival. The children carried boughs in their hands—the men had sprigs in their button-holes. We went to early service at the cathedral—for there is a bishop here¹—a plain but spacious edifice. The back seats on the ground-floor were occupied by the married women; the unmarried sat in a gallery with lattice-work before it, as if their presence at church was like the presence of ladies in the House of Commons, not allowed, but winked at. The best part of the church was filled by the men. As soon as we appeared, the crowd made way for us with great politeness, and we were ushered—to speak truly, I ought

¹ In the list of modern Greek sees given by Mr. Neale (*History of the Eastern Church*, Introduction, p. 95), Argos is omitted. Perhaps the bishopric is of quite recent creation. It was once a metropolitan see; but after Evrenos the Ottoman, in the time of Bajazet I., in the year 1397, had stormed the place and carried all its inhabitants off to be sold as slaves, Nauplia was made metropolis in its stead.—Neale, l. c.; Finlay, *Mediæval Greece*, p. 275.

to say shoved—into very conspicuous places. I observed then, and frequently afterwards, that a Greek congregation indulges its love of novelty quite openly, making great eyes of wonder at a stranger, continuing all the while to intone their part of the service with great vigour. There is none of that hypocrisy which, in the Latin Church, limits the indulgence of curiosity to the corner of the eye.

The priests and their ministrations are concealed behind a huge wooden screen during the service, while a monotonous chant is going on outside. The air of restlessness and inattention which prevails among the congregation, the nasal twang and lugubrious monotony of the chant, the absence of instrumental music, make the Greek service, to a stranger, far less impressive than that of the Church of Rome. Besides, the scenic effect of the latter is far superior. Before a high altar decked with flowers, lights, and costly plate, stand the priests, richly attired, measured and graceful in every gesture, or motionless in silent prayer, with white-robed acolytes kneeling below, and all the while over the kneeling people ring the sweet psalms of the choir, and the ground beneath shakes with the thunders of the organ—the whole scene so contrived as to fix the attention, charm the sense, please the taste, and calm the spirits—the very perfection of ritual. In the Greek Church all these accessories are wanting, and the consecration of the elements, the grand climax of this sacred drama, is performed, not *coram populo*, but behind the scenes; while at intervals, the sudden opening and sudden shutting of one of the doors at which a priest is seen to appear for a moment and vanish with most irre-

verent haste produce an effect which, if scenic at all, is one of the effects of the comic stage. But I forbear to dwell on the subject; I should be, indeed, sorry to say anything savouring of irreverent jest. A stranger judges such matters from a false point of view. He cannot sympathise with the thousand associations which, growing up with men from their infancy and their home, give a sanctity and solemnity to rites which at first sight seem trivial and even profane; nor can he make due allowance for that long familiarity which makes men callous to anomalies and absurdities and blunts the edge of ridicule.

The only moment in which the service appears striking to a spectator, though, from the nervous and fussy manner peculiar to Greeks, scarcely solemn even then, is that in which a door in the great screen opens, and the priest appears with the consecrated elements, the wafer on his head, and the cup in his hand, both covered with an embroidered cloth. All the congregation cross themselves (in Greek fashion, from right to left), and stoop down, making a gesture as if to touch the ground with their hands. This last is a Turkish fashion.

This church at Argos, though a building of yesterday, differs in no important detail, either inside or out, from the oldest churches of the country. The rigid and unchangeable character which marks the Eastern Church in all things, is most patent in its ecclesiastical architecture. St. Sophia, erected A.D. 537, has served as the model for all subsequent churches. Of course I do not mean that all the details of St. Sophia are repeated in every case—indeed, there is probably no exact copy *in petto* of the original—but that the essential divisions are maintained

and carried out into detail, as well as the size of the building and the means of the builders have permitted.

A brief description of one suffices, with slight variation, for all. The general form is a Greek cross with a cupola in the centre, each of the four spaces between the adjacent arms of the cross being occupied by a kind of aisle, completing the square. At the east end are three apses.

At the west end is a porch, *proaulion*, sometimes part of the main building, sometimes an addition or 'lean-to.' Entering from the porch, we are in the main body of the church, which is divided by a low wooden railing into two parts. The western is called the narthex, and is appropriated to the women; the eastern to the men. An oblong space in the centre of the latter, reaching to the foot of the screen, is separated off and stalled round. Some of the stalls are appropriated to the officiating ministers; the rest are occupied by the principal laymen. This space is called, from the stalls, which are on three sides of it, *stasidia*. We now come to the distinctive feature of an Eastern church, the great screen, or *eiconostasis*, which runs from north to south, shutting out the altar from the view of the congregation. It is of great height, reaching sometimes to the roof, and is panelled into compartments, each having a saint depicted on it of the stiff, angular, conventional type which has been in immemorial use among Greek Christians, for their painting is as little progressive as their architecture. This elaborate screen and the disposition of the stalls remind one of the retablo and the choir of a Spanish church; but there is this all-important difference, that the altar is before the *retablo*, but behind the *eiconostasis*. Behind this screen

are the three apses above mentioned. The central apse is called *bema*, containing the altar detached from the wall, and behind it the *synthronos*, or throne for the bishop and clergy, such as we see in San Clemente and other ancient churches in Rome. The northern apse is the *prothesis*, or *credenza*, as it is called in Italy; the southern the *diaconicon* or *skenophylakion*—that is to say, sacristy, vestry. The gynækonitis was a gallery intended, as its name imports, for women. In St. Sophia and the larger churches it extended along three sides of the building—every side but the eastern—and corresponded in position with our *triforium*. In the smaller churches it occupied only the western end. It had been gradually disused, but has been revived again, as I have said, in the Cathedral of Argos. I believe that even the Greek Church has felt the influence of that spiritual movement which has created the ultra-montane party in the Latin Church, and which has agitated even the most Protestant communities. Patriotism, too, combines to stimulate among the Greeks a love and imitation of those ecclesiastical antiquities which are to them symbols of national faith and national independence. The gynækonitis at Argos is perhaps a symptom of the general feeling—a straw which tells how the wind blows.

To collect the various terms used at different times to designate the internal arrangements and furniture of an Eastern church, to trace their etymology, and to determine their primary meaning, is a work of no idle antiquarian curiosity, but full of deep interest to all who profess themselves Christians.

I cannot here do more than glance at the subject;

neither my knowledge nor my limits permit me to treat of it at length. It seems, indeed, impertinent to make a brief episode out of what might well furnish matter for volumes—a subject which has exercised the marvellous erudition of Du Cange. Working on the basis of Du Cange, Allatius, and others, Mr. J. M. Neale has written a profound and elaborate treatise in the work I have already quoted. This portion of his book is, however, rather ecclesiological than historical; he collects facts, but abstains from drawing inferences as to the progressive changes of ritual and discipline in the early Church. In ecclesiastical historians generally one observes a tendency to represent both ritual and discipline as self-evolved from Apostolic practice and teaching, and to ignore the accretions and admixtures which the Church may have contracted from the observances of Paganism, or the customs of the world.

When Christianity first became dominant, the buildings most easily convertible into churches were the basilicas, or court-houses; and hence the name still retained by the oldest churches in Rome. To this fact is owing the existence of the Bema, where the bishop sits enthroned in the chair of the Athenian Archon, or the Roman Prætor. The screen, or eiconostasis, is still commonly known by the term *κιγκλίδες*, or *δρύφακτοι*, signifying lattice-work; the very words formerly employed to designate the wooden partition which, in an Athenian court, separated the parties concerned in the business from the spectators. The gradual enlargement of this partition marks the growth of sacerdotal power and of the judaizing spirit which led men to reproduce, as far as they could, in

their churches and ritual, the destroyed temple of Jerusalem and the abolished ceremonies of the Mosaic law. Thus the portion within the screen represented the Holy of Holies, and indeed was sometimes so called. The curtains over the doorways in the screen are due probably to the same source. St. Sophia had its 'beautiful gates,' like the second temple. The Nestorian and Abyssinian Churches have restored, I believe, the tabernacle and the ark.

When Christianity had consummated its triumph over the old religion, the heathen temples were converted into churches. Of this fact, too, we find some traces in the nomenclature of the modern church. For instance, the vestibule is called Pronaos, and the body of the edifice Naos, exactly as in the Parthenon.

One of the most perplexing words in etymology and application is the word *narthex*. In modern times it is applied to the porch outside the church at the west end; in old days it was given to a part of the church itself, which was separated off for the use of the catechumens and penitents, 'dreeing their dole.' Afterwards, when the world was Christianized, and all were admitted into the Church in infancy, and at the same time the vigorous discipline of earlier days declined, catechumens and penitents disappeared, and the place in the sacred building vacated by them was given to the women. *Narthex* has been derived from *nerthe*, because it was *below* the *ambon* or body of the church; but this derivation is rejected by Du Cange, Stephanus, and Neale, who suppose that it was so called from its shape, narrow and long, like the stalk of the plant of that name. This seems very unsatisfactory. That it was narrow and long in the earlier days

we have no evidence, indeed, all probability is against it; the more numerous the catechumens the broader it would be; and, admitting the hypothesis, the simile is not one likely to commend itself to the popular mind.

The *narthex* is, in its primary signification, the umbelliferous plant called *kalámi* in modern Greek, the *Ferula communis* of Linnæus, which grows abundantly about the bay of Phalerum. In the stalk is a pith, which makes good tinder when dry. Hence the story, that in it Prometheus brought down from heaven the 'fount of fire' which he gave to men. The word was used afterwards for a casket to hold any precious thing, a medicine-chest, and, metaphorically, a book containing medical recipes, a dietary. From this myth the *narthex* acquired also a symbolical meaning; and hence its employment in the mysteries of Bacchus as a wand borne by the worshippers. Now, is it possible that the ecclesiastical meaning of the word may be derived from either of these significations? May the catechumens have been regarded as under a kind of medical treatment, their souls requiring to be healed and cleansed before they were fit for admission among the sound flock? A period of probation and a spiritual regimen was prescribed to them, and the term 'dietary' does not seem very far-fetched as applied to their condition and their appointed place.

On the other hand, I think that a strong case may be made out for its derivation from the mystic wand. At the time of the final agonies of Paganism, the only portions of the old religion which retained any vitality, at least among those of Greek race and language, were the mysteries. Here alone persons agitated by religious

hopes and fears, distracted by doubt, oppressed with a sense of sin, found pleasing excitement in dark riddles and symbolic rites, and consolation in the promised immortality. The hierophants proclaimed the unity of God, and held out to the initiated a remedy for the evils of this life. It was doubtless upon this same class of minds that Christianity acted with the greatest power.

There can be no question that multitudes of the early converts had been initiated in some Pagan mysteries, and as little question that the first Christian ritual was adapted so as to convey the great truths of the Gospel in the form most calculated to impress them on the minds of the congregation. Hence the tendency in the outside world to confound the Christian with the Pagan mysteries; hence the calumnies spread by hostile writers, charging the Christians with all manner of secret superstitions and atrocious rites; hence, too, the violent invectives of the Fathers against the Pagan rites, from which they were desirous to distinguish their own. But, from the circumstances of the case, we may be sure that the converts would draw parallels and comparisons between their new and their old worship, and would apply metaphorically to the new, terms derived from the old. And if in the Greek ritual some terms were used which were borrowed thus from Eleusis or Lebadea, it is no more disgraceful than the conduct of the Pope who first assumed the title of Pontifex. I conceive, then, that the universally-known and abundantly-quoted line which says

πολλοὶ μὲν ναρθηκόφοροι, παῦροι δὲ τε βῆκχοι,

had caused the term *narthekophori* to be applied to those

who professed a creed but were not fully instructed in its innermost meanings ; hence it may have been given to the catechumens of the early Church, and the word *narthex*, by no violent change, applied to the place set apart for them. If this be so, we have in the structure of every sacred building a complete memorial of the earliest history of the Christian faith, showing by what steps it absorbed the religion and identified itself with the polity of the ancient world.

CHAPTER VII.

KARYA.

AT Argos our American friend and the grave Eleutherius left us to return to Athens. The rest of the party started in the opposite direction, on the 20th of April, about two in the afternoon. It was a day of cloudless sunshine. Young as the year was, the heat in the town had been excessive. About noon the thermometer marked 82° on the shady side of the street. But, as we rounded the north-eastern shoulder of the hill and pursued our way up the valley of the Charadrus, fresh breezes from Arcadia met us, and headache and lassitude departed at their bidding. The only remains of antiquity which we saw were, first, an aqueduct of Roman or Byzantine construction, appearing at intervals in ruined fragments along the hill-side to the left, and from its direction manifestly intended to carry some mountain-stream to Argos; and, secondly, further on to the right, a square tower, apparently Hellenic, built probably for an outpost to watch and defend the pass. The scenery grew wilder and the air fresher as we went on. Instead of bare ground, patched with cistus and thyme, we found closer and greener herbage; and stunted shrubs gave place to copse and thicket as our path, now up the bed of a torrent, now along the steep side of a ravine, crept and wound and climbed into the bosom

of the hills. In about four hours and a half we came to Karya, a little village nestling in a well-watered, well-sheltered hollow, on the main range of Artemisium. The white-walled, red-roofed houses are scattered on the slope, each with its own green plot of field and garden beside it. A wreath of blue smoke curled up from each chimneyless roof, finding its way through the tiles as best it might. We thought that we had never seen anything so beautiful. There are, I dare say, a thousand villages, in high Alpine valleys, which are every whit as beautiful as Karya; but it is only after the eye has been wearied with a succession of barren grey mountains and burnt brown plains that it feels the true pleasure of resting on verdure. It was a pleasant foretaste of Arcadia. Whether Karya be really within the limits of the ancient Arcadia is doubtful. The boundary did not run, as might have been expected, along the crest of the hill; but on its eastern flank, partly along the upper course of the Inachus. It was sunset as we entered the village. On a knoll were assembled some thirty or forty men—nearly all the adult male inhabitants—for no graver purpose than confabulation and ‘confumation,’ for the cigarette is an unfailing accompaniment of the modern *lesche*. All saluted us with a low bow, placing at the same time the right hand on the heart, and raising the left hand to the forehead; a fashion probably learned from the Turks, and now disused in the larger towns. We asked for the Demarch, and a dapper young fellow in Albanian petticoats and fez cap stepped out. To him we presented a circular letter, with which the Minister of the Interior had favoured us, addressed

to all Government functionaries, requesting them to afford us all assistance, &c. He had no sooner read it, or made believe to read it, for I am not sure that he held it the right way up, than he, 'with open arms as he would fly, grasped in the comers.' Literally, he seized each of us by the hand, and ran down the hill with us to his house, in the best room of which—there were but two—we were immediately installed, and presented with jam and a glass of pure cold water in token of welcome. Here, as everywhere, we found the most genuine kindness and hospitality; and if the guests are not perfectly comfortable, it is certainly from no want of goodwill on the part of the host. It may, perhaps, seem ungracious to mention that during the night we found that the Demarch's hospitality was shared by a multitude of unbidden guests, and that we suffered the woes, and might have uttered the complaint, of Strep-siades in the play.¹ As this is the first time I have had occasion to mention a demarch, I may as well explain that this ancient title has not come down by tradition from classical times, but is quite a recent revival. After the restoration of independence the internal organization of the country was completely remodelled, and the modern French system was taken as a pattern and implicitly followed. Greece was divided into nomarchies, which were subdivided into eparchies, which in turn consist of a certain number of demi, or parishes. These are respectively administered by nomarchs, eparchs, and demarchs,

¹ δάκνει με δήμαρχός τις ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων. — Aristophanes, *Nubes*, 37.

whose functions correspond to those of the French préfets, sous-préfets, and maires de commune, each to each.

We left Karya about seven next morning, and walked on to escape from the tumult of packing and loading ; on which occasions the wrath of Alexander vented itself upon Alcibiades the bad subject and Pericles the sullen. While we were there, one after another of the villagers passed by on their way to their daily work in some distant field. Each greeted us with a kindly ' kaleméra ' (καλ' ἡμέρα), ' good morning.' We waited for our troop at an angle of the road which looks over the peaceful village with its smoking roofs. Close by was a water-mill, constructed thus :—a strong buttress of wall is built against the hill-side, and on the top of it a series of wooden troughs convey a runlet of water at the proper angle to the wheel. The dripping wall was tufted with lady-ferns and all manner of luxuriant grasses. We had often occasion to admire the patient ingenuity with which a scanty stream of water was brought for miles, in a channel made along the hill-side, to turn one of these mill-wheels, and then distributed to the fields below.

It was often our lot to rest in the neighbourhood of such a mill, for there we were sure to find the two essential requisites, water and shade.

I remember, in particular, this of Karya, and the pleasant half-hour we spent listening to the groaning of the wheel and the plashing of the water. There was a fresh Alpine breeze blowing, a bright sunshine glistening on dewy grass—earth and sky ' washed,' as it were, ' with morning.' It was a scene which would have inspired Theocritus with an idyl, destitute indeed of sentiment,

but full of that frank and genuine human feeling which is the salt of literature.

I am persuaded that if travellers' books were written in the same honest spirit, and without reference to the effect to be produced on sentimental readers, we should find that the scenes which dwelt most vividly on their memory were those associated with recollections of personal comfort and enjoyment.

The rarity of any indications of a taste for the picturesque in ancient literature has of late years been a good deal discussed and variously explained. The chief reasons assigned are, first, that the Greeks, living habitually amidst the most beautiful natural scenery, got to feel for it the same indifference which we observe at this day in the Swiss and Tyrolese. I remember one of the Vaudois peasants, whose cottage was in a beautiful valley of the upper Alps, complaining bitterly of the '*brutto paese*' in which it was his misfortune to dwell. Secondly, the Greeks were by nature a sensuous, and by circumstances a practical, people. Thirdly, they were in the habit of personifying everything. Not only did they hold, with the modern poet, that there was '*a spirit in the woods*,' but their creed was more precise still. They held that every wood had its separate spirit, or spirits, taking a corporeal shape, Dryads or Hamadryads, as the case might be. Thus the sense of the solemnity, beauty, and mystery of nature, which for us moderns spreads a vague charm over all landscape, was for the ancients condensed into a single superstition, wanting grandeur as a stimulus to the imagination, and wanting variety as a theme for poetry.

These reasons have all, I think, a certain truth, but each

is liable to qualification and abatement. First, the scenery of Greece is beautiful in various degrees. No familiarity with the puny mountains of Attica would account for the indifference of an Athenian to the sublimity of Taygetus and Parnassus. Secondly, all modern peoples are sensuous in their way, and some eminently practical; yet we find that neither of these qualities prevents individuals among them from having a love for the beauties of nature. The most picturesque of poets was a Scotchman and a writer to the signet. Thirdly, all genuine belief in Dryads and Hamadryads had died out before the historical age of Greece. I am persuaded that neither Pindar nor Sophocles, much less Euripides or Theocritus, had the smallest expectation of 'meeting a goddess when he went into a wood' (to use Mr. Ruskin's phrase), or felt his fancy hampered by any such belief among his contemporaries.

Therefore, taking all these reasons together, they do not appear sufficient to account for the alleged difference between the ancient and modern feeling for natural beauty. I say 'the alleged difference,' for I think that the real difference was neither so wide nor so essential as has been assumed.

The Greeks had, as all admit, a keen appreciation of such natural objects as contributed to their personal comfort and pleasure, the shady grove, the greensward, the babbling stream; while the strikingly significant epithets assigned to more remote objects, earth and sea, rivers and mountains, argue in the people a habit of acute observation quite at variance with the supposition of indifference.

A people who so ardently clung to life, and had so unaffected a horror of death, could not but be profoundly touched by the sad contrast of the abiding permanence of natural objects—the sure recurrence of natural phenomena, with the brevity and uncertainty of human life. Hence, probably, in early days the deification of the everlasting hills, the ever-flowing rivers, of sun and moon and stars; hence, too, the retention of the language of that old religion in days when real belief in the personality of its deities had long died out. The gods lived no longer in the faith of reason, but their names were to a Greek ear significant of the power, the beauty, and the majesty which still haunted their hills and woods. Language to them pregnant with deep meanings and implicit pathos, now that the tradition is broken, seems to a modern ear fantastic and absurd. For us ‘mighty Pan’ is doubly dead.

Neither, again, were the ancients not insensible to the subtle sympathies and analogies which may be found between moods of the mind and aspects of nature. Familiar instances are the sullen Achilles, nursing his spleen as he gazes ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον, and the bereaved Chryses mourning as he walks παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

More than this we find in no people, and in no poet, before this nineteenth century. Cowper only echoes Virgil, himself echoing some voice from Greece, when he cries—

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!

And Home’s sentiment is contained implicitly in many an ancient poet, when he makes Lady Randolph say—

Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accord with my soul's sadness, &c.

The musings of the melancholy Jaques might, with little risk of anachronism, be put into the mouth of Timon of Athens. And, to descend to common prose, what ancient Greek ever showed more insensibility to the sublimities of nature than does Horace Walpole, who wrote thus to Sir H. Mann not a hundred years ago?—' (Aug. 27, 1765.) Well, after twenty-three years of designs and irresolutions, I am actually leaving England! You will ask kindly whether almost any foreign thought in those years did not point beyond Paris? O, yes!—but, alas! think how ill I have been, not to mention that I am older by twenty-three years. That space has made Alps and Apennines grow twenty times taller, and more wrinkled and horrid.'

Thus Walpole, in his most sentimental mood. And we may be sure that, if anything resembling the *now* prevalent enthusiasm for scenery had been felt by his contemporaries, we should have found it affected by him.

The present fashion of nature-worship is a thing of yesterday, and will not be a thing of to-morrow. It is a phase of literature and art which will pass away. A thousand causes contribute to it; as, for instance, the growth of the natural sciences, the exhaustion of old subjects for poetry and painting, the habit of holiday-tours consequent on the increased facilities for travelling, and productive of increased accommodations for travellers. To the majority, the hotels of Switzerland are at least as attractive as its glaciers. I doubt, indeed, whether it can with truth be said of any one that he 'loves Nature for her own sake.' The most enthusiastic lover of Nature

loves her because of the effect which the contemplation of her produces upon his own mind and feelings—an effect not so direct and simple as that avowed by the older poets; so refined, it may be, as scarcely to be traceable by any mental analysis, but very real notwithstanding. To love Nature for her own sake would be a senseless and objectless fetish-worship. There are, no doubt, many who persuade themselves that they are thus unselfish in their passion, and thereby render themselves guilty of an idolatry as extravagant as that of any errant knight for his Dulcinea. But if it did not serve some useful purpose, it would not have lasted so long. ‘To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,’ is an excellent alternative regimen for persons wearied with the strife and the turmoil of Westminster and Mayfair. The Greek, whose daily life even in the city was much more simple, regular, and healthful, and whose ‘city’ was not a measureless expanse of unsightly brick and stucco-work, canopied with a never-lifting cloud of smoke, needed not, and knew not, the medicinal power of rural solitude. Their artists, who daily saw far other models of human beauty than those now available—men who have been muffled in flannel and women who have been imprisoned in stays—held with their poets that the proper study of mankind was man, and were content with dashing in a rough sketch of scenery as background to his picture of some historic or heroic deed.¹ To them the marsh and the mountains of Marathon were of quite secondary interest as compared with the battle. Now-a-days the artist who, in default

¹ See Pausanias’s description of the painting in the *Pæcile* (i. 15, 4).

of a better subject, loves nature as per order, sells his out-of-door sketches at fabulous prices. If from the body of professing lovers of nature we make the deductions due to fashion, affectation, and interest, we shall find but a small residuum ; and those, if we could but analyse their feelings, would be found, as I have said, to be loving Nature not for her sake but their own. Rugged mountains and wild glens are retained in the memory, peopled by a world of pleasant associations, good sport, scientific discovery, healthful exercise, hearty appetite, the sense of renovated strength, and the buoyant spirits of holiday. It is but right and proper that our poets who share these feelings, should sing them ; but our poetasters have over-ridden the hobby. The conventional language which they employ will probably be to their children a jargon as unintelligible as it is to a Frenchman or an Italian of the present day. The purely descriptive poems of Wordsworth and others will be forgotten ; those which deal with humanity, remembered, and popular in proportion as they are human. If Greece ever passed through this particular phase of sentimentalism, all the literature belonging to it has perished, as it deserved. But there was one reason which has not been brought forward yet, why this could not have been. It is a mood of mind which requires seclusion and solitude for its aliment. The Greeks were the most gregarious of people ; their literature was intended for the theatre and the stoa, to be declaimed and recited and sung in public, not read in the closet. It is impossible for a thousand people at once to be sentimental and tender on the beauties of nature. What the aforesaid Timor may have been we have no means of

knowing. His contemporaries would not listen to him, and he had no reading public to fall back upon, composed of persons who once a year, according to the fashion, forsook the city and wandered about the mountains, Timons for the nonce.¹

So pleasant was the spot where we were waiting, that we felt almost sorry to see at length our troop of horses winding up the hill to join us.

¹ The whole subject, which the nature and limits of my book compel me to treat thus summarily, has been discussed at length by Mr. Ruskin in the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*, and by Mr. Cope in the *Cambridge Essays* for 1856.

CHAPTER VIII.

NESTANE AND MANTINEA.

THE pass by which we crossed the Artemisian range is beyond question that called anciently Prinus. A more circuitous pass to the north was called Klimax. It is possible that the Prinus may have derived its name from the Greek equivalent for ilex (*πρίνος*). Near the top is a little church, dedicated, as are most of the high-places of Christian Greece, to Saint Elias, with a group of ilex-trees beside it. In all likelihood this was the site of an ancient temple, possibly of the temple to Artemis, the patroness of the mountain called after her. In old times the temenos surrounding any temple was habitually filled with trees, and the ilex-trees of Saint Elias may be the descendants of the sacred grove where, after half their journey done, travellers stayed for rest, shelter, or prayer. The pass ascends into the region of pines, mostly black and pointed, like the Scotch fir, while here and there one spreads like a cedar. The flowers are abundant—violets, hyacinths, blue-bells, wood-anemones, and yellow ranunculus, and in places there is a thick growth of shrubs, the dwarf-ilex, and the juniper. Immediately to the south rises a bare rocky peak, one of the highest summits of Artemisium. On the further side of the ridge a steep and stony path leads down to Tzipianà. We tread

for some distance upon grey and blue slates, the edge uppermost, mixed here and there with quartz.

The traveller who enters Arcadia from this side will assuredly be disappointed. The prospect as he descends the western slope of Artemisium neither corresponds with the poetical and proverbial renown of the country, nor bears out the illusive promise of Karya. Before him is a bleak chain of grey limestone, with hardly so much as a scantling of dark pine or patch of green pasture, and below, at the foot of the hills, a flat, cold, sodden plain. And yet that barren mountain is Mænalus, the favourite haunt of Pan, whom, even in Pausanias's time, the shepherds thereabouts heard piping. But it must have been the other side of Mænalus which Pan loved, and the Arcadia which lies to the westward, that poets have vaunted for pastoral beauty, where, instead of grey rock and sodden plain, there are deep dells thick with wood, each bearing its tributary rill to the Alphæus and green alps of sloping pasture-land between.

'Arcadia,' when used in the wider sense, including Mantinea and Tegea, is only, like 'Italy' according to Metternich, a geographical expression. These two cities have a history of their own, and are not so closely connected with Arcadia proper as are Neuchâtel and Geneva with the forest cantons. Their history was intimately connected with that of Greece in general, and was complicated with the alliances and quarrels of their neighbours. In one point only the Mantineans and Tegeans were uniformly consistent—they always took opposite sides, hating each other with the hate of near neighbours, and illustrating the old saw, 'one thicket cannot keep

two thieves.' The real Arcadians dwelt in their mountain-villages apart, sometimes overawed, but never enslaved, by Sparta. It was they who furnished the redoubtable mercenaries to the highest bidder—another Swiss trait. After the building of Megalopolis they seem to have gradually lost whatever was distinctive in their national character.

At half-past eleven we reached Tzipianà, at the foot of the pass. Traversing its steep and narrow street, we came to a fountain, a few hundred yards away from the village on the right, where we halted for breakfast. There was but little shade, and the fountain was puddled by cattle; but close by, a ruined church of the Panaghia afforded us shelter. We had, the while, a fine view of Tzipianà, niched in the steep hill-side; on a ledge, a thousand feet above, a large convent with cypresses, and, hanging over all, a fantastic spire of crag.

The fountain and church are on a low ridge connecting the main chain with a little outlying hill, which, sloping upwards from the ridge aforesaid, falls on the other sides sheer down to the plain. On the top is a level table-land. Here, strolling without any purpose after breakfast, I made a discovery.¹ Where the higher

¹ At least so I thought at the time. I afterwards observed that the French map gives at this place the dots which are the conventional signs of ancient ruins; and I have since found, from a map in the first volume of Curtius's *Peloponnesos*, that he, or Ross, had already identified them with Nestane. 'Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.' I leave the text as it was originally written, for the reasons mentioned in the preface. The position, by-the-by, which he gives to the 'Philippos Quelle' is not nearly so suitable to the words of Pausanias as that which I have suggested.

level ascends from the ridge, are the remains of walls, varying in thickness from fifteen to twenty feet, built of large rough stones, without mortar, in nearly straight courses, apparently of a very remote antiquity. There is a gateway, defended, like that at Mycenæ, by a projecting wall. The fortifications may be traced on each side to the point where the descent becomes precipitous, and walls unnecessary. Nearly in the centre of the platform thus defended is the basement of an oblong building, about fifty-four feet by twenty-two, and in other places the ground has been artificially smoothed. These are clearly the remains of some ancient town. So far as I know, they have not been observed by any traveller, for they are not visible from the road below, and the tint of the walls does not differ from that of the grey limestone cliff which forms with them the circuit of defence. The question is, what name are we to assign to them? Pausanias, after telling us that there were two roads from Argos to Mantinea, the Prinus and the Klimax, proceeds to describe the objects on the latter, up to the gates of Mantinea, then recurs to the former route—which is our route—though without again mentioning its name. He says (viii. 7, 1), ‘As you cross by Artemisium to the Mantinean territory, you will come to a plain called ‘Idle,’ as in fact it is; for the rain-water which comes down into it from the mountains makes the plain incapable of cultivation, and nothing hinders this same plain from being a lake but that the water disappears into a chasm in the ground.’ Now, to the right of the hill on which we are standing, lies a plain embosomed in hills, and divided from the great plain of Mantinea by a lower

MANTINEA AND NESTANE.



J. H. Lowry, fecit

range, parallel to Artemisium. This plain is under water during the winter months, and has all the appearance of the dried bed of a lake. Indeed, a lake it would be, but that the water finds its exit by some subterraneous channel (or katabothron). It is, indeed, no longer uncultivated, for when we passed, April 21, the blades of late-sown corn were just making their appearance; a change due either to the natural enlargement of the emissary, or to the accumulation of a permeable alluvial soil. Here, I think, we must fix the Argon Pedion, not where Colonel Leake places it—some miles to the south—for then the words of Pausanias would not be applicable. The traveller would reach Mantinea by this road without ever crossing or approaching it. Pausanias proceeds: ‘On the left of this plain, called Argon, there is a hill belonging to the Mantineans, containing ruins of the tent of Philip, son of Amyntas, and of a village, Nestane, for they say that Philip encamped by this Nestane, and the fountain there they call to this day ‘Philippion.’ . . . And, after the ruins of Nestane, there is a much-revered temple of Demeter, and every year the Mantineans celebrate a feast to her. And close to Nestane lies some land named that of Maira, which you might almost call a part of the plain Argon, and the road across the Argon is of ten stades. And after crossing a hill of no great height you will come to another plain,’ &c.

I have little or no doubt that the wall which I found is the wall which was a ruin in Pausanias’s time, that of Nestane, originally a *ptoliethron* of heroic times, then a fortress guarding the pass into Arcadia, and afterwards one of the komæ, or villages, among which the inha-

bitants of Mantinea were distributed by Agesipolis after the capture of that city. The temple of Demeter, which he places 'after the ruins,' was perhaps that of which the foundations are still apparent, venerable for its antiquity rather than its size or splendour. The fountain by which we breakfasted was the Philippion. The ruins which Pausanias calls those of Philip's tent were perhaps the remains of a heroum on the lower level, dedicated to Philippus, a mythic personage, whose memory was swallowed up in the notoriety of his historical namesake. It may be that the Macedonian really did encamp here. If on the very threshold of Arcadia he found a heroum of Philippus, he would certainly make the most of so happy an omen. The land called that of Maira is probably the ground in front of the hill over which our road passes, which, though not divided by any hill from the Argon, is on a somewhat higher level, and would afford a dry road all the year round. It is clear that Pausanias visits Nestane on his way from the Prinus to Mantinea, without any intimation that he diverges from the main road.

That this road passed by Tzipianá is, I conceive, certain. There is no pass to the southward which could be called a way from Argolis to Mantinea, in contradistinction from the roads to Tegea; indeed, so far as my information went, there is no pass whatever southward of this over Artemisium practicable for horses. The pass from Karya to Tzipianá corresponds in every respect to the Prinus. Now, while Mantinea is about four miles north-west of Tzipianá, Nestane, in Colonel Leake's map, is placed nearly six miles to the south of it—which by no means squares to the author's words. If it had been

in that position it would have been described on the road between Mantinea and Tegea. According to his map, the Argon is drained by the river Ophlis, whose katabothra are on the opposite side of the plain—in direct contradiction of the inference to be drawn from Pausanias's statement that the water re-appeared at Deine in Argolis. Pausanias, as we have seen, mentions 'another plain,' which Colonel Leake supposes to be the part of the plain south of Tzipianá, if I understand his meaning. But this plain does not lie in the road from his Nestane to Mantinea. Moreover, in this plain is a fountain which is said to be two stades¹ from Mantinea. No part of the plain below Tzipianá is less than three miles from that city. By the 'other plain,' therefore, I understand Pausanias to mean the plain of Mantinea itself.

The 'hill of no great height' mentioned by Pausanias, is the shoulder of Alesium, on descending which is a fountain by the wayside, which, if 'twelve stades' be the right reading, may be the fountain Arne, as that is about its distance from the walls of Mantinea.

On the slope of this same hill is a recess, which must, I think, have been the upper end of the stadium, though the plough has levelled so completely the artificial mounds which projected to form the two sides, that it is

¹ The MSS. and Edd. here give ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς ταύτης, but obviously it should be ἀπὸ τῆς πηγῆς ταύτης. A various reading gives '12 stades;' but even if this be the true reading, it will not make the conclusions of Colonel Leake meet the text of Pausanias. I may also mention that ἐπερβὰς οὐ πολὺ is not properly translated by 'proceeding a little further' (Leake's *Morea*, iii. 48), but as I have rendered it, 'after crossing a hill of no great height.'

no wonder it should have passed unobserved. I should not have seen it, but that the semicircular slope, too steep for the plough, was green with grass, while the ground above and below was in furrow. Be this as it may, Pausanias's words show that it was somewhere outside the walls, and thus contradict a rash assertion made by Forchammer, in his pamphlet on the *Topography of Athens*, to the effect that the stadium was always within the walls. His object is to prove that the Panathenaic stadium was inside the walls of Athens, which in my opinion it certainly was not. His reason for advocating this view, is simply that Colonel Leake had already established the opposite. Colonel Leake proceeds on the old-fashioned plan of observing his facts and collecting his authorities before framing his theory. Forchammer adopts the reverse process. 'Facts,' says an English proverb, 'are stubborn things.' I wonder if there be a corresponding proverb in German.

To return to Mantinea. Anything more desolate than the site of this famous city cannot be conceived. A flat, treeless, marshy plain extends on all sides to the foot of bare mountains. The streams are ditches where the waters, filled with noxious creatures, stagnate rather than flow. The original site of the city, we are told, was on a hill of no great elevation, which retained the name of Ptolis. There is such a hill to the northward, not far from the walls, with a church and a few trees upon it. Why the Mantineans abandoned the old, and to all appearance more eligible site, and why they did not retain the old city for the Acropolis of the new, are questions we have no means of answering. The walls were built

originally of unbaked brick, with probably, in parts only a single course of stone at the basement; and a river, the Ophis, ran through the city. The Spartan king Agesipolis, in the year 385 B.C., stopped the course of the river, and thus flooding the country to a depth above the height of the stone basement, sapped the walls. From which, says Xenophon,¹ men learned not to have a river flowing through fortifications. His narrative gives to Agesipolis credit for having originally conceived this method of assault; but Pausanias, who probably by implication refers to Xenophon, says that Cimon had already employed it against Eion on the Strymon, and that the Spartan only imitated an established and notorious plan. As against the ordinary engines employed by besieging armies it was found that unbaked brick offered a better resistance than stone, just as we have lately discovered that earth-works are better than granite walls against the engines of besiegers in our day. When the city was rebuilt, the river seems to have been diverted and divided into two streams, one on each side.² At the point of junction, some little distance from the city, towards the south-east, are the foundations of a tower or fort. Colonel Leake has gathered from the words of Xenophon³ that

¹ Xen. *Hellen.* v. 2, 7.

² The course of the streams about Mantinea is marked differently in the French map, in that of Curtius and in that of Colonel Leake. Not one of them corresponds with my observations. In this alluvial soil, liable as it is to constant inundation, changes may be very frequent and very speedy.

³ *Hellen.* l. c.—σφωτέρων γενομένων ταύτη γε τῶν ἀνθρώπων, τὸ

the principal river of the plain had been artificially diverted from its course in order that it might flow through the old city; but I do not think that the passage necessarily conveys this meaning, and it is highly improbable that, suffering already from a superfluity of moisture, they should have brought another river within their walls, at the risk, too, of increasing the fatal miasma, which has of late desolated, and must always have infected the district. The streams which are now so insignificant would then be considerably increased by systematic drainage of the neighbouring land, and when combined would form a river large enough to produce the result attributed to it. When under the auspices of Epaminondas the Mantineans returned from their villages, they built the walls on their former site. The local attachment so powerful among Greeks,¹ the veneration for the temples and altars, and the claims of families to the sites and ruins of the former houses, would all combine to induce them not to build a new city, but rebuild the old; and the presence of polygonal masonry in the walls and theatre tends to confirm this supposition. The same is implied in the language of Pausanias, who tells us, that after the surrender of the city some small part of it was still left in

μή διὰ τειχῶν πόταμον ποιῆσθαι. Mr. Grote discusses the question (vol. x. p. 49). The old reading is τῷ μὴ, κ.τ.λ. I am inclined to think that the words are not Xenophon's, but the 'inept comment' of some scholiast, which has crept in by accident, or been interpolated designedly. The sentiment and expression are more like Polyænus than Xenophon.

¹ ὡς δεινὸν ἡ φιλοχωρία.—Aristoph. *Tespeæ*, 834.

possession of the old inhabitants,' and the others, after their dispersion, were restored *εἰς τὴν πατρίδα* after the battle of Leuctra. In one of the temples he saw a statue of Æsculapius, the work of Alcamenes. Now Alcamenes was a pupil of Phidias, and cannot be supposed to have survived the restoration of the Mantineans, in 370 B.C. Near the theatre, too, was the 'so-called common hearth, of a circular form,' on the spot said to be the grave of Antinoë, daughter of Kepheus. The place thus traditionally holy was surely included in the walls of the older city; and its existence would alone counterbalance in their eyes any practical advantages offered by a new site. Taught by experience, the Mantineans reconstructed their walls in a new method. They made the stone basement at least three courses high, and upon this they built their superstructure of unburnt brick. So much, at least, is probable from the appearance of the wall, which would scarcely have been ruined so regularly otherwise. In some few places, however, I found four and even five courses of stone, but, as a general rule, there are only three.

At the gates the walls overlap each other, so that the approach is by a passage, from both sides of which the assailants would be liable to attack in their turn. This is the same system of defence which was adopted at Mycenæ, Tiryns, and other ancient cities. Perhaps in this case it was copied immediately from the ruins of

¹ Mr. Grote seems to have overlooked this distinct statement of Pausanias, when he with great acuteness deduces the fact from a comparison of Xenophon and Strabo (vol. x. p. 51, note).

Nestane. At Mantinea it is still further elaborated by another wall in the shape of a gnomon, built from the inner, and covering the outer of the two walls which form the gateway.

Within the circuit are many foundations, but none that can be assigned to any particular edifice except the theatre, which, judging from the polygonal work of which it in great part consists, may have belonged to the older city. I say '*may* have belonged,' because there is reason to think that the Greeks continued occasionally to employ polygonal work long after the regular courses of squared stones had become the style generally adopted. This is a point which I shall recur to hereafter. Colonel Leake says that the diameter of the theatre was about 240 feet. We measured it along the ruins of the stage wall, and found it 150 feet only. A line at right-angles from the centre of this wall to the outer wall of the cavea measured 160 feet. This is, I think, the only instance in which we repeated a measurement made by him without verifying its exactness.

The only living thing we saw at Mantinea was a peasant who brought with him a dead thing in the shape of a wild duck, which, being purchased by the cook, furnished forth our dinner at Tripolitza. Towards this, our destined halting-place, we took our way as the evening approached, first over flat, marshy ground with corn-fields and fallows; then, as the level rises towards the westward hills, between vineyards, each with its wine-press in the corner and divided by hedgerows from its neighbours. About half-way, and opposite to a projecting spur of the mountain, I observed the remains of a transverse wall, apparently

ancient. It may have been a defensive work along the boundary line of the Mantinean territory.

As Belgium has been called the cock-pit of Europe, so this plain may be termed the cock-pit of the Peloponnese. Occupied by comparatively feeble states, which never united for common defence, Mantinea and Tegea, it lay between two powerful and always hostile countries, Argos and Sparta. Its fertility tempted the avarice of its neighbours, while its flatness, admirably suited for a battle-field, stimulated their pugnacity. It was the constant habit of the Spartans, confident of success in a fair field, to march out hither and offer battle to their enemies. Accordingly even the fragmentary history which has come down to us records no less than five pitched battles in this place, in which they were engaged. There were, no doubt, many other fights of which no record has been kept, and forays innumerable. Two of these battles are interesting above all the others, because they were fought in the best times of Greece, and have been recorded by two of her best historians, themselves respectively contemporaries of the event. The first was fought in the year 418 B.C., by the Spartans against the Argives, Mantineans, and Athenians, and is related by Thucydides (b. v. c. 64); the second was between Epaminondas, with his Thebans and the allied army of Spartans, Mantineans, and Athenians, and is related by Xenophon.¹

¹ *Hell.* b. vii. c. 5.—In Mr. Grote's excellent narrative of this battle (vol. x. p. 462, sqq.) there is one passage which calls for some remark. Speaking of the mustering of Epaminondas's troops at Tegea, and their enthusiastic spirit, he says, 'Even the rustic and half-armed Arcadian villagers, who had nothing but clubs in place of

Colonel Leake's elaborate narrative of these battles leaves nothing to be desired. The historian and the topo-

sword or spear, were eager to share the dangers of the Thebans, and inscribed upon their shields (probably nothing but miserable squares of wood) the Theban ensign.' The words of Xenophon, upon which this statement is founded, are these—*ἐπεγράφοντο δὲ καὶ τῶν Ἀρκάδων ὀπλῖται ῥόπαλα ἔχοντες ὡς Θηβαῖοι ὄντες*, which Mr. Grote comments upon in his note thus: 'There seems a sort of sneer in these latter words, both at the Arcadians and Thebans. The Arcadian club-men are called *ὀπλῖται*, and are represented as passing themselves off to be as good as Thebans. Sievers and Dr. Thirlwall follow Eckhel in translating this passage to mean that 'the Arcadian hoplites inscribed upon their shields the figure of a club, that being the ensign of the Thebans.' I cannot think this interpretation is the best—at least until some evidence is produced that the Theban symbol on the shield was a club.'

I also doubt whether any such evidence can be produced, and, *pace tantorum virorum*, I question whether the Greek words will bear such an interpretation. Neither, on the other hand, can I agree with Mr. Grote in the sense which he has extracted from the text. I do not think that any sneer is intended at the Arcadians, who certainly did not deserve to be sneered at. The Arcadian hoplites serving under Epaminondas were genuine hoplites—some of the most formidable troops in Greece—and armed as such. These probably consisted chiefly of citizens of Tegea, for at this time the great majority of the mountain Arcadians were siding with Mantinea. (See on this point Xenophon, vii. 5, 16; and Mr. Grote himself, vol. x. p. 452.) The change of a single letter in the Greek text will dispose at one blow of the Theban ensign, the club, and of the rustic and half-armed Arcadian villagers. For *ῥόπαλα ἔχοντες* read *ῥόπαλα ἔχοντας*. The meaning will then be, 'the Arcadian hoplites painted on their shields the figures of men with clubs in their hands,' that is to say, figures of Hercules, which was, of course, the favourite symbol of Theban soldiers. His club is properly called *ῥόπαλον*. (Paus. ii. 31, 13; Suidas, s. v.) Pindar (*Ol.* ix. 30) calls it *σκήταλον*, contemptuously, 'a mere wooden staff,' a weapon ill-matched with the trident of Poseidon.

grapher, compared and interpreted by his local knowledge, make the site of each battle certain. The first was at the foot of the hills to the south-east of the city, on ground which we crossed in approaching it; the second was about five miles further south on the road to Tegea, on ground which we crossed after leaving it.

A third battle, related by Polybius, in which the Achæans completely defeated the degenerated Spartans, took place on the site of the first after an interval of two hundred and twelve years. The trophy was still standing in the time of Pausanias. The Spartans had never recovered sufficient strength to destroy it, else they would, in conformity with the general practice, assuredly have done so. The erection of a trophy was not undertaken with a vain hope of perpetuating the memory of the field, but as the recognised legal mode of asserting a victory. If either party could erect a trophy at their leisure, it was a proof that they had remained in undisturbed possession of the field. They had sufficient religious feeling and good taste not to disturb the tomb of Epaminondas, though probably a mere cenotaph, which was erected on the spot of the *mêlée* in which he was mortally wounded. I should rather believe the place called Scope, whither he was carried to die, to be one of the eminences in the plain of which there are several commanding an extensive view, and not the rugged spur of mountain which has already been mentioned as projecting into the plain. They would hardly carry a dying man so far from the field, and up so rough a path. Indeed, as the spot where Epaminondas was wounded is said to be thirty stades beyond the point where the road to Pallantium diverged from the road to Tegea, it must, if

we accept Colonel Leake's view as to the position of Pallantium, have been considerably nearer to Tegea. About opposite to the projecting spur which has been called Scope, the road to Pallantium would naturally branch off. There are few spots which one would feel more pleasure in identifying than this. A far livelier interest is excited by all that is associated with the story of one famous man, than by that which is only connected with a host of nameless units.

The central part of the plain was in old times occupied by a wood of oak and cork trees, of which there is now not even 'one where a thousand stood.' It had been prophesied to Epaminondas that Pelagos would be fatal to him. Supposing that the god used Pelagos in its ordinary sense of 'Ocean,' he took care never to embark in a naval expedition, nor even to sail as a passenger in a merchant ship. But he knew not that the oak forest between Mantinea and Tegea was called Pelagos. Pausanias mentions other examples of prophecies, which kept the word of threatening to the ear and broke it to the expectation, and says that one might find many such. Truly one might. 'In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.'

About nightfall we reached Tripolitza. We were lodged in a khan, which, if we did not know that Ibrahim Pasha had destroyed every house in the place—κατέβαλεν ἐς ἔδαφος, according to a too common practice in ancient Greek warfare—one might suppose to be a relic of Turkish civilization, being built quite on the eastern model. It surrounds three sides of a little court; a wall half the height, with a large door in the middle, occupies the fourth side, that towards the street. The khan is two

stories high ; the ground-floor is tenanted by the 'Irrationals,' as the men of those parts in their preposterous self-complacency designate horses ; the upper floor, round which runs a wooden gallery, is divided into rooms for travellers. The Tabard inn at Southwark and, I fancy, the inn at Gadshill must have been constructed on much the same plan, with the addition of a common room for supper and a kitchen. Neither of these exists in a khan. Constantine made his fire on a flat stone in the first unoccupied corner he could find, and we consumed the results of his art between four bare walls in an adjoining room.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM TRIPOLITZA BY TEGEA TO SPARTA.

WHEN in the year of grace 1388 Messire Jean Froissart and the Sieur Espaing de Lyon, 'en chevauchant ensemble,' arrived at the town of Cassères, the historian relates that, while the varlets of the hostelry were getting supper ready, Sir Espaing said to him, 'Allons, Messire Jean, allons voir la ville.' To which the historian replied, 'Je vueil.' The same remarkable proposal was made, with the same result, by one English traveller to another after coffee at the khan of Tripolitza on the morning of the 22nd of April, A.D. 1856.

But in truth there is very little to see. The houses are built without any regard to beauty, or even regularity, in that mean, hasty, make-shift style which characterizes all the growing towns in Greece, except the more recent quarters of Athens. There is a dismantled fortress on an eminence, with crumbling earthworks and two rusty guns—round about it may be traced by fragments the line of the Turkish wall, and within its circuit heaps of brick and mortar show that the town was twice as large then as now. Indeed, it was the capital of the Morea and the residence of the Pasha. Many places might have been found with a milder climate, a more salubrious air, and more beautiful environs, but none so central; and a Turkish governor lives in the centre of his province for precisely the same

reason that a spider lives in the centre of his web. His power to do mischief hangs upon as frail a thread—a breath may sweep it away; and he hastes, while there is yet time, to gorge himself upon the poor, helplessly-im-meshed creatures within his reach.

By one of those violent oscillations to which public opinion is subject in England—a free (and easy) press swinging the pendulum—the ardent Philhellenism of thirty years since has given place to a pettish discontent with the people we have helped to free, having made the astounding discovery that they sympathize with those who profess the same faith, the Russians, and hate the Mahommedans who oppressed them, and still oppress their brethren. It may be said that the Greeks ought to see that the Western Powers are bound by good faith and good policy not to precipitate the ruin of the Turkish empire, and that their self-styled friends on the Neva are not seeking the freedom of the Greek people, but the aggrandizement of the Russian throne. On the other hand, history and experience show that the traditions and teaching of centuries utterly fail in indoctrinating any people with far-reaching and prudential views. The freest and most truthful and most enlightened nations of the earth are purblind and passionate. Remote contingencies and a policy of expectation neither move popular sympathies nor rouse popular enthusiasm. It is unreasonable to demand this higher wisdom from the Greeks, whose experience of liberty and political action is so short, in whose minds the recollection of wrongs is so fresh, for whom bigotry is identical with patriotism, and hatred of their nearest neighbour a Christian duty. So long as the Turkish empire remains between them, so long will Greece

stretch out her arms to Russia as her special enemy's special enemy; when the barrier is down, she will learn to dread her deliverer and avenger. Meanwhile let us not quarrel with an inevitable result of circumstance—let us not be unjust—let us not be harsh in exaggerating the faults of the Greeks, nor forget or palliate the atrocities of the rule from which the race has been in part delivered. Before Greece was freed, and while the domination of the Turks was as yet unchecked by Christian ambassadors and untempered by Christian consuls, their rule was one long outrage on humanity. It is not too much to say that in each Pashalik the objects and methods of government might be summed up in the words—centralized oppression, legalized injustice, and systematized plunder. The inhabitants of the Morea had a terrible account of wrong-doing to settle when they revolted. They were centuries in arrear of vengeance. When we read that at the capture of Tripolitza in 1821 the Greeks committed atrocities such as the revolted Sepoys committed at Delhi,¹ we must

¹ 'The conquerors, mad with vindictive rage, spared neither age nor sex. Inflamed as the insurgents were by the remembrance of a long bondage, as well as by recent injuries, it was too natural for them, in the first moments of victory, to wreak their vengeance on the Moslems; but their insatiable cruelty knew no bounds, and seemed to inspire them with a superhuman energy for evil, which set lassitude at defiance. Every corner was ransacked to discover new victims, and the unhappy Jewish population (even more than the Turks objects of fanatical hatred) expired amidst torments which we dare not describe.'—Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 254.

The Jews, on their part, had always been willing instruments of Turkish oppression. Very recently they had dragged the body of the murdered Patriarch, with foul indignities, through the streets of Constantinople.

remember the real wrongs they had suffered, while those pampered prætorians had not the shadow of a grievance to complain of. The Greeks inflicted punishment on their enemies, as I hope before these pages are published we shall have inflicted punishment upon ours. Only may the deed be done not, like theirs, in wild wrath, but in solemn sadness, that the sword may fall only upon guilty heads. Else, so far as our revenge shall exceed the bounds of justice, so surely will there come a recoil and a retribution, such as befel the Greeks at Tripolitza. Years afterwards Ibrahim vowed to leave no living thing within the walls of the city, and endeavoured to fill up the measure of his still unsated vengeance by wreaking it on the very stones.

Bad as the government of Greece may be, it yet offers tolerable, and in the Morea perfect, security for life and property. If feeble and corrupt, it is neither rapacious nor cruel. The Morea of to-day is a very Eden compared with the Morea of forty years ago. Everywhere fresh land is being reclaimed from the waste, and made by irrigation to produce cereals, instead of salvia and cistus. The plough is retracing furrows which have lain fallow for centuries, and the water runs again along steep hillsides in rocky channels, perhaps originally hewn by the Helot for his Spartan master. But though the government is incomparably superior to its predecessor, and has been vilified over-much by writers who took no account of extenuating circumstances, it merits as little the eulogies of the few remaining enthusiasts whose Philhellenism is proof against disenchantment. I have been assured on high authority that the development of agriculture has

been much thwarted by misgovernment and the fraudulent transfer or reckless alienation of the vast estates which on the expulsion of the Turks were vested in the Crown. For instance, the land, instead of being sold in fixed lots, has been parcelled out to suit the interests of this person or that, so that some favoured courtier or formidable 'Pallicare' gets a grant of a strip commanding all the water, which ought to have been common, and without which the rest of the tract is valueless. Another hindrance is said to be the vexatious mode of collecting rent and taxes. A certain per-centage is paid upon the crop, and the corn of each district has to be brought to the capital town, to be threshed under the eye of the government-collector—a system involving much cost and long delay. I remember that the temple of Jupiter at Athens was encumbered for weeks with piles of sheaves waiting their turn.

All this may be, indeed is, true. So much the more credit is due to the patient and industrious people who have achieved such results in the face of such obstacles. The improvement is, perhaps, not what it would have been under more favourable conditions, but it is impossible to deny that it has been absolutely great. The traveller cannot fail to see signs of progress everywhere, though no statistical proof can be given. Ponqueville's estimate of the agricultural produce of the country, prefixed to General Gordon's *History* and compiled in 1814, must be in great part guess-work; and were it ever so accurate, I am not aware that any recent tables have been published, by which a comparison might be instituted. In default of these, we have the annual receipts of the exchequer, and the census periodically made and published by government authority.

If the revenue returns show no signs of increase now, it must be the result of collusion between producer and collector. It is a remarkable fact, for which I cannot account, that, notwithstanding the growing prosperity of the country, the population shows hardly any perceptible increase; and yet the returns of the census are not liable to the same suspicion as those of taxable produce, for the 'Turkish kharatch, or poll-tax, has not been continued in Greece. In our own country we have a proof that agricultural produce may increase while the rural population is stationary or even diminishing; but this result is due to high farming and large farming; neither of which can be looked for in Greece, where, as a general rule, the peasant proprietor cultivates his own fields.

We did not leave Tripolitza till eleven o'clock; too late, as we found to our cost, for the day's work before us. An hour's ride brought us to Paléo-Episcopo; the seat, as the name imports, of an ancient bishopric, which was afterwards transferred to Mouchli, a Byzantine city on Mount Parthenium, near the direct road between Tripolitza and Argos. This bishopric was officially called, in the ignorant pedantry which characterized the Byzantines, the bishopric of Amyclæ—a source of error the more fruitful inasmuch as the town afterwards called Paléo-Episcopo was formerly called Nicli, and when deserted by the Greeks, was made by the Latins the seat of one of their sees. Buchon, in his first edition of the *Greek Chronicle of the Conquest*, confounded Nicli with Mouchli, and supposed it to be close to Sparta, commending all the while his author's perfect knowledge of the geography of the Morea, and not giving a hint of the insuperable

difficulties introduced by his own interpretation. As the Latins never elsewhere in Greece gave to one of their sees a name preoccupied by the Greeks, it is probable that the Greek see had been removed to Mouchli, either before or immediately after the Latin conquest of Nicli. It was besieged and taken by Guillaume de Champlitte, in 1205. The walls, about two-thirds of a mile in circuit, are, as described in the *Chronicle*, very strong with cement. After the completion of the conquest it was the seat of one of twelve barons, among whom, in imitation of Charlemagne and the Douzepairs, the Prince of Achaia divided the peninsula. Here, too, the Frank ladies met for counsel and comfort when the news came of the death or capture of their husbands at the battle of Pelagonia, in 1259.

The ruins of Nicli stand on part of the site of ancient Tegea, of which not so much as a ruin remains. Various fragments, however, and inscriptions found here and at a church about a mile off, called Aio Sosti, leave no doubt of the fact. All around is the fair plain, which a lying oracle promised to the Spartans.¹ The general level of the ground is lower than at Tripolitza, but diversified by dwarf hills, or rather undulations, which must have facilitated drainage, and must have freed the Tegeans from the fear of the complete submerision which accident or malice could inflict upon their neighbours at Mantinea. The soil is alluvial and deep; so fertile indeed, that it was worth while to cultivate it even in the immediate vicinity of a Pasha. Hence the

¹ Herodotus, i. 27.

entire disappearance of the old city. In the expanse of green corn-fields not a fragment appears above ground of the large and populous place which for so many centuries occupied the site. The church of Paléo-Episcopo itself must be an interesting ruin to those who are occupied with ecclesiastical and not classical antiquities. It is anterior to the Frank conquest, and of course in the shape of a Greek cross, and has had four domed aisles, and four cupolas at the corners. The walls are very strong. Three courses of brick with thick layers of mortar intervene between each course of stones. In them are embedded not only Pagan fragments, but Christian also, showing that there has been an earlier church on the spot. These latter consist of marble, with crosses and other emblems, a leaf, seven stars, &c., carved in the rude low relief which is characteristic of Byzantine work in all periods—in strong contrast to some portions of an Hellenic frieze with foliage, executed in the bold free manner indicative of the best times. There are also some triglyphs and guttæ, all in white marble, which may have been part of the temple of Athene, and are certainly relics of the ancient city. Some small Doric columns, fourteen inches in diameter, may be referred to the same period, while a row of unfluted columns built into the wall probably belonged to the former church, which doubtless got its abundant marbles from the ruins of Tegea. In one of the aisles I found a slab of marble twenty-two inches long by ten wide, with the following inscription nearly perfect: *Σωτηρι και οίκιστη αὐτοκρατορι Ἀδριανῷ Ὀλυμπιῷ*. It seems that Hadrian had included Tegea among the cities which in his Philhellenic and anti-

quarian zeal he restored and adorned, and the Tegeans repaid him by bestowing upon him the title of 'Founder,' which belonged to Tegeates, and the epithets of 'Saviour' and 'Olympian,' which were the attributes of Zeus. There is also a cippus, with the inscription: *καλλικοί χαιρε*.

The most famous of the buildings of Tegea was the temple of Athene-Alea, the sanctuary attached to which was hedged round by an immemorial reverence, which made it inviolable. Hence in history we frequently find that detected criminals and unlucky politicians fled hither for refuge. The epithet 'Alea' probably means 'Defender,' 'Protector,' though the word had been long obsolete, and was supposed to come, after the summary fashion of Greek etymologies, from one Aleus, the original founder.

There was a city near Stymphalus called Alea, where Athene was worshipped under the same invocation. In this case the city probably derived its name, and perhaps its existence, from the temple.¹ There was also a temple and sanctuary of the same name near Sparta.² The most ancient of the temples at Tegea had been superseded by a new and beautiful structure, which was burnt down in the year 394 B.C.,³ when the Tegeans employed Scopas of Paros, a famous sculptor as well as architect, to rebuild it. It was 'by far the most splendid of all the temples of Peloponnese, both in size and construction.' By 'con-

¹ Paus. viii. 23, 1.

² Xen. *Hell.* vi. c. 5.

³ ὑστέρω ἔτει τῆς ἑκτῆς καὶ ἐνενηκοστῆς Ὀλυμπιάδος. *i. e.* in the second year of the ninety-sixth olympiad, not 'first year,' as Colonel Leake translates it.—Paus. viii. 45, 3.

struction' is meant both materials and workmanship, as may be inferred from a passage where the author says, the temple of Bassæ excelled in both these points all others except that of Athene at Tegea.

Now, as the temple of Bassæ was of the finest limestone, with a frieze whose material may be ascertained by a visit to the British Museum, the temple at Tegea had probably not only its frieze, but its columns also, of white marble, the wall of the cella and the roof being of stone. Had it been all marble, Pausanias would scarcely have omitted his familiar words: λίθου λευκου. Marble seems to have been no rarity in the Tegean temples; but none of the fragments of columns hitherto brought to light are on a scale large enough to have belonged to the peristyle of Athene. The words of Pausanias leave it ambiguous what style they were. He says,¹ 'The first order of its columns is Dorian, the next Corinthian, and there stand also outside the temple columns of Ionic workmanship.' Colonel Leake infers, from these words, that the columns within the cella were of the Doric order, 'though for what reason Pausanias could have described this order as 'the first' it seems difficult to understand; by the words ἐπὶ τούτῳ—'above this order,' he probably meant an upper range of small columns supporting the roof, like those still existing at Pæstum.' The words ἐκτὸς τοῦ ναοῦ, being elsewhere used to describe the peristyle of the temple at Olympia, Colonel Leake supposes must mean the same here.

¹ ὁ μὲν δὴ πρῶτος ἐστὶν αὐτῷ κόσμος τῶν κίωνων Δῶριος ὁ δὲ ἐπὶ τούτῳ Κορίνθιος· ἐστήκασιν δὲ καὶ ἐκτὸς τοῦ ναοῦ κίονες ἐργασίας τῆς Ἰώνων.—Paus. viii. 45, 4.

The first difficulty, I think, is utterly insurmountable; in the second place, the words ἐπὶ τοῦτω, taken in conjunction with πρῶτος, mean, not 'above,' 'on the top of,' but 'next in order,' as Colonel Leake before translated them. They are used a hundred times in the same sense by the author. The whole difficulty, as it seems to me, would be removed by the alteration of a single letter in the text. If we read ἐντὸς, 'inside,' for ἐκτὸς, 'outside,' all is clear. Then the orders follow in succession as they presented themselves to the eyes of the visitor. The outside peristyle was Doric; the columns *in antis* before the Pronaos were Corinthian, and the interior columns supporting the ceiling were Ionic.

To return for a moment from this conjectural temple to extant reality, the old church which I have described stands upon an artificial basement of stone, which appears to be curvilinear not rectangular. Is it possible that this is part of the cavea of the theatre? A few hours' work at excavation would ascertain the fact.

Leaving Tegea, we found the baggage waiting for us at the entrance of the defile called Saranda Pótamous, or 'the Forty Rivers.' 'Forty' is commonly used to designate some indefinitely large number, and 'Saranda' is derived from the Greek τεσσαράκοντα, by the suppression of the first syllable, the coalescence of the third and fourth, and the conversion of *t* after *n* into *d*. This last is a frequent change in modern Greek. They say, for instance, *pende*, not *pente*, for 'five.' The 'forty rivers' here mean the many streams which in winter run down from the hills to feed the main river, the ancient Alpheus, which, at the entrance to the plain of

Tegea,¹ falls into one of the chasms so frequent in this region. Pausanias takes occasion here to relate the subsequent fortunes of this wonderful stream. He says, that it, or rather *he*, rose again at Alea, joined the Eurotas in another subterranean tour, parted company, and rising again, flowed into the sea by Elis, 'whence, undeterred by the Adriatic and the wide and wild ocean, he swims across, and in Ortygia before Syracuse proves himself to be Alpheus, and mingles his stream with Arethusa.' How he proved his identity does not appear; but it was such a proof as to leave no doubt on the mind of the narrator. In flood-time the chasm is not capacious enough to receive the torrents which then inundate the neighbouring fields. When we passed, however, there was but a scanty thread of water, so that the bed of the river was for many miles our road, for some distance rough with rocks, where the defile was narrow and the banks high overhead; but further on changing to a smooth expanse of sand as the banks receded and beetling crags gave place to corn-growing slopes with tracts of pasture-ground above and here and there a white hamlet far away on the mountain side.

In about two hours we reached Krya Vrysis, where, at the junction of two river beds, is a cold fountain (κρύα βρύσις), which gives the place its name. A solitary

¹ Pausanias's words are *ἐς τὸ πεδίων κατέδυν τὸ Τεγεατικὸν* (viii. 54, 2). The genuineness of this passage has been doubted by Colonel Leake, as I think, without sufficient cause. The *καταβοθρον* is situated just where the mountains end and the comparatively level country begins: *πεδίων* is here used in that wider sense, and the name of the chief town in the neighbourhood is naturally given to the district.

house stands by the spring. On the bank of the stream are some huge trunks of plane-trees all charred by fires, which in wantonness or mischief have been kindled inside. This is probably the spot which Pausanias calls Symbola—Confluence—Coblentz. After staying here an hour for rest and refreshment, we remounted and bent our course up a valley to the left hand; after which we came to a wild open country with scattered oaks and plane-trees; then passed through a narrow defile, aptly called 'to steno,' where we thought we discerned the wheel-marks of an ancient road. About sunset we came to some beautiful park-like slopes of green grass with clumps of trees and shrubs, principally arbutus and ilex. It soon became dark, and in the glen through which our path lay not a ray of starlight penetrated. We felt, though we could not see, that the path was steep and broken. There was of course nothing for it but to let our horses grope their way as best they might. On such occasions man is forced to acknowledge the superiority of the quadruped, whose reasoning faculties have not been developed to the prejudice of his instinct. Thanks to this instinct, we came at last to the khan of Krevatá, a lonely house on the hill-side, where we were to pass the night. The 'irrationals' and the uninstinctives, except myself and my friend, were accommodated on the ground-floor; the upper-floor, accessible by a ladder and trap-door, was reserved for us. This chamber was provided with a flat stone by way of fireplace, but no chimney. A square hole in the wall served both for chimney and window. The night being cold, and the walls damp, we ventured on the experiment of a fire of green

wood, which added to the other 'agréments' of the apartment eddying volumes of pungent smoke.

Next morning, as we had but a short journey before us, we were in no hurry to start, our attendants least of all. I sat on the hill-side for an hour in the sun, whose warmth in the early morning and at that elevation was very pleasant. Through the valley looking eastward ran a narrow stream, the ancient Cēnus, along a broad, gravelly bed fringed with plane-trees. On the level ground by the banks, and on the lower slopes of Mount Parnon beyond, were green corn-fields mixed with red, newly-ploughed fallows; and higher up on the hill-sides pasture grounds dotted with white flocks (from which the sound of many tinkling sheep-bells came borne upon the wind), interspersed with thickets of holly, lentisk, arbutus, and the yellow broom, and broken by pinnacles of grey rock. Where the water-courses swept down to the valley there ran as it were a stream of richer, greener foliage, thickening, widening, and deepening as it descended. We were loath to leave so beautiful a place, even for the greater beauties in store for us. At eight o'clock we set off. Our path, constantly ascending, wound through a wood, or rather shrubbery, with fresh green leaves 'fulfilled with life and prodigal of song.' Now the branches interlacing seemed to bar the way, now the thicket opened and left a green glade all blazing with scarlet anemones; while the winding path was recessed into many a shady covert starred with shy woodland flowers on which the dew lay till noon. A jubilant clamour of singing birds—nightingale, thrush, linnet—mixed with notes that were unfamiliar, rang round us on all sides. All sights and sounds reminded us

that we were in the prime of 'scarlet-blossomed spring,'¹ and recalled and justified the fond epithets which all poets of all ages have heaped upon the youth of the year.

After attaining the summit of the pass, and as one descends through winding paths on the western side, beauties of quite another kind present themselves. Instead of a succession of forest glades and alleys—dainty *vignettes*—we have before us a wide prospect of mountain scenery—a panorama on a scale of magnificence which, except among the high Alps, cannot be paralleled in Europe. And seen in the early spring, when the summits and ridges between are still covered with a continuous robe of snow, Taygetus presents to the eye and the imagination a picture which loses nothing by a comparison with the recollections of Mont Blanc or the Oberland of Berne. From the main chain, here visible almost from one end to the other, huge masses project at regular intervals, descending by a succession of precipices to the plain—like a great Titanic wall flanked with buttresses and cumbered about its base with immemorial ruin. A rare verdure clothes the hollows and the slopes between, and at the foot stretches the plain of Sparta, green with mulberry, olive, maize, and vine, seamed here and there with red scars,² the crumbling earthbanks between which flow the Eurotas and its tributaries.

I find from my journal that this morning's ride, which

¹ φοινικανθέμου ἥρος ἀκμῇ. Pindar, *Pyth.* iv. 64.

² This helps one to the true signification of the Homeric κοῖλη Λακεδαίμων κητώεσσα, and confirms Buttmann's view, that 'Lacedæmon' in the *Iliad* (ii. 581), and in the *Odyssey* (iv. 1) refers to the country, not the city.

fills a large space in my memory, so crowded as it was with a variety of delightful impressions, only occupied two hours. We reached the bank of the Eurotas at ten o'clock, and halted for breakfast near the spot where it is spanned by a steep and narrow bridge of stone constructed, I believe, by the Venetians. The stream is clear, and flows over a level, sandy bed, but so shallow that it is difficult to find a place to bathe. The deep banks are fringed with planes, alders, and oleanders. At a little distance on the other side run walls of red and grey rock with black weather stains. The steep slope below is dotted with wild olive-trees, and clothed with salvias and other shrubs, among which a flock of goats is clambering and browsing. Our breakfast table was laid in an abandoned quarry, where the rock still bore traces of the pickaxe.

From this place to Sparta it is only an hour's ride.

CHAPTER X.

SPARTA.

THE modern Sparta, occupying a small portion of the site of the ancient city, is of no older date than the modern kingdom of Greece. In the Turkish times the principal place of the district was Mistra, at the foot of Mount Taygetus, three miles to the westward—a far better position in a military point of view. When the success of the revolution had freed the country from the chronic fear and distrust which attend on foreign rulers, the Greek government were at liberty to indulge their classical predilections, and to make a new Sparta capital of a new Laconia. The present town, like its ancient namesake in its best days, has no fortifications. The old Sparta owed its security to the presence of defenders, the new to the absence of assailants. The main street is of great width, and might serve an imperial rather than a provincial capital, which makes the low mean houses on either side look lower and meaner still. There is a church dignified by the title of cathedral, and an episcopal palace on a most appropriate scale of Spartan and apostolic simplicity; a school which holds 144 boys, and an incipient silk factory. We had a letter of introduction to one of the principal inhabitants, an *eirenodikos*—i.e., justice of peace, or rather *juge de paix*, for the judicial as well as administrative

system of Greece is imitated from the French. He was profuse in civilities and attentions of all sorts. He insisted upon our going to his house, where he gave us jam and coffee ; then escorted us round the town ; then gave us jam and coffee again ; and, finally, carried us off to call on the bishop, where, besides jam and coffee, chibouques were brought, after the Turkish fashion. The older Greeks still adhere from habit to this and other Oriental usages—the younger men ape European ways. The prelate was a venerable old man ; not the less venerable, perhaps, from the poverty of his dress and the bareness of his dwelling. He received us in an old black cap and a tattered brown coat lined with moth-eaten fur.

He asked us many questions, particularly as to the incomes of the English hierarchy. We were half-ashamed to tell him. However, through his own blunder or that of the justice of peace, who acted as interpreter, he mistook pounds sterling for drachmas, so the sum mentioned did not move his astonishment or envy so very much. In the staircase of the episcopal residence is an inscription purporting that one Memmius repaired at his own cost the temple of the Dioscuri Sotéres ;—perhaps the temple outside the city, where, as Xenophon says,¹ the 300 hoplites lay in ambush on the day when, by their sudden attack, they compelled the Thebans under Epaminondas to retreat. If the Dioscuri were worshipped there under the title of the Sotéres, ‘ Preservers,’ it would be a reason, and to ancient Greeks a very strong reason, for choosing that position. Their history is full of instances proving that superstitious

feelings constantly influenced strategy. The Athenians, who had just experienced at Marathon the manifest favour of Hercules, whose precinct they had occupied, when they hastened back to Athens to defend the city, stationed themselves about the temple of the same hero at Cynosarges.

It is possible,¹ too, that the title *may* have been added in the ritual to the name Dioscuri in gratitude for the service rendered in that season of mortal peril to Sparta—the first time her women had ever seen the fires of an invading foe—as Theseus was said to have set up a statue of Artemis Soteira at Trœzen, after his safe return from Crete.

The site of ancient Sparta is an irregular plateau five or six miles in circumference, and forty or fifty feet above the plain through which the Eurotas flows on the north-east side. On the south-east side it is bounded by a rivulet which joins the Eurotas, and on the north-west it is overlooked by some rough mountain ground, the extremity of one of the spurs of Taygetus. On the plateau are several ‘uneven and hilly places,’ to use the words of Polybius;² the hilly places towards the north, the uneven places towards the south. The level space between lies east and west in the direction of its length. Of the hilly places, the most central is by far the largest and the most irregular. Another hill to the east of it looks over the plain of the Eurotas, and a third to the north occupies

¹ *σωτήρες* is, however, a familiar epithet of ‘the great twin Brethren,’ and it is applied to them in the *Helena* of Euripides, with perhaps an especial reference to their worship at Sparta (line 1500).

² Polyb. b. v. c. 16.

ANCIENT SPARTA

A. Acropolis

Acropolis according to Leake

B. Acropolis according to Leake

C. Asseum according to Leake

a. Acropolis

d. d. supposed course of

ancient walls

e. e. d. according to Leake

Tomb of Leonidas

Acropolis

Theatre

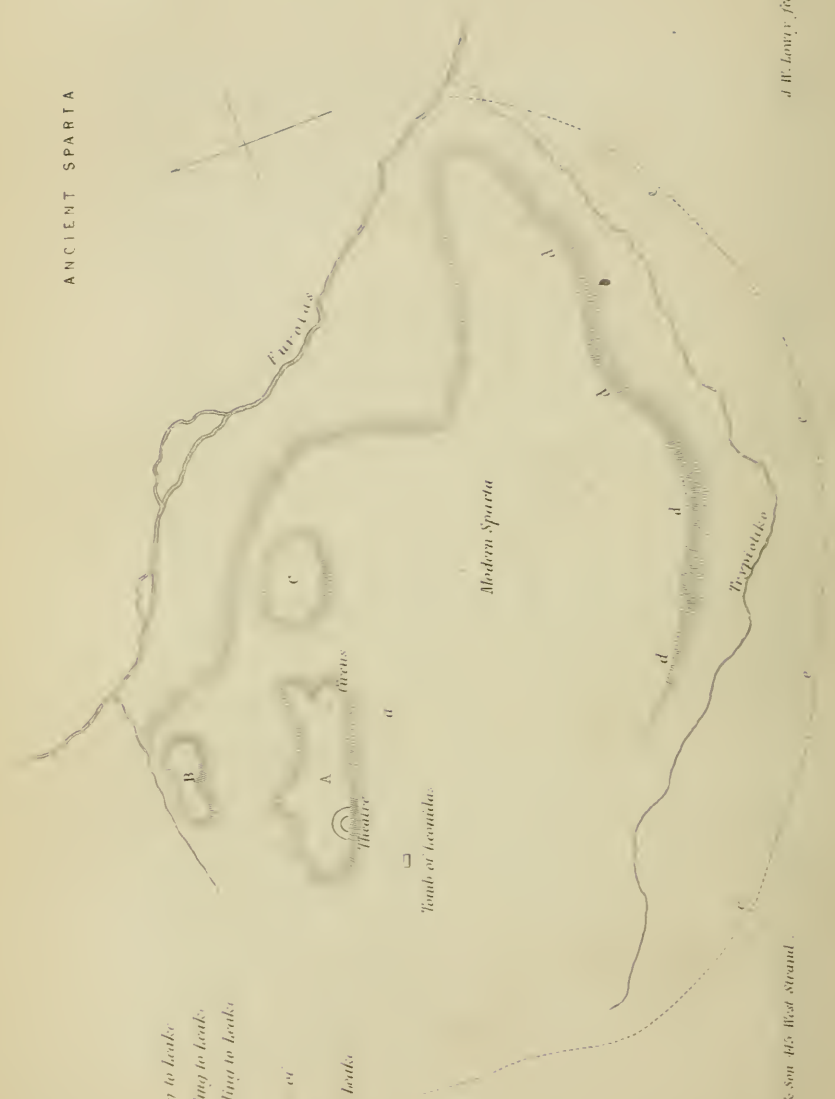
a

Modern Sparta

W. of the city

London, John W. Parker & Son 445 West Strand

J. W. Lowry, sculp



the remotest corner of the plateau towards the spur of Taygetus before mentioned. The modern town occupies sloping ground on which lay the outskirts of the ancient Sparta, towards the south; the sides of the hills and the intervening level are covered with corn, deep and luxuriant in April, interrupted here and there by heaps of ruin. The principal ruin is the cavea of the theatre excavated in the side of the largest hill. The stones are not so massive as in some other structures of the same kind, but the masonry is excellent; the theatre itself must have been one of the largest in Greece, and there is every reason to believe that it dates from the flourishing times of Sparta. Under the Roman Empire Sparta would not have needed such a place of entertainment, and could not have afforded to build it. The stage wall has entirely disappeared, and in its place are the ruins of what seems to be partly Roman partly Byzantine wall—the fragments of a continuous line of fortification encircling the largest of the hills. This fortification can be traced in its irregular course nearly all round, as it follows the natural windings of the hill. In some places it is built on Hellenic foundations, in others pillars and fragments of marble are mingled with the bricks and mortar, thus proving that it was executed after the city was ruined and decayed. Colonel Leake attributes it to the time of Julian. There is, however, some reason to doubt whether, in any work of his, fragments of antiquity would have been so unscrupulously used. It bears, I think, the appearance of a work of necessity, hastily constructed with such materials as came to hand, to provide against an urgent danger rather than to indulge a sentimental fancy. It is such a work

as might have been constructed by Roman soldiers, acting under the orders of Valentinian, to protect the scanty remnants of the Spartans from the Gothic invaders. Julian would have restored the ruined temples and theatres, and not used their materials in a military work. Indeed, the Chronicle of the French Conquest gives us reason to believe that the greater part of the wall is of much more recent date, coeval, perhaps, with that of Nicli. Like Nicli, Sparta, or, as it was more commonly called, Lacedæmonia, was a fortified and inhabited town when the French invaders came into the Morea in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and was, like it, the seat of a bishopric. The Bishop of Lacedæmonia made his submission to the conquerors; and when the country was parcelled out according to the system of feudal tenure, he received four fiefs, the appanage of a lesser baron. The town is called, by a curious corruption, La Crémonie, in the French version of the Chronicle. Mistra was built by Guillaume de Villehardouin, whose attention had been attracted to the greater natural strength of the position, in 1250. It was ceded by him to the emperor, as part of his ransom, after the disaster of Pelagonia; and the inhabitants of Lacedæmonia, preferring to live under the protection of their own countryman, removed in a body thither. Such is the history of medieval Sparta, which was as yet unknown when Colonel Leake's *Tour* was written.

Immediately above the theatre is a long narrow line of building, which has perhaps served for barracks. Elsewhere, on the same hill, is another fort and ruined church of later construction; and at the further extremity the remains of

a circus—one of the smallest extant—also a Roman work. At the circular end and along one side are the remains of the brick arches which supported the seats; on the other side there is only a wall, with buttresses built along the edge of the hill, having no remains of arches or seats inside. Indeed, the circus is so narrow, that it would scarcely admit of any. This wall is not quite parallel with the line of arches, and I conclude, therefore, that it was built at a later time, and intended, like the wall before the theatre, simply for a military purpose. Either the circus never was finished, or one side of it was destroyed to make way for the wall of defence. The remaining seats would, considering the size of the town, be amply sufficient for the spectators of the athletic games of a Roman garrison. The direction of the wall which joins the circular end seems to have been determined by the cella of a temple, part of which, if I mistake not, is actually built into it. On the height to the east are remains of medieval walls, and an artificial circular mound on the summit. Opposite the depression between these hills are the ruins of a bridge over the Eurotas, and on the plain below, some fragments apparently of a temple and its peribolus. Among the corn I saw three huge stones, two upright and one resting upon the top, like a rude doorway or like a Celtic cromlech. In Colonel Leake's time there were more of these singular erections. They cannot, I think, be supposed to be fragments of any Hellenic buildings, but are more probably memorials of the dead set up by the Slavonian immigrants in the Middle Ages. In the valley near the centre of the old city is an Hellenic building called 'The Tomb of Leonidas,' though it is too far from the theatre to have

the slightest claim to the name.¹ It is, in fact, a small temple, or heroum, about thirty feet in length, of great antiquity, to judge from the enormous size of the stones composing it. On one side there are only three stones in a course. I measured one of them, and found it to be fourteen feet long, three and a half feet deep, and three and a half feet thick. It has had an opisthodomus communicating by a side door with the main building. It appears also to have had a peribolus, and was probably used for a church in later times.

Neither this nor any other ruin can be identified with any of the buildings mentioned by Pausanias, except the theatre. Indeed, as we have seen, the existing ruins for the most part date from a time subsequent to his visit. Neither are we much helped by the incidental notices of Spartan topography which Colonel Leake has so diligently gathered from other authors. We have no data whereon to constitute, with any certainty, a map of the old city. It is hardly worth while to guess at a riddle of which the answer can never be known; but I must say that Colonel Leake's conjectural map might be made in several points more plausible; at least so I thought, standing map in hand looking over the ground from the height above the theatre.²

First, as to the Agora. Pausanias says, 'As one goes from the Agora towards the west is a cenotaph in honour

¹ Pausanias, iii. 14, 1—τάφος κενὸς Βρασίδα τῷ Τελλίδος πεποιήται. ἀπέχει δὲ οὐ πολὺ τοῦ τάφου τὸ θέατρον. I shall refer to this passage again.

² The map will be found at the end of this volume.

of Brasidas, and not far from the tomb is the theatre.' From these words Colonel Leake draws the inference that the Agora actually occupied the principal hill on the side of which the theatre is situated. Now, the first requisite for an agora, or general market-place, is that it should be not only central but easy of access. Here, on the contrary, there would be a steep ascent on all sides. Neither is the ground assigned level enough for its purpose, or large enough to accommodate, beside the requisite vacant space, the temples, stoa, public offices, statues, &c., which Pausanias enumerates. Again he says,¹ that from the Agora led a street called Aphetæ, which tradition reported to be the race-course in which the suitors of Penelope contended for the hand of the lady, Icarius having assigned the prize to the swiftest of foot. Would tradition have ever fixed upon this street if it had not been like other race-courses, smooth and level ground? Moreover,² on another side of the Agora, at some distance, it would appear, was a statue, from which the suitors of Penelope were said to have started. The street, therefore, leading from this statue to the Agora was also on the same level as the other. Hence it is impossible that the Agora could have been where Colonel Leake places it. I, with him, infer, from the words of Pausanias first quoted, that the western end of the Agora could not have been far from the theatre, as only one monument is mentioned on the way; but this condition will be quite satisfied if we suppose the Agora to have been at the foot of the great hill at its south and south-eastern side. This position will be more

¹ Paus. iii. 12. 1.

² Ib. iii. 13, 4.

central, more spacious, more accessible, more in accordance with the general usage of the Greeks (who, so far as we know, put their market-places on the top of the hill), and will satisfy all the conditions required by the text of Pausanias.

Secondly, with regard to the Acropolis. 'The Acropolis of the Lacedæmonians,' says Pausanias,¹ 'does not stand out to a pre-eminent height, like the Cadmæa of Thebes and the Argive Larissa; but there being other hills also in the city, that which reaches the greatest elevation they call Acropolis.'

'This,' says Colonel Leake, 'is rather a doubtful description, as there is little or no apparent difference between the height of the great hill and of that at the northern extremity of the site. Upon farther examination, however, it is seen that the only part of the great hill equal in height to the other is the back of the theatre, which could not have been the Acropolis. There is some reason to think also that the natural height of this hill has been increased by the theatre itself and its ruins, so that the expression of Pausanias may still have been just, as applied to the northern hill; which, moreover, being separated from the rest and at one angle of the site, was better adapted for an acropolis than any other.'²

I differ in several points from the passage just quoted. To my eye the northern hill is considerably lower than the great hill; if any other hill on this ground can dispute the claim of the latter to be called Acropolis, it is the eastern, which Colonel Leake calls Issorium. I do

¹ Paus. iii. 17, 2.

² Leake's *Morea*, vol. i. p. 173.

not think that the height has been increased by the theatre and its ruins, nor do I see why a hill could not be an acropolis because it has a theatre built at the side. The theatre of Dionysus was on the side of the Athenian Acropolis. Neither does the situation of the northern hill fit it for an acropolis; it is overlooked by a higher hill to the northward, and from its summit scarcely any part of the city would be visible. Moreover, neither on it nor on the eastern hill would there be room for the temples and statues recorded by Pausanias; I conclude, therefore, that the great hill above the Agora was what they called Acropolis. Observe, too, that it was not in those old days a fortress in itself, but only called Acropolis in imitation of other cities. The fact that the Romans afterwards, as we have reason to believe, chose this hill for their fortification, and that it was beyond doubt the site of the medieval city, shows that it was the most commanding position of the three.

There is no evidence that the place called Platanistas, where the Spartan youth fought in such a savage manner,¹ was where Colonel Leake has placed it, at the junction of the little river Trypitiotiko with the Eurotas. It may have been an island in the Eurotas, or even in the bed of the other stream; neither is there any proof that the Dromos was adjacent to or near it. The mention of one place of athletic exercise naturally leads Pausanias to speak of another; just as, in his description of Athens, an association of ideas leads him from the statue of Ptolemy in the

¹ Lucian, *Anacharsis*, c. 35.—Paus. iii. 14, 8—αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ χωρίον ἔνθα τοῖς ἑφηβοῖς μάχεσθαι καθέστηκε, κύκλῳ μὲν Ἑυριπος περιέχει κατὰ ταῦτα καὶ εἰ νῆσον θάλασσα, ἔφοδοι δὲ ἐπὶ γεφυρῶν εἰσὶ.

Agora to those of other Egyptian kings before the Odeum, leaping over half the city. That the Dromos was not close to the Eurotas is, I think, proved by Pausanias (iii. 15, 4), which shows that there was no impediment to a free exit from it towards the east.¹

PITANE.—‘Herodotus shows that the theatre was in the quarter of Pitane; Plutarch mentions it as being the most desirable and fashionable quarter of Sparta, like the Colyttus at Athens and the Craneum at Corinth; and Pindar describes Pitane as being at the ford of the Eurotas. These authorities seem to indicate that the Pitanaetæ inhabited all the part of Sparta adjacent to the Agora, and extended to the river about the centre of its course in front of Sparta, for here was probably in all times its most frequented passage.’

¹ There is a passage in the *Helena* of Euripides (205–209) in which allusion seems to be made both to the Hippodrome and to the Platanistas.

Κάστωρός τε συγγόνου τε
 διδυμογενὲς ἄγαλμα πατρίδος
 ἀφανὲς ἀφανὲς ἱππόκροτα λῆλοιπε δάπεδα
 γυμνάσιά τε δονακóεντος
 Εὐρώτα, νεανίαν πόνον.

If, indeed, there were any other evidence for the proximity of the Dromos to the river, we might suppose that, as there were two gymnasia included within it (Paus. iii. 14, 6), the words *γυμνῑσια* *Εὐρώτα* referred to the Dromos; but, taking into consideration the concluding words, the former hypothesis seems the more probable. But, as I have before said, we must not look for topographical, or other minutiae in any ancient poet. Castor and Pollux were the especial patrons of athletic sports: their statues, according to Pausanias, stood at the entrance to the Dromos, where they were known under the title *ἀφετήριοι*, ‘the starters,’ hence it is possible that the word *ἄγαλμα* may be used significantly by the poet.

With regard to this point Colonel Leake's map is at variance with his text, for it represents Pitane as separated from the river by Limnæ and the Messoatæ.

CITY WALLS.—It was the pride and boast of the ancient Spartans that their city needed no bulwarks. What the Irish poet fondly dreams of his O'Briens and O'Donoghos might be said with sober truth of the kings of Sparta:—

O for the kings of former time !

O for the pomp that crowned them !

When the hearts and the hands of free-born men

Were all the ramparts round them.

Such was their state when Thucydides wrote in a well-known passage (b. 1. c. 10), which may be freely translated thus:—‘ If the city of the Lacedæmonians were destroyed, and only its temples and the foundations of its buildings left, remote posterity would greatly doubt whether their power were ever equal to their renown ; yet they are actually in occupation of two parts out of five of the Peloponnese, and at the head of the whole peninsula and many external allies ; nevertheless, as their city is not continuous and compact, and has no costly monuments, sacred or civil, but is divided into villages after the old fashion of Greece, it would seem to fall short of its fame.’

The villages were probably five in number, Pitane, Limnæ, Messoæ, Cynosoura, and Ægeis, each possessing a district abutting on the Agora as a common centre, and radiating from that point far out into the country. Their temples and public buildings, except the really national buildings, the senate house, ‘ Skias,’ theatre, and sanctuary of Athene-Chalkiæcus, were erected not by a common effort, but by each ‘ village’ for its own use ; and were,

therefore, not on the scale of magnificence which distinguished the temples and buildings at Athens. They were also scattered over a wide surface, and many of those which Pausanias mentions were probably outside the walls. It does not appear that there was any attempt to fortify the town till the invasion of Demetrius Poliorcetes (295 B.C.), when they dug deep ditches and erected strong palisades, and built a wall to defend the most assailable points,¹ which defences stood them again in good stead when Pyrrhus invaded Laconia (B.C. 272). These extemporized works were converted by the tyrant Nabis into a fortification of the strongest kind, which was completed between the attack of Titus Quinctius Flamininus (B.C. 195) and that of Philopœmen (B.C. 192), and was razed to the ground by the latter after the death of the tyrant. The banished Lacedæmonians appealed to Rome, were reinstated and allowed to rebuild their wall, now become a necessary guarantee of their independence. This is probably the wall which was in existence when Pausanias visited the city (about A.D. 170). He twice mentions the wall, but without giving any indication of its course. Not a fragment now remains. It was probably of unbaked brick, except in such parts as might be exposed to inundation. The brick-work, if neglected, would soon crumble away in sun and shower, and the stone-work was very likely used in the construction of the late Roman work which is still extant about the edges of the central hill. I suppose that in the early times, when 'Sparta' was rather a general name for several neighbouring villages than a city, the houses would

¹ Paus. i. 13, 5. Cf. iii. c. 8, 3. Livy, xxxiv. 27; xxxv. 30. Leake, p. 179.

be separate, and each surrounded by its garden or paddock; but when it became necessary for security to dwell within walls, the houses would be continuous, and Sparta differ in no wise from the common type of a Greek *polis*. The laws of Lycurgus, so opposed to the examples and influences of neighbouring people, became practically inoperative soon after the time of Thucydides, although an outward husk of formal observance, no doubt, remained long after the core was gone. From Pausanias's account we see that the Spartans had been infected with the prevailing taste for architectural display. In his day the remarks of Thucydides would have been no longer applicable; and if his prediction respecting the comparative grandeur of the ruins of Athens is fulfilled to our eyes, it is because fate has dealt so much more hardly with the one than with the other. Of course Athens stood at all times pre-eminent in splendour; but Sparta probably was about the commencement of our era not inferior to Argos, Thebes, Corinth, or any other city of Greece. Even in the time of Polybius, before any regular fortifications were built, the population, probably much diminished, had gathered also for security within narrower limits (v. 22). He describes the shape of the city as circular, and says that its circumference was forty-eight stades, equal to six Roman miles. If we take for the limits of the then city the winding Eurotas on the one side, the Trypiotiko on the other, the edge of the plateau looking westward, and the deep ravine to the north, the shape of the city would be approximately circular, and the length of the circumference nearly forty-eight stades. There is always a tendency among men to exaggerate the size, population, and im-

portance of their own city; and Polybius probably derived his information from some oral, not written, source. If he judged by the eye, we must remember that, in estimating a distance crowded with many different objects, the natural tendency is to over-estimate—in judging of distance by sea along a shore or on waste ground, the tendency is to under-estimate. The ditch and palisade, I conceive, embraced this circle, and the walls subsequently built were probably coincident with them on all sides but that facing the Eurotas, where I conceive that they followed the line of the higher ground. I thought it, when on the spot, exceedingly improbable that they ever extended, as in Colonel Leake's map, beyond the Trypitiotiko. The ground on the right bank is much lower and much less defensible than that on the left. An expression used by Pausanias tends to the conclusion that the side of Sparta towards Amyclæ, the side of which we are speaking, stood on high ground. He says, 'As you go down from Sparta to Amyclæ' (iii. 18, 4). Now, if the walls were where Colonel Leake has placed them, persons would have had to 'go up' from Sparta to Amyclæ. These walls were probably much decayed in Pausanias's time, as he only casually mentions them, and does not stop to define the position of this or that building as being within or without.

Many temples (as that of the Dioscuri and Poseidon-Gaiouchos) were probably without, in their old positions, left, when the scattered 'villagers' betook themselves to the city, to the protection of their own sanctity. The Dromos, like the Hippodrome, was, I suppose, outside, as was also the Platanistas.

Remembering the passage in Thucydides, and also the Spartan affectation of simplicity, one is surprised at first to find in Pausanias so long a catalogue of artistic and architectural works. But the vast majority of these works in their then state dated from a time subsequent to the Peloponnesian war, when the rigid rules of the old Spartans had given way, like the tenets of the modern Quakers, to the irresistible attraction of those general thoughts, habits, feelings, manners which we designate by that convenient cant phrase 'the spirit of the age.'

CHAPTER XI.

XERÓKAMPO—A DIGRESSION.

APRIL 24. Leaving Sparta at 7 o'clock, we rode across the plain to Xerókampo, our object being to visit a bridge which Colonel Mure in his *Tour in Greece* maintains to be a relic of the heroic ages. Groves of olive and mulberry alternate with stony torrent beds and wildernesses of yellow flowers. All the soil of the plain has been deposited in the course of long ages by the torrents which issue from the ravines of Taygetus; hence it is full of stones and hard to work, especially along the base of the hill, thus bearing out the description of Euripides—‘A poor land, plenty of arable, but not easy to till.’ Our friend the Eirenodikos, however, vehemently denied the truth of this description, not knowing the ancient authority we were quoting. ‘Il ne nous manque que les bras,’ he said.

Along the Eurotas, I believe, the land is richer; and in the lap of the mountains are many tracts of exuberant fertility. The plain itself has no doubt now a richer appearance than formerly, owing to the introduction of the mulberry, which takes kindly to the soil, and hides all show of barrenness with the sheen of its fresh green leaves. About halfway is a scattered village called Sklavokhóri, which, on the faith of certain inscriptions found

here, has been supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Amyclæ. The hypothesis has received the official sanction of government, and the village has been again baptized by the classical name. It is, however, too distant from Sparta. Amyclæ was only twenty stades from the city;¹ Sklavokhóri must be more than twice as far. Colonel Leake has fixed upon a hill and church called Aia Kyriake, where he found a stone with the letters 'AMY' inscribed, as the probable position of the old city. This, however, is also too distant from the walls of Sparta. On the other hand, there does not appear to be, at the required distance, any conspicuous and isolated eminence, such as the earlier inhabitants of Greece selected for their cities. It is not impossible that this hill may have been the site of the Amyclæ which maintained its independence in spite of its formidable neighbour, in the same way as Tiryns and Mycenæ maintained theirs against Argos; for its resistance could not have been so long successful on such unequal terms, except by the help of a stronghold securing it against the attack of superior force. But when Amyclæ was finally conquered, the Spartans, we may suppose, destroyed the fortifications of the *polis*, and caused the majority of the inhabitants to settle in the plain below. They did not, like the Argives, transport the inhabitants to their city—for, as we know, they had no city themselves in the proper sense of the term—but they caused them to dwell *κατὰ κώμην*—village-wise. Thus the Amyclæ of later days became a suburban 'village,' like one of the five urban villages, the aggregate of which was called by the name of Sparta.

¹ Polyb. v. 16. Leake, i. 136.

In the *Messenica* (c. 18, 3) I find an expression which seems to imply that even in Pausanias's time there were two distinct places, Amyclæ the *polisma*, and Amyclæ the *kome*. 'Aristomenes with his body of picked men set out at nightfall, and made such speed that he arrived at Amyclæ before sunrise, and he both took and plundered Amyclæ the *polisma*, and made good his retreat.' That there is no special mention made of this distinction in his description of the monuments at Amyclæ will surprise no one who is acquainted with the author's style.

There are two other passages in Pausanias which help us, in conjunction with Polybius, to find the required site. In iii. 18, 4, he says: 'As you go down from Sparta to Amyclæ there is a river called Tiasa.' This I take to be the Trypiotiko so often mentioned, which, according to my view, was outside the walls. Colonel Leake, who believes another stream to be the Tiasa, nevertheless expresses his surprise that Pausanias should not have mentioned the Trypiotiko, a river which always has some water—a case sufficiently rare to be remarkable—and at times a great deal. My hypothesis obviates the difficulty. Again, we find (from iii. 20, 3) that a river called Phellias ran by Amyclæ. The position, therefore, of 'the village' must be sought on the banks of the second stream, which runs from Taygetus to the Eurotas.

There is an oversight in Colonel Leake's map with regard to the Phellias. Pausanias distinctly states, that this river ran by Amyclæ, and yet in the map the name is given, not to the second, but to the fourth stream, which joins the Eurotas south of Sparta, many miles from the position which his text assigns to Amyclæ.

It being Holy Thursday according to the Greek calendar, the modern Amycleans were all assembled in church and about it, for the walls were too strait to contain the congregation. In an olive-ground close by we observed a large block of marble with an inscription, dating from Roman times, about a certain high-priest of the Sebastii Caii. Among other scattered relics there was a fragment of a Corinthian column and the head of an ox in marble, with a fillet, as if prepared for sacrifice. After a halt of forty minutes, we rode on, and reached Xerókampo at ten o'clock.

The bridge, of whose existence M. Ross informed Colonel Mure, and which the latter had difficulty in finding out, is now one of the recognised 'lions' of the Spartan plain. The Eirenodikos knew of it, so did the Kapnopóles, so did the bishop, and all spoke of it familiarly, though none had taken the pains to pay it a visit. Our dragoman, not generally famous as a 'path-finder,' brought us, by pebbly torrent-beds, and patches of green corn and groves of mulberry and olive, straight without a fault to the object of our search.

Colonel Mure says: 'With the exception, perhaps, of the Lion-gate of Mycenæ, I scarcely know a monument the first view of which produced so powerful an impression on my mind. No entire ancient bridge of any kind—still less an arched bridge of a genuine Hellenic period—had hitherto been known to exist within the limits of Greece; and even the ability of Greek masons to throw an arch had been very generally questioned. Here I saw an arched bridge of considerable size and finished structure, and in a style of masonry which guarantees it a

work of the remotest antiquity—probably of the heroic age itself. . . . The largest stones are those of the arch ; some of them may be from four to five feet long, from two to three in breadth, and between one and two in thickness. In size and proportions they are nearly similar to those which form the interior lining of the heroic sepulchres at Mycenæ ; and the whole character of the work leads to the impression of its being a structure of the same epoch that produced those monuments.’¹

This passage affords an example of the exaggeration into which, with the best good faith, a traveller’s enthusiasm is prone to lead him, especially in regard to his own discoveries. The proportions of the bridge are by no means imposing, nor are the stones composing it, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two upon which the arch rests, anything like the size which is here assigned to them. I had already seen at the Isthmus an ancient bridge, still entire, of which the stones were far more massive ; therefore the effect of this of Xerókampe upon my mind was by no means such as Colonel Mure has described. But, enthusiasm apart, the bridge is sufficiently ancient to be interesting to the antiquary, and in a situation so beautiful that, were it ever so recent, it would still be worth visiting and sketching with pencil and brush, or, failing the required skill, at all events with pen, for ‘scribimus indocti doctique.’

At this point the lowest ‘buttresses’ of Taygetus fall steeply down to the plain. The face of the mountain is rent into a deep, long, narrow glen, at the bottom of

¹ Mure’s *Tour in Greece*, vol. i. pp. 248, 249.

which, 'mining a channeled way' through limestone rocks, flows a bright and copious stream. Over this stream, just where it escapes from the gloom of the glen to the sunshine of the plain, is thrown a bridge, solid and massive, built assuredly in the times 'when men knew how to build.' Col. Mure reckons the span of the arch at twenty-seven feet; but this, in my opinion, is far too large. Its general structure is undoubtedly polygonal; but then the arch itself is built of stones squared and chiselled in far other than 'Cyclopean' fashion. Now, when we find mingled in the same work an earlier and later style, surely it is more reasonable to attribute it to the later period. Skilled men may imitate the rudeness of antiquity, but rude men cannot anticipate the skill of posterity. I have said elsewhere that there is reason to believe that the polygonal style continued to be occasionally employed down to later times. In the ruins of Samos in Cephalonia there is a wall supporting a bank of earth, of which the lower part is Hellenic, the upper polygonal. It is also, as I have elsewhere said, the style which soldiers turned masons would adopt by the light of nature. There is no reason why this may not have been a Roman work. It may also have been Hellenic—for I am convinced that the Greeks were from immemorial time acquainted with the principle of the arch; but the wonder of its preservation, in any case great, is increased in proportion to its supposed antiquity. The *Handbook* truly says, that the stones of the arch are 'exquisitely hewn and symmetrically placed;' but the suggestion that 'the stones may have been taken by the Romans or Byzantines from some Hellenic building in the neighbourhood,' will not bear the test of exami-

nation. Those who hewed the stones certainly intended them to form an arch, for they have a concave and convex edge, and increase in breadth towards the latter. It is more likely that Roman, or, it may be, Byzantine soldiers built this bridge on the ruins of a former structure, and having thrown a new arch, put together wherever they could the old materials again.

But Colonel Mure's hobby, when once over the bridge, gallops away with him by an impossible road over Taygetus. Metaphor apart, the question which Colonel Mure propounds is this: Homer makes Telemachus come in a chariot in one day from Pheræ (Kalamata) to Sparta; how can we find a practicable road, and so 'save Homer's credit?' This is the answer:—

'On looking along the mountain to the southward as laid down on a very excellent map . . . I observed at about one-third of the distance towards Cape Matapan, indications of a considerable hollow or valley extending over the crown of the ridge, in the centre of which was marked a village called Kumustá. Here, therefore, I was willing to suppose might have been a pass capable of affording a carriage road from Pheræ by a somewhat more circuitous line. The next day we discovered the bridge of Xerókampo, the dimensions of which, it has been seen, prove it to have been intended for the use of wheel carriages; and on inquiry I ascertained that the track of which its causeway is now the lower extremity, is in fact at this day a common though less direct bridle-road across the mountain to the Messenian plain. *There can, therefore, be little doubt* that this is the line of route which Homer makes Telemachus travel; *and everything warrants the belief* that

the poet himself, if not his hero, may have passed over this very bridge.¹

Now, in the first place, the very excellent map is considerably at fault, if tested by the map of the French survey. The hollow, or valley, does not extend over the crown of the ridge, but ends at the base of the highest culminating peak; Kumustá is not in the centre, but half way down the eastern side. According to the information given me by a peasant whom I met coming down from Kumustá, or some neighbouring village, there never was, and never could have been, a carriage-road that way; there is a difficult foot-road over the hill, and that leads not to Kalamata, but to Androuvístá, many miles away to the southward. The path leading down from Kumustá, as it approaches the lower end of the glen, follows, and must always have followed, the northern bank of the stream; so that, granting the carriage-road, Telemachus would not have *crossed* the bridge on his way to Sparta, but left it to the right hand. I shall have occasion by-and-by to return to this subject, which is interesting, not because the route of Telemachus is of the smallest importance to any human being, but because it bears upon the right interpretation and use of Homer's poems. But how the old bard's 'credit' is concerned in the matter I cannot conceive. We ought not to find fault with a romance because it is not history, nor censure a poem for not being an itinerary.

The glen above the bridge is one of the grandest mountain defiles I ever saw. A few hundred yards higher up there is a cavern in the face of a precipice, and in the

¹ Mure's *Tour in Greece*, vol. i. p. 253.

cavern a church and hermitage, accessible by a narrow and somewhat dangerous path. Beyond this is a singular freak of nature—a mass of rock several hundred feet in height projects into the glen, with a great chasm in the middle, so that it looks like a flying buttress ‘piled by the hands of giants in the great days of old.’ I never saw a wilder gorge, nor any less adapted for a carriage-road. To make one would have taxed to the utmost the energies of those giants themselves. Returning from the glen, we sat down on the grass near the bridge to take luncheon, the materials for which we had brought with us. But, in reckoning upon seclusion, we had reckoned without our host. Some one had caught sight of us, and reported it in the neighbouring village. Church was over; it was a strict holiday and a strict fast, so, having nothing better to do, the whole population poured out to see us. I counted seventy persons, of all ages, peering curiously at us and our viands, hustling each other, and at last hustling us, with a rudeness very unusual in Greek peasants. They treated us with the less ceremony as they were, I suppose, scandalized at our open disregard of the orthodox regimen prescribed for Lent in general and Passion-week in particular. We were at length obliged to take refuge on a rock in the middle of the stream, where, at the risk of a sunstroke, we finished our unhallowed repast in peace.

The Greek Church prescribes far more rigid rules for Lenten fasts than the Church of Rome, and the rules are also much more rigidly observed, at least in public. I one day offered an egg to Alcibiades—a careless, good-for-nothing *gamin* as could be; but he rejected it with

an expression of the most sanetimonious horror. Fish, too, is forbidden. Only one exception is made in favour of the cuttle-fish,¹ which has been pronounced to be, in an ecclesiastical point of view, a reptile, and lawful food accordingly. In Passion-week the more rigid abstain even from oil; but this is a supererogatory privation. In Athens there are many freethinkers, who openly disregard all these rules, and doubtless many more who privately break them. In the country, too, the educated men groan under the infliction, but are forced to submit. So far as I could learn, it is not so much fear of ecclesiastical censure which enforces this reluctant submission, but the strength of public opinion among the men and women of the poorer class, and the women of all classes. One gentleman of high respectability complained bitterly of his wife's superstition, in starving herself, and consequently half-starving her infant. He showed us, with tears in his eyes, how pale and thin its cheeks were, and uttered in his wrath certain adjurations of a by no means 'orthodox' character. 'Invalidi matrum referunt jejunia nati.' It is indeed a hard case for the 'invalid' children, who share the privation without the merit.

But the subject is really too serious to be jested about. These rigid rules, which tax poor human nature to the uttermost in the observance of outward formalities, crush and destroy all vital and spiritual religion. All the facul-

¹ The chorus in the *Acharnians* (1156) pray that they may one day see the stingy Antimachus, *πενθίδος δεόμενον*, 'in want even of cuttle-fish,' suffering the extremity of destitution. It is at all times a very abundant, cheap, and disgusting article of food.

tics of the soul are concentrated on the achievement of formal obedience, and are a blank so far as regards moral teaching. Ceremonial cleanness is all in all; inward purity is not thought of. The Pharisaism which our Lord denounced could not be more abominable than the Pharisaism which the Greek Church enforces in His name. I speak thus strongly not from my own observation, which, though tending always to confirm what I have said, was not extended enough to justify so sweeping a conclusion, but from the unanimous testimony of all persons qualified to judge, Greeks as well as foreigners. All these persons were agreed that the rapid progress of education and the influence of European customs would speedily sweep away both this and other pernicious superstitions of that most corrupt church, but they differed as to the form of religion which should succeed it. Some built their hopes upon the unimpeded circulation of the *New Testament*, and were sanguine enough to hope for a reformed hierarchy, a purified liturgy, and scriptural doctrine; others looked forward to the substitution of spiritual apathy and intellectual unbelief. But it is idle to speculate on the coming change. Indeed, it may be long before any change comes at all, at least in the institutions and customs of the Church. The education which is expected to overthrow all faith in the minds of the men will scarcely influence the women. In Greece the woman is regarded as the inferior of the man, and is not trained to be his friend and companion, but, according to the husband's wealth and rank, the drudge or ornament of his household. So that old prejudice will retain its hold over the women, and will through them influence the children. Besides, the Church has a hold

upon the patriotism as well as the superstition of the Greeks. It was for ages the sole bond of union among them—the one national institution which remained to remind them that they had once been free. So they clung to the Church and its usages in spite of the most grinding tyranny; for in it they saw not only all their hopes hereafter, but their single chance of ultimate deliverance on earth. They love the Church because their fathers have suffered for it, and with it. It will, therefore, continue long to be the policy of the Greek government to exalt and conciliate the priesthood; the priests will retain all their hold upon the women and the rural population; and the mass of educated men will find no difficulty in combining outward conformity with secret unbelief. As for the priests, who are being educated too, self-interest will prompt a sophistry whereby they may palliate to their consciences the teaching of doctrines which they do not believe, and the enforcing of observances which they think meaningless and absurd. And this result will come about with the more facility as selfishness and subtlety are said to be common blemishes of the modern Greek character. It will not be the first time in the world's history that the frightful spectacle has been presented of a divorce between the national faith and the national reason, resulting in grovelling superstition among the lower classes, and cynical indifference among the upper. The wonder is that a state of things so rotten should have any permanence. And yet there are examples enough to prove that it may last long, and that the crisis, which seems every moment imminent, may be indefinitely delayed.

France, in these latter days, had a long succession of

sceptical prelates ; Rome, in the Middle Ages, a long series of infidel popes ; in the ancient Rome, many generations of augurs laughed in each other's faces ; and Eleusis found for four centuries after Christ hierophants of her exploded mysteries. So in modern Greece we may find that, for a long time to come, the king, ministers, senators and deputies, the professors and students of the university, and all the priests who are not also peasants, will be utter disbelievers, while the lower orders will retain a deep-rooted conviction of the efficacy of relics and the divine obligation to abstain from eggs. Meanwhile the upper ranks of the hierarchy will, with all due gravity, mumble the mass and exhibit the authentic mummy of an apostle ; and the upper ranks of the laity as solemnly chant the responses and kiss the mummy's toe. In that case all hope of the establishment of some rational form of Christianity will lie in the small body of men who may be found honest enough not to palter with their consciences, and bold enough to face the protracted martyrdom which a society composed of superstitious fanatics and conforming infidels will be sure to inflict with peculiar refinement of cruelty. These may break away from Pharisee and Sadducee, and form a separate sect, which, persecuted and despised, may be the very salt of the social body—a living seed sown among corruption—the nucleus and germ of a future national church.

We returned along the base of the hills to Mistra. On the way we halted beside a copious fountain gushing out from under the conglomerate. Close by was a ruined Byzantine church, which itself had been built out of the fragments of a ruined temple : an Ionic capital of white

marble still remained. I suppose this is the place where Colonel Leake mentions having seen some sculptures in relief (vol. i. p. 187). They have vanished now. From the position of the temple it may be supposed to have been dedicated to the nymphs. The village of Bryscæ, mentioned by Pausanias, must have been in this neighbourhood, and very likely took its name from this abounding spring, or *Brysis*.

We halted again in one of the steep and ruinous streets of Mistra; and were induced by heat and fatigue to abandon our purpose of exploring the old castle, whose battlements, Frank, Venetian, or Turkish, crown so picturesquely the salient angle of the mountain-wall, to whose steep ledges cling the decaying remnants of what was the capital city of Laconia, and reluctantly turned towards Sparta. The way lies down a well-wooded ravine, where the thick trees are festooned with luxuriant ivy and wild vine, and the babbling of the stream is mingled with the thick warbled notes of innumerable nightingales. One might fancy that in this glen the Spartan virgins cut their thyrsi and wove their garlands when on their way to hold their strange orgies to Dionysus, wandering from village to village and from wood to wood on the mountain slopes of Taygetus.

Next morning we found the main street of Sparta crowded with lambs, and with the buyers and sellers thereof. It was Good Friday. Even the poorest families contrive to kill a lamb on Easter Sunday; and they buy it at the fair on the Friday preceding. Our balcony overhung the most crowded part of the market, and we amused ourselves with watching many a noisy protracted bargain,

which always ended in mutual content—the happy rustic pocketing his money, and the happy citizen carrying off the lamb on the back of his neck, anticipating the delight of his children playing with it on the morrow and eating it the day after. In almost every shop window was a display of Easter bread—a kind of fantastically twisted roll with hard-boiled eggs stuck in it. Sometimes the eggs were left plain white, sometimes they were dyed in gay colours like the ‘Pace eggs,’ or otherwise, by corruption, ‘Paste eggs,’ of the north of England. I have seen the Paschal eggs exhibited in the shops of Paris, and the custom prevails in many parts of Christendom. One might draw the inference that eggs had once been universally prohibited during Lent, as in the Greek church they are prohibited to this day. If there be any symbolical meaning attached, I should conceive that it is an after-thought of the clergy, a kindly device for making the custom tend to edification.

CHAPTER XII.

TAYGETUS.

‘**M**OUNT Taygetus, famous in all ages for its honey, is formed of a slippery rock, so hard as not to be broken without difficulty, and bristled with little points and angles, on which the gentlest fall is attended with danger.’ Thus far the *Handbook*. The description, aiming at being compendious, fails to be comprehensive, and scarcely does justice to the varied agricultural products or the intricate geological structure of the mountain.¹ The main ridge culminates into several successive peaks. The highest summit of all is that of St. Elias, reaching an elevation of 2409 French mètres, equivalent to 7905 English feet. Pausanias (iii. 20, 5) mentions

¹ A section of Taygetus given in the atlas published by the French surveyors, specifies no less than thirteen different formations as composing this range of mountain. ‘1. Schistes anciens—2. Anagénites et schistes ferrugineux—3. Marbres talqueux—4. Schistes talqueux verts—5. Marbres tigrés—6. Marbres siliceux—7. Calcaires modifiés—8. Calcaire lithographique—9. Serpentine—10. Grès vert—11. Calcaire blanc, craie compacte—12. Terrain tertiaire—13. Alluvions.’

The peaks and the highest ridges are composed of silicious marbles; below them the mass of the mountain is divided between ‘old schist’ towards the eastern side, and ‘marbres talqueux’ or ‘tigrés’ towards the western side, with an almost vertical layer of ‘ferruginous schist’ at the point of junction.

two principal summits. One of them is easily identified; for the other there may be many claimants. There are several lesser peaks nearly equal in height to one another, but all falling far below St. Elias. 'A summit of Taygetus, called Taleton, rises above Bryseæ; this, they say, is sacred to the sun, and there they offer various sacrifices, particularly horses. I know that the Persians are in the habit of sacrificing the same animal. Not far from Taleton is Euoras, where are found wild goats in abundance, and other wild creatures. Indeed every part of the mountain affords sport in these goats and in boars, and very good sport also in stags and bears. And the district which lies between Taleton and Euoras is called Therai' (*i.e.* hunting ground, 'chace').

At first sight one is disposed to hazard a conjecture that the principal peak derives its modern name from the similarity in sound between 'Elias' and 'Helios;' but a glance at the map of Greece is sufficient to disprove this. Almost all the highest peaks of the respective ranges are called after St. Elias. Probably the name comes from the Asiatic Christians, who, finding all the high places specially dedicated to Belus or Baal, naturally transferred the honour to Elijah, who had so signally confuted his pretensions to divinity. It was on one of the high places, too, Mount Carmel, that the scene took place.¹ The concluding verses of the chapter in which the story is told make the dedication of a mountain-top to Elijah still more appropriate: 'And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face

¹ Kings xviii. 19.

between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, —look toward the sea.’ There is scarcely a peak of any eminence in this little peninsula of Greece from which the sea is not visible. There is a pass leading over into Messenia between St. Elias and another summit to the right, which is perhaps the Euoras of Pausanias. This was the route we wished to take; but our guide made so many difficulties, alleging, first, that it was still impracticable, owing to the snow; next, that we must get mules or donkeys without shoes to carry our baggage over the steep and slippery rocks, which mules or donkeys were not to be had for love or money, seeing that it was a point of conscience with them to spend Easter Sunday at home, &c. &c., that we finally yielded, and agreed to take a lower path to the northward, under the peak of Malevo, sleeping the first night at Kastania, a lofty mountain-hamlet. We left Sparta at two o’clock in the afternoon of Friday, April 25. Our way lay along the banks of the Eurotas. We passed many groups of gaily-dressed villagers returning from the fair at Sparta. After riding along the right bank of the Eurotas for an hour and a half, we came to a stream which flowed from Taygetus to join the main river, under a dense growth of ilex and various low trees, over which trailed clematis and wild vine. At this time our conductor was far behind with the baggage, and had left us to our own instincts and reason. The latter faculty suggested that we should follow the path to the left, which seemed the better tracked; the former faculty made us feel that the valley up which it led was uncommonly charming; so we turned off, without reflecting that we

had no good ground for assuming it to be the way to Kastania. By-and-bye we overtook an old man, of whom we made inquiries—for by this time we were able to carry on a rudimentary conversation in the modern jargon—and received for answer the pleasing intelligence that we were not on the right track for Kastania, but for Bordonia, a village which we might see on the side of the hill some miles farther on. I observed that, in pronouncing this word, he gave to the initial letter the ordinary *b* sound, not *v*, after the modern Greek fashion; and, if I mistook not, other peasants of the district in other words pronounced the β in the same way. If so, the old and true pronunciation¹ survives in a provincial peculiarity. The old man regarded us with no small curiosity. Πόπου εἶσθε τὴν πατρίδα; he asked, ‘Where do you live when you are at home?’ ‘England.’—‘What business have you at Kastania?’ ‘Nothing; only to see it.’—Our replies were received with a prolonged and significant shrug of the shoulders, which I interpreted to mean, ‘What a couple of idiots you are to come, no one knows how far, to see Kastania, and to be riding about the hills at this time of day without a guide!’ We began to be of the same opinion, and, as we followed a rugged, ill-tracked path to the right, which he pointed out to us, were speculating on the chances of passing the night shelterless and supperless on the mountain, when we

¹ That the Greek β had anciently the sound of the English *b*, is proved by their using $\beta\eta$, $\beta\eta$ to imitate the bleating of sheep. In a modern Greek poem which I have seen this sound is represented by $\mu\pi\epsilon$, $\mu\pi\epsilon$. This also shows that η was anciently pronounced like our *a* in ‘fate.’

heard a familiar voice shouting behind us, and were presently joined by Alexander, who, having sent on the baggage by the proper road, had been riding about in search of us in a high state of alarm and perplexity. All's well that ends well. We arrived at Kastania before it was dark, and by this little *escapade* enjoyed a succession of wide prospects, which would have been hid to us had we followed the beaten track. The slopes along which we were riding were one mass of pink and yellow flowers; and beyond this bright foreground we looked over the lower hills that lie about the valley of the Eurotas to the heights beyond, rising range over range, and overtopped in the far distance by the triple peaks of Parnon. It was a real April day, when showers and gleams chase each other through the sky, and sun and shadow flit across the landscape in a way that would give life and loveliness to the barest, blankest desert. Here, however, was infinite variety on the earth, as well as in the sky. Through the trailing skirts of the rain-cloud, whose shade steeped the valleys in dark purple, we could see the far-off summits bright with sunlight. Then a sudden shower sweeping by would blot out the vision of Parnon—his golden crown, his purple robe, and imperial state—and, as it passed away, exhibit him again tricked out in some new device, which in its turn changed and faded before one's fancy could fit it with a simile. We paused on the way to drink at a fountain, just above which, on a scarcely accessible ledge in a steep precipice, is a convent called *Panaghia es to Pegádi*, 'our Lady at the fountain.' Close by, if I mistake not, are traces of old foundations, which perhaps mark the site of Derrion.¹

¹ Paus. iii. 20, 7.

Kastania is a village of straggling houses half hidden in mulberry-trees. One is surprised to find the mulberry so high up on the mountain-side; but the situation is otherwise favourable, in a nook or fold of the hill, sheltered from the north winds and lying open to the sun. There is no trace of antiquity here. The houses are large and new, strongly but roughly built, with an air of rustic opulence about them. We occupied the first floor of one of the largest, which the family abandoned to us, stipulating with Alexander for remuneration. At one end there was a hearth and fireplace, round which the inmates generally slept; the rest of the long room was occupied with sacks of corn, casks, wood, and all manner of farming implements and household stuff. While dinner was preparing I walked about the village, and was followed at a respectful distance by a crowd of young children making large eyes of wonder, but not saying a word; and returning to the house, I found all the elders of the place assembled, gazing in silent admiration at the culinary operations of Constantine and the treasures of Alexander's canteen. This scene was repeated whenever we came to any out-of-the-way place, and our people seemed to have implicit confidence in the honesty of these curious rustics. On one occasion only was anything missing, and then it was the good wife of the house herself who was suspected of having broken the laws of the Hospitable Zeus.

We left Kastania at six next morning. There was a bright sun shining, and a fresh wind blowing, as we rode up the mountain. The path winds with easy gradients over crumbling shale. We soon came among the black pines, which, as if to show their hardihood, seem to grow best in places where the rocks are roughest, and where there is least shelter

from the storm. Interspersed here and there were smooth, sheltered slopes, where grew knolls of chesnut-trees not yet in leaf, and looking as if dwarfed and stunted by the cold, their trunks deep in dry fern—the common English brake—which by an odd coincidence is called *βραχά* by the modern Greeks. In two hours we reached the top of the pass, which I suppose to be between 4000 and 5000 feet above the sea; a level plain with gable ends of mountain on the right hand and on the left. Hence we looked over the bay of Kalamata—the Messenian gulf glassy smooth, but with a narrow rim of white where it swept inward in a long curve to join the flat beach. Beyond the bay rose the rocky promontory of Modon, and beyond that again the sea. A low bank of level white cloud, which lay along the far horizon, distinguished between the liquid azure of the water and the sky.

On the western side the mountain is barer and the path steeper. Near the top is loose schist; then, as in the descent of Artemisium, we come upon grey and blue slate with the edges uppermost, alternating here and there with limestone, mingled, as is the slate, with quartz. About half-way down I saw a solitary block of red granite. We saw at some distance on the right the village of Anastasova, with a convent standing apart; and on the left Sitzova, a grim, sombre place among olive-grounds and ploughed fields, the soil of which is saved from being swept down by the rains by a series of artificial terraces. Thanks to their almost impregnable position, these people contrived to maintain themselves in a state of qualified independence of the Mussulmans—that is to say, like the neighbouring Mainotes, they were sufficiently strong to make terms

with the oppressors, and paid a tribute on condition of being left alone. They plume themselves much, we were told, even to this day, on their invincibility, and claim to be the descendants of the ancient Spartans. 'The ancient Messenians' would be a more probable boast, were not all such vauntings estopped by the palpably Sclavonian names which the villages bear, and which prove the inhabitants to have about as much claim to Hellenic descent as the citizens of Warsaw.¹

At ten o'clock we crossed a stream and passed through the village of Tzernitsa, surrounded, like the others, with orchards, cherry-trees, and olive-grounds. Each house stands detached from its neighbours, and is surrounded by its own court-yard. The door of the house is in the first floor, accessible by a ladder or wooden staircase easily removeable. Clearly security against a sudden attack has been the thought uppermost in the builder's mind.

From this place we proceed to climb over one of the lateral ridges of the mountain. The ascent of the north side takes about forty minutes, and a steep descent on the south brings us in another hour to the village of Ladá. Below this we came to a halt, nothing loth, in a shady place by the bed of a stream, close to a picturesque little water-mill, overgrown, like all the water-mills of the country, with a profuse vegetation of feathery ferns and flowering cyclamen. Here we lay down to rest; while

¹ The Greek Chronicle of the Conquest, to which I have before referred, calls the inhabitants of this part of Taygetus Μελιγγοί, and speaks of them as a tribe apart, separate and distinct from the Ρωμαίοι, i. e. the Greeks. They were ἀνθρώπους ἀλαζονικούς κ' οὐ σέβονται αὐθéntην (line 1668).

the cook gathered sticks, lit a fire, and prepared our usual mid-day meal—tea with a slice of lemon in it, Russian fashion, where milk was not to be had—a dish of cutlets or fried eggs, bread and honey. Our dragoman-in-chief spread the table and served as waiter; and the horses were left to graze, under the eye of the two agoyates, Pericles and Alcibiades. The rigid abstinence which these two observed—in spite of the heterodox example of their elders—did not seem in the least to impair their strength and activity. They had been six hours on foot without breaking their fast, and after all they broke it with nothing stronger than bread and olives—their constant diet for six weeks before. The most stalwart Englishman would have broken down under such a regimen. All the nations of Southern Europe—Spaniards, Italians, Greeks—endure privations much better than northern nations; a fact which must be borne in mind when, in the history of ancient Greek warfare, we read of armies marching longer distances in shorter time than would be possible with French, or German, or English troops even without a train of artillery. Our troops require more elaborately prepared food, and more of it. The ‘food for three days’ which an old Greek soldier carried in his knapsack would scarcely serve a modern English soldier for one day.

Another rugged and steep ascent has to be made before we are clear of the winding defiles—‘the folds,’ as the ancients called them—of the mountain, and see the plain at our feet. In rounding the shoulder of this last hill and looking back there is a wide and wild prospect of the sweeping lines of Taygetus; and below, at our feet, in the very heart of the hills, the quiet village of Ladá, nestling

among its blossoms and gardens like a delicate gem in rude barbaric setting. This is the only part of the whole route which has the slightest claim to be called dangerous. The narrow path hangs over one precipice, and another precipice hangs over it; but a traveller in the Alps passes such places daily and hourly without noticing them. But the path, if not dangerous, is exceedingly toilsome. It is over a rock hard in itself, and filled with nodules harder still; so that, instead of being tracked, it is honeycombed by the feet of mules and horses. Just as we commenced the descent a thunderstorm burst upon us with unusual violence. The vivid flashes were followed, with alarming rapidity, by a series of short, sharp cracks of thunder, as if an aerial rifle-brigade were firing by platoons, and the fire returned from a whole corps of echoes ambushed on the hill. The rain came down in sheets, and, filling up the honeycombs, converted the path into a torrent-bed. We had reason to admire the surefootedness of our sorry steeds, which plashed, and slid, and scrambled along without once falling. When the storm cleared away we saw the groves of Kalamata just below us, glistening in the evening sun without a breath to stir their leaves. Then leaving the stony mountain waste, we entered upon the enclosed ground, through which ran narrow tracks cut deep between sandy banks, and bordered on either side by hedges of gigantic cactus. The hoofs of our cavalcade, which had clinked so long upon the rocks, were suddenly silent, muffled in sand; the air felt warm and moist, like that of a hothouse, and was heavy with the odour of orange and lemon flowers.

CHAPTER XIII.

KALAMATA—THE HOMERIC PHERÆ.

WE went to the khan, but found it crowded with guests eagerly awaiting the termination of Lent, and evidently prepared to make a night of it. In this dilemma we inquired for the house of the English vice-consul, and were directed to one of the best houses in the town. The owner, Mr. Londariotis, hastened out to meet us, insisted upon our lodging with him, gave up his best room to our use, and furnished our table with the best wine in his cellar. We felt this kindness the more because there is no salary attached to the office; he owed England nothing. It may be asked, How does England find people willing to do her work on these terms? The answer is, that the appointment stamps the receiver with a character for trustworthiness, and gives him rank, like a commercial order of merit. Our host was vice-consul for Russia also, and one or two other countries. On the following day, Easter Sunday, however, the British flag waved alone from the roof—perhaps to do us especial honour. On the night of Easter-even every church is crowded. There is a long service appointed for the occasion, and timed so as to last till past midnight. The moment it is over, out pour the congregation, howling and screaming with delight. They rush from church to church, meeting with other con-

gregations just released and similarly disposed ; or, if they find any church in which the service is not yet done, they insult and triumph over the laggards. Some have provided themselves with squibs and crackers, which they fling up against the windows or in at the door ; every man who has a gun or pistol to fire, fires it ; and those who have neither, shout at the top of their voices. When their powder and lungs are exhausted, they all hasten home to a surfeit of roast lamb. On that night, too, sobriety—generally the most exemplary of Greck virtues—‘ ceases to be sober.’ Man, woman, and child share alike in the late revel. And thus the holy orthodox church welcomes the dawn of the Resurrection.

A range of hills, hillocks by comparison, the last and lowest of the spurs of Taygetus, ends towards the southwest in an abrupt descent to a level plain, the alluvium of a torrent which, issuing from behind this range, rounds the promontory, and spreads itself over a wide bed, at right angles to its former course. On this promontory stands a medieval castle in ruins ; and on the plain at its foot, on the left bank of the stream, the flourishing town of Kalamata. The site of the castle is exactly such as the ancients would have chosen to found a city upon ; and we may be certain that some city stood here, although not a trace of wall or tower or temple can be discovered. The circumstantial evidence is strong enough in the absence of direct testimony. There is also every reason to believe that this city was *Pheræ*, or *Pharæ*. In all respects but one the situation tallies with the indications of the topographers. Strabo describes *Pharæ* as being five, and Pausanias states that *Pheræ* was six, stades from the sea.

Now Kalamata is nine or ten. This is to be accounted for by the rapid accumulation of the deposit brought down by the torrent, which has thrust out the sea half a mile in the course of seventeen or eighteen centuries. There are instances in which the land has encroached upon the sea, from similar causes, much more rapidly than here. Ravenna and Velez Malaga occur to me as I write. The bed of the river is crossed by a long wooden bridge. All about the town are groves of oranges, lemon-trees, olives, and mulberries; and towards the shore, fields of maize and cotton. The water is all, at this season, diverted for irrigation or absorbed in the sand and gravel before it reaches the sea. Its course is marked by a double line of oleanders, even now, in this sunny, sheltered corner, coming into flower. We walked by its banks to the shore, where is no pier or sign of sea-port, only a lonesome custom-house for taking toll upon the goods laden or unladen in the open roadstead beyond. A single ship was riding at anchor outside. The port of Pharæ was only a 'summer anchorage,' as now. In case of storm, vessels would run for shelter to Kitries on one side of the bay, or Petalidi on the other.

Having a special letter of introduction to the nomarch of Messenia, whose head-quarters are at Kalamata, we proceeded, accompanied by the vice-consul, to deliver it. There was some little demur at the door about admitting us; however, the vice-consul would brook no denial, and carried us to the presence-chamber. There we found the nomarch in dishabille, that is to say, a capacious great-coat and slippers, and nothing else in particular. This was no doubt the cause of the demur, for nothing could

exceed the affability of our reception. Every man in office, I suppose, certainly every Greek in office, likes to appear as a dignitary to strangers, and does not willingly admit them to, or before his toilette. No man is a dignitary to his valet. We found with him two friends enjoying this especial degree of intimacy; an engineer in government employ who had learnt French, and a Bavarian doctor who had not forgotten German. This was lucky, for we were not as yet sufficiently familiar with the spoken language to follow, much less make a suitable reply to, the fluent periods of the nomarch. Thanks to these interpreters we had a long conversation. His appointment was recent, and had made quite a sensation in the little political world of Athens. He had taken an active part in the Greek invasion of Thessaly two years before, and by nominating him to office the Greek cabinet gave an expression of its sympathies, and a back-handed slap in the face to the ministers of France and England. To my surprise the nomarch plunged at once into the subject. He had always, he said, been a devoted partisan of the English, the truest and most disinterested friends of Greece. The attempt in which he had taken part was directed immediately, it was true, against Turkey, but remotely against Russia also, for there was nothing the Russians would so much dislike as to see the Greeks in possession of the provinces which she wanted for herself, and so forth. In about an hour after we had taken leave the nomarch came to return our call, accompanied by the same friends. We had thought him a somewhat shrunken, elderly man; now he was resplendent and rejuvenescent, in crimson jacket, ample white tunic, and embroidered greaves.

This time I had an interesting talk with the engineer. He had been employed in surveying for projected roads. He had found in various parts of Greece remains of bridges, unquestionably Hellenic, the span of which was too wide to have been accomplished except by means of an arch. He instanced in particular one at Kókino, near Thebes, and had no doubt whatever that the ancient Greeks were perfectly conversant with the principle of the arch. He had examined the passes of Taygetus, and found no traces anywhere of a carriage-road between Messenia and Laconia. He ridiculed the idea of any one being able by any *détour* to drive in one day from Kalamata to Sparta. I put my questions to him with a tacit reference to the passage in the *Odyssey*, which describes the journey of Telemachus and the son of Nestor, at the end of the third book. The first day they came from Pylos to Pheræ. The distance, which took us, as we afterwards found, ten hours to ride, exclusive of stoppages, may be estimated at thirty-five miles; and on the supposition of a carriage-road, to the construction of which the nature of the country presents no formidable obstacles, might be easily accomplished by the good steeds of Nestor in a day. I assume for the nonce the identity of Nestor's Pylos with old Navarino. Any other hypothesis involves the first day's journey in as much difficulty as the second. At Pheræ they put up at the house of Diocles, son of Orsilochus, and spent the night. Now comes the material difficulty: 'And soon as the daughter of the prime appeared, rosy-fingered Dawn, they yoked the horses and mounted the gay chariot, and forth they drove from the porch and sounding corridor; and the son of Nestor flogged his

horses to their speed, and the pair, nothing loth, flew onward. And they came to a wheat-growing plain, and thenceforth they made good speed, so well their swift steeds drew. And the sun set, and all the roads grew dark. And they came to hollow Lacedæmon, cleft with glens, and they drove to the hall of famous Menelaus.'

The plain sense of these words is that Telemachus and Pisistratus drove a pair of horses in one day from Phæræ to Sparta. They will bear no other construction. And yet this is a physical impossibility. A road over Taygetus would be a work which might challenge comparison with that over the Simplon. It would have been renowned all over ancient Hellas, sung by poets, chronicled by historians. But there is not a tittle of evidence, documentary or local, to show that it ever existed. It never did exist; and Telemachus no more drove in one day from Phæræ to Sparta, than his father descended to Hades by way of Gibraltar. Fact says one thing; the poem says another. The simplest plan would be to acquiesce, and leave to each its own sphere, instead of twisting both with laborious effort in order to bring them together. The critics and commentators who devote themselves to this futile industry find no lack of material. The geography of Homer is full of similar difficulties—so full, indeed, that Mr. Grote renounces in despair all attempt to criticise his map of the Peloponnese. The youthful achievements of Nestor against the people of Elis, as related by himself in the eleventh book of the *Iliad* (lines 670, sqq.), cannot be reconciled with the country which is their supposed theatre. Of the seven cities which Agamemnon offers to Achilles, 'all

near the sea, marching with sandy Pylos,¹ those which can be identified are not anywhere near Pylos, to say nothing of the historical difficulty—viz., that if they were near Pylos, Agamemnon would not have had them to give, and the explanation of Colonel Leake that *that* was the reason why he so readily offered them.

I take one more instance, a notable instance, from the *Odyssey* (b. ix. 21, sqq.) : ‘I dwell in sunny Ithaca . . . and around it lie islands, many very near to each other; Dulichium, and Same, and woody Zakynthos; but itself lieth low, farthest out in the sea towards the dark (*i. e.*, the west); but the others are apart towards the dawn and the sun.’ This description, given with a parade of minuteness—*λίαν περιέργωγς*, as Eratosthenes said of other Homeric descriptions—is wrong in every particular. Ithaca is not low, but mountainous; it does not lie farthest out to sea, but nearest the mainland; it is north-east of Same, *i. e.* Cephalonia, and north of Zante. But, above all this, there is no island at all corresponding with this Dulichium; it is altogether a fiction of the poet’s brain. The hypothesis that he meant by Dulichium one of the little islands which form the Echinades group, as the poet of the *Iliad* may have meant when in the catalogue (b. ii. 625) he says, ‘Dulichium and the Echinæ, sacred islands that lie beyond sea over against Elis,’ is quite irreconcilable with its characteristics in the *Odyssey*. The Dulichium of the *Odyssey* is rich in corn and pasture;² it contributes nearly as many suitors as all the other islands put together—fifty-two out of a total of a hundred and eight.³ The

¹ *Il.* ix. 149.

² *Od.* xvi. 396.

³ *Ib.* xvi. 247.

island of Santa Maura will not serve our turn. It is not large enough; it does not suit the text of the *Iliad*; it was, being then a peninsula, in all probability the country called Akte;¹ it is north of Ithaca, while Dulichium lay to the south in the poet's mind, for Ithaca is on the way between it and the Thesprotians.² Here, then, Homer gives a wrong description of Ithaca, and of its position with respect to neighbouring islands; and, to crown all, transforms Dulichium—which, if it ever existed, was at best only the chief of a group of small islets, mere rocks in the sea—into an island as large as Zante and Cephalonia put together. I give these as a sample of the dilemmas out of which those critics must extricate themselves who insist upon making Homer the father of geography as well as poetry. There are not wanting critics who are prepared to affiliate all the sciences upon him. Indeed this sect of literary idolators took its rise very early, and has counted among its adherents the majority of critics in all ages. To these Homerolaters the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are a kind of lay *Bible*, universally infallible, containing not merely legend and poetry, which was all the author professed, but all the truths of all sciences expressed or implied. We may see the growth of an idolatry almost similar in our own day, having for its object Shakespeare. On the other hand, there have not been wanting men to protest against this abandonment of reason and misuse of reasoning. In the third century B.C. Eratosthenes declared that in matters of geography Homer was not to be trusted as a guide; 'for,' he says, 'the aim of every poet is to

¹ *Od.* xxiv. 376.

² *Ib.* xiv. 334.

interest, not to instruct.’¹ Strabo, himself one of the idolators, replies in a manner which shows that he does not comprehend the real drift of Eratosthenes. He does not go to the root of the matter. The truth is that Eratosthenes was a practical man of science, and Strabo a pedantic man of letters. Even Strabo throws over the authority of Homer when it suits him to do so. In the eighth book (p. 359 A) he tells us that Messenia during the Trojan war was under the sceptre of Menelaus, and did not come into the possession of the Neleidæ of Pylos till after his death. This is entirely unsupported by any direct statement in either poem, and is inferentially contradicted by the passage in the *Iliad*, already referred to, about the seven cities offered by Agamemnon to Achilles. But, it may be said, how can we deny the authority of Homer in matters of geography while we admit the beautiful appropriateness of his epithets, ‘the walled Tiryns,’ ‘the grassy Haliartus,’ ‘horse-feeding Argos,’ ‘sandy Pylos,’ and ‘hollow Lacedæmon, cleft with gleus?’ This is the very inconsistency which Strabo charges upon Eratosthenes.² The inconsistency, if such there be, is not in the critic who observes it, but in the poet himself. Sometimes the story and the language are in strict accordance with the observed facts of geography and topography, sometimes in striking contradiction. Here is a difficulty which we may or may not be able to account for; we certainly never shall account for it unless, in the first instance, we frankly admit its existence and magni-

¹ Strabo, p. 7, A. — ποιητὴς πᾶς στοχάζεται ψυχαγωγίας οὐ διδασκαλίας.

² Ib. p. 16, B.

tude. There is a passage in *Eöthen* bearing directly on this question, which, familiar though it be, I venture to quote once more. I verified it with my own eyes from the plain of Troy.

‘ Whilst we were at Constantinople, Methley and I had pored over the map together ; we agreed that, whatever may have been the exact site of Troy, the Grecian camp must have been nearly opposite to the space betwixt the islands of Imbros and Tenedos—

μεσσηγὺς Τενέδοιο καὶ Ἰμβρον παιπαλοέσσης,

but Methley reminded me of a passage in the *Iliad* in which Neptune is represented as looking at the scene of action before Ilion from above the island of Samothrace. Now, Samothrace, according to the map, appeared to be not only out of all seeing distance from the Troad, but to be entirely shut out from it by the intervening Imbros, a larger island, which stretches its length right athwart the line of sight from Samothrace to Troy. Piously allowing that the dread commotor of our globe might have seen all mortal doings even from the depths of his own cerulean kingdom, I still felt that, if a station were to be chosen from which to see the fight, old Homer, so material in his ways of thought, so averse from all haziness and overreaching, would have *meant* to give the god for his station some spot within reach of men’s eyes from the plains of Troy. I think that this testing of the poet’s words by map and compass may have shaken a little of my faith in the completeness of his knowledge. Well, now I had come, there to the south was Tenedos, and here at my side was Imbros, all right, and according to

the map ; but aloft over Imbros—aloft in a far-away heaven was Samothrace, the watch-tower of Neptune.

‘So Homer had appointed it, and so it was ; the map was correct enough, but could not, like Homer, convey *the whole truth*. Thus vain and false are the mere human surmises and doubts which clash with Homeric writ.’¹

The critics of whom I have been speaking adopt this serio-comic profession of faith in sober earnest, and, because in some cases the text of Homer is strikingly verified by a comparison with extant topography, infer that such verification is possible in all cases. The inference is quite unwarranted, not to mention that it assumes by the way the identity of authorship for the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the homogeneity of the former poem, and other hypotheses which ought first to be proved. I may seem to fall into a like error, and to be justly chargeable with presumption, if I venture here to state generally the conclusion to which I have come respecting these vexed questions without giving the arguments which support it. But to do so at proper length would require more space than I have to spare, and would inordinately expand this already too long digression. I believe, then, that the poet of the *Iliad* was familiar with the scenery of the plain of Troy, and, therefore, naturally and without conscious effort fitted his story to it, so far as regarded the great unalterable features of the landscape ; but I do not find any evidence that either the poet of the *Iliad* or the poet of the *Odyssey* was personally familiar with the scenery of Greece. How, then, it may be asked, do we

¹ *Æthen*, pp. 46, 47. Fifth edition.

find so many cities of Greece always mentioned, each with its own characteristic and descriptive adjective, for, as Eratosthenes said, 'Homer never throws an epithet away !'

As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so before 'Homer' there lived and sang many minstrels in Greece. Each city had its own heroes, and legends, and its own bards to celebrate them. A multitude of smaller epics have been absorbed in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and the epithets attached unalienably to this city and that, are among the relics of those perished songs. And the audience required no more. When the Homeric poems were chanted at some gathering of Hellenic men the crowd assuredly came 'to be interested not instructed,' and a poet naturally gives as much licence to his invention as his hearers will permit. They were too much absorbed in the tale to question its probability, and did not dream of measuring the achievements of the mighty men of old by the standard of their degenerate days,¹ but nevertheless one may conceive that each man felt a thrill of pleasure as he heard his own city mentioned, not without its just meed of praise or distinctive mark. Thus the pride of a casual Ithacan would be flattered by the words 'rough, but a right-good nurse of men,' applied to his beloved island ; but the blind bard would not receive an obol the less for saying that it was west, not east, of Cephalonia. The greatest poet fetters his invention and clogs it with facts only so far as the public exacts. Among the audience which assembled at the Globe theatre one summer after-

¹ οἱοὶ νῦν βροτοὶ εἶσι.

noon, A.D. 1611, to hear a play called *The Winter's Tale*, we may be sure that not one refused his applause because the poet had converted Delphos into an island and given Bohemia a sea-coast.

In the castle of Kalamata there is not so much as one ancient stone to serve as text for this long sermon. The hall of Diocles has perished; but the castle which occupies its site is the birthplace of a more renowned and more historical hero, Guillaume de Villehardouin, Prince of Achaia, *authentès*, or seigneur of the Morea, 'cavaliere di grande valore,' as Villani calls him (vii. 26). Before succeeding to the principality he had held this district in fief, and hither, at the close of his adventurous life, he retired to die.¹ I climbed its crumbling battlements on the evening of Easter-day, and watched the sun setting behind the Messenian hills. When it was gone, the hills were of a rich purple colour, with a fringe of incomparable brightness, as if the deep sea of still calm light beyond were breaking upon its earthly shore in a long line of resplendent surf. Gradually the flood of light ebbed; then radiating bars rose-red shot up into the sky, and by-and-by faded into orange; and as the colours above grew paler and paler, the hills gloomed from purple to indigo, from indigo to black, and were dwarfed by darkness.

A traveller has frequent occasion to remark that the places most favourably situated for the ordinary business of men furnish least material for the antiquary. This castle of Kalamata is now, perhaps for the first time in its long history, dismantled and abandoned. It, and the

¹ *Chronique de la Morée*, p. 373.

town which it commands, must always have had a two-fold importance as a military and as a commercial station. The Spartans, until the spirit as well as the land of the Messenians had been completely conquered, must have maintained a garrison here, for it commands the plain, and is at the foot of the most frequented pass into Laconia. The Messenians, when they recovered their independence, must have defended it as one of their most important frontier fortresses. In later times it became of paramount consequence as the key of the lowlands, the stronghold which protected the level and fertile lands to the west against the depredations of the Mainote tribes—those wild Highlanders of the Morea. It is true that when Guillaume de Champlitte invaded the Morea, in one of the first years of the thirteenth century, ‘the place was scantily tenanted, and was more like a convent than a fortress;’¹ but that was at a time when the Greek empire was utterly paralysed, and incapable of protecting peaceful industry or preserving the least semblance of social order. As soon as the Franks had reconstituted society, Kalamata at once resumed its natural importance, and continued to be held with all tenacity and watched with all vigilance till their final expulsion. Again, it must always have been a centre of commerce, because the inconvenience of shipping agricultural produce in an open roadstead is as nothing when compared with the inconvenience and expense of conveying it over rough mountains to any natural harbour on either side of the gulf. Here a question arises: Why did not Epaminondas choose this site for his new city of Messene?

¹ *Chronique de la Morée*: Buchon, p. 128.

We may answer, first, that the religious feeling of the people centred in Mount Ithome, the national sanctuary; secondly, that the security it afforded against attack was far greater; and, thirdly, that at that time the export trade was insignificant, and only became of importance after the introduction of the silkworm, which, with its prey the white mulberry-tree, thrives admirably in this genial climate, and of the cotton plant, so suited to the moist ground, and after the discovery of the great use to which the *Vallonia* acorn, that abundant fruit of the forest, may be applied in dyeing and tanning.

CHAPTER XIV.

NAVARINO.

WE took leave of our kind host, and started before seven on Monday morning. I transcribe the proceedings of the day from a note-book which I carried in my pocket, and a journal filled up that same evening :— ‘ Olive grounds, &c. ; then turn to the left over a marsh, along a road, which must in wet weather be a very Slough of Despond. Frequent streams, crossed by steep-pitched, narrow bridges without parapets. Ditches alive with frogs, toads, water-snakes, &c. Cross a larger stream, the ancient Pamisus, and get to the village of Nisi—one hour forty minutes from Kalamata. This Nisi is on a rising ground, a kind of ‘ island ’ in the flat marsh—whence the name—just as so many places in the flat districts of England have names ending in ‘ ey,’ which means the same thing. Saw two lambs roasting on horizontal spits over a fire in full suushine. A whole family sitting round, turning the spits, patiently expectant of the Easter feast. So intent were they on their work that they hardly looked up as we passed. How different their behaviour from that of the fasting peasants of Xerókampo last Thursday. In Lent the lesser passions, such as curiosity, not being prohibited, have the man all to themselves, and swell into the dimensions of vices. Afterwards, back

comes Gluttony (*κατέρχεται*), and resumes his reign with all the insolence of a restored tyrant. The other faction go into exile and bide their time (*ἐκπεσόντες ἀναμένουσι*). Passing through the village, we waited, till the baggage came up, beside a fountain among olive-trees. Sketched Taygetus, seen sharp and clear in every line from summit to base. At half-past ten reached the river Velika—a shallow, sandy stream fringed with willows, alders, &c. Bathed under difficulties, and breakfasted under a plane-tree. Taygetus still in view; but this time piled high with bastions of white cloud, casting a deep purple shadow on the slopes.¹ Remount at a quarter to one. Shrub-covered hills. At ten minutes past two come to the edge of a forest. Alexander at a standstill. Hire a peasant, at work in a neighbouring field, to guide our guide. This is our first specimen of real forest scenery—hanging woods, rich with varied green, dashed with bright pink.² Cross a river at a quarter to three. At half-past three halt for twenty minutes under a huge oak on a hill-side. Open ground to the east; then a strip of blue sea, backed by Taygetus, visible from here all its length to Tænarus, sprinkled with white Mainote hamlets. Trees on all other sides: oak, ilex, maple; shrubs and plants: large lentisks, arbutus, myrtle, dwarf holly, clematis, cistus, white

¹ It brought to my mind the grand line of Milton—‘And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder’—written in vacation time at Cambridge, at the age of nineteen, long before he had seen Alp or Apennine, when he had known no higher mountain than Highgate or the Gogmagogs.

² This I found afterwards to be due to the flowers of the Judas-tree, which abounds hereabouts.

heather, white lupin, yellow furze and broom. The latter part of the forest all oaks. We emerge at five, by rocky paths. A dilapidated causeway. Twilight. Reach Navarino at half-past seven.¹

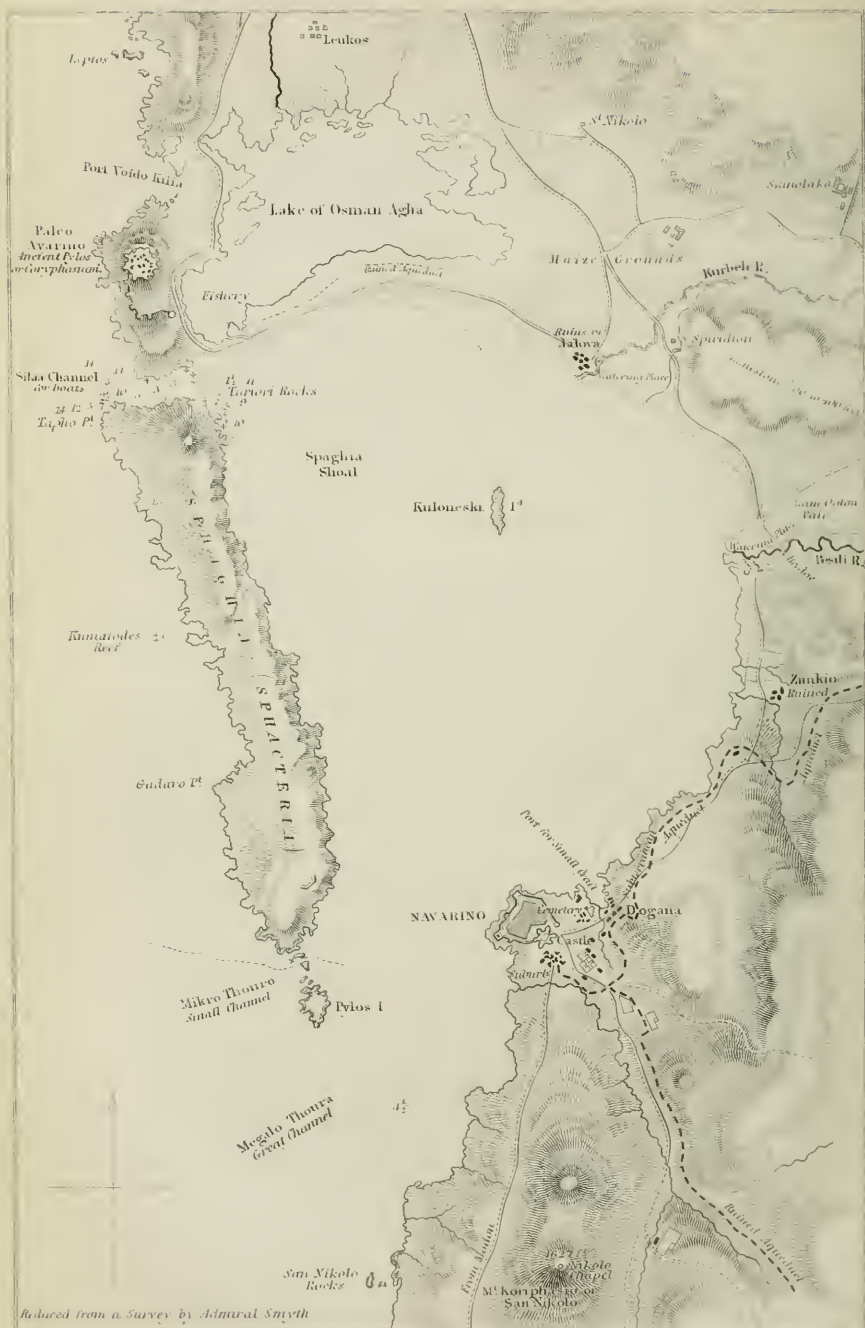
As soon as we arrived we inquired for the eparch, presented our potent circular letter, and were forthwith installed in a large empty room. First the eparch's wife, then himself, and then the secretary came to sit with us, succeeding each other on duty. It was evidently a point of politeness not to leave us by ourselves. Like etiquette in general, it was rather a bore to all parties. Hungry, weary, and indisposed to talk, we were right glad to be left alone at last.

Next morning we hired a boat, and sailed with a light, fair wind, in forty minutes, to Palaio Navarino, the site of one famous campaign and many obscure controversies. And first for the controversies. Is this the Homeric Pylos, the city of Nestor? The testimony of antiquity is all but unanimous in the affirmative, from Pindar to Pausanias, either expressly or by implication. But there were on the same side of the Peloponnese two other towns of the same name; and the patriotism of the inhabitants would of course lead them to maintain—with or without reason, as the fashion of local antiquaries is—that theirs was the true Pylos. The claim of the Pylos near Elis is easily disproved; indeed, in Pausanias's time, they only asserted that their Pylos was meant by Homer when he said, 'The Alpheus flows with broad stream through the land of the Pylians.'¹ The claim of the Triphylian Pylos

¹ *Il.* v. 545.

NAVARINO

Plate 5.



J.W. Lowry, sculp.

is advocated at great length by Strabo, who urges that the cattle-lifting exploit of Nestor¹ could not have been performed, supposing him to drive his booty all the way from Elis to the Messenian Pylos. But, as Col. Leake shows, the distance is still too great to be reconciled with the narrative; and truly there is not much to choose between different degrees of impossibility. Besides, on Strabo's hypothesis, the story of Telemachus's driving to Sparta in two days is rendered still more improbable, and makes his halting at Pheræ inexplicable. As I have before said, whenever we attempt to make the geography of Homer square with hard facts, we lose our labour, and only clear up one difficulty by introducing another. This much is certain, that the name Pylos is applied by the poet both to the city where Nestor lived and the country over which he reigned; and the epithet 'sandy' is applied to both, just as 'horse-feeding Argos' is applied both to the city and the plain. Pylos, in this latter sense, must have covered a great space in the poet's mental map, for some of Nestor's followers lived beside a ford over the Alpheus, and certain cities on the Messenian gulf² were by the borders of 'sandy Pylos.' The number of ships, too, which Nestor commanded, only ten fewer than the fleet of Agamemnon—ninety, that is to say—points to the same conclusion. That the poet knew or cared how far the city was from the frontier, I do not believe. No fresh light can be thrown on the subject. There certainly was an ancient city called Pylos, believed by its inhabitants and the Greeks in general to be the city of Nestor,

¹ *Il.* x. 669.

² *Ib.* ix. 149.

on the site now called Palaio Navarino, and time has settled the controversy in its favour by obliterating all vestiges of its two rivals. That it was rightly called 'sandy' there can be no question. The epithet, too, is applicable to the whole country along the coast as far as the Alpheus.

But a more definite interest attaches to this barren promontory as the chief scene of the campaign so graphically told by Thucydides,¹ which resulted in the capture of the four hundred Spartans. Even on this point our steps are clogged by a controversy, and our pleasure is like to be marred by a doubt. We cannot enjoy our belief without fighting for it. All the world had been agreed as to which was Sphacteria and which Coryphasium, where Demosthenes made his gallant defence, and where he and Cleon captured the Spartans, till Dr. Arnold started a new theory. He maintained that the ruins of Palaio Navarino really stand upon what was then the island of Sphacteria, since converted into a peninsula by a recent formation of sand, and consequently Pylos, or Coryphasium, was a point to the north on the other side of the little harbour now called Boidio Koilia. His great objection to the received theory was, that Thucydides's statements as to the length of the island and the breadth of the two entrances into the harbour were much below the truth. This is certainly a difficulty; but it sinks into nothing compared with the difficulties which are to be overcome before Dr. Arnold's theory can be accepted. As Mr. Grote has observed, Thucydides's narrative presumes the existence of one island only in the neighbourhood; for when the Athenian

¹ Thuc. b. iv. 2, sqq.

fleet found Sphacteria occupied by the enemy, they had to retire to Prote. It is clear, too, that there was only one island of any magnitude, then, in Pausanias's time. 'The island of Sphacteria lies in front of the harbour, as Rhencia before the anchorage of Delos.'

Again, Sphacteria was always desert, as Thucydides says, while in Palaio Navarino there are unmistakeable traces of a city of high antiquity. On the promontory to the north there are no traces of habitation at all. This last would never have been selected by Demosthenes as the most defensible spot on the coast, for it is not defended by high abrupt cliffs to the landward side, as is Palaio Navarino. But, lastly, there is an objection utterly fatal to Dr. Arnold's hypothesis, which, strange to say, has not been yet noticed, so far as I know. According to his theory, *the harbour would have had three entrances instead of two*. In his anxiety to find two entrances narrow enough for the Spartans to close with lines of ships (as it is said they thought of doing), he has forgotten that he has left the largest entrance open for the Athenians to sail in. Assuming, then, the truth of the old view, we have to account for the discrepancies between the actual measurements and those given by Thucydides. His words are (b. iv. c. 8): 'The island called Sphacteria, stretching across the harbour, and lying close to it, makes it secure and the entrances narrow; on the one side, over against the Athenian wall and Pylos, sailing room for two ships abreast; and on the other side, towards the other part of the mainland, room for eight or nine; and it was woody and untracked, being desert, and in length about fifteen stades, more or less. These entrances the Lacc-

dæmonians intended to close by mooring their ships with the bows foremost.' Now it does not appear from any part of the narrative that the historian had himself visited the place. In the preface to his work he tells us that he made diligent inquiries among the actors in the war, but he does not hint that he took any pains to inspect the localities personally. His information on this matter was secondhand, and the distances were guessed at by his informants. There is, as I have before said, a natural tendency in men to under-estimate distances on desert ground and by sea, when there are no marked objects of known size to enable them to form a just judgment by the eye. He similarly understates the width of the straits near Naupactus (b. ii. c. 86). With regard to the length of the island, too, the number $\kappa'\epsilon'$ (25) may easily have been corrupted in the manuscripts to $\iota'\epsilon'$ (15). A similar instance of error occurs in the same narrative where, according to our present text, he states the distance from Sparta to Pylos at four hundred stadia, about forty-five and a half miles. The distance, supposing the ordinary road over Taygetus to have passed then, as now, by Kastania, must have been nearly seventy miles. It is possible that the transcribers may have mis-read χ' for ν' , and the true reading may have given six hundred stades, *i.e.*, a little over sixty-eight miles. Again, the action of the waves has no doubt widened both entrances. In the northern one particularly, I observed rocks fallen into the water which have at no distant period been attached to the shore ; but, making all allowance on this score, it is impossible to suppose that the width Thucydides assigns to them could have been enlarged to their present dimensions of one hundred and fifty and four-

teen hundred yards respectively. It must be observed, however, that the Spartans never did close them by mooring ships, and secondhand information as to what they intended to do cannot be implicitly trusted. It is, I think, clear, moreover, that Thucydides derived his information chiefly from the Athenian side, from some one present among the soldiers of Demosthenes; for their proceedings are detailed with the minute touches of an eye-witness, and we only know of the Spartan proceedings what might have been observed first from Pylos and afterwards on board the Athenian fleet. It is difficult, too, to see how they could ever have closed the northern entrance in the manner supposed, exposed as they would have been to missiles from the Athenians on the wall.

Agreeing in this with Colonel Leake and other writers, I do not agree with them in supposing the ancient harbour to have been on the northern edge coincident exactly with the modern one, and the marsh of Osman Aga a level plain; for if so, why did not the land force of the Lacedæmonians attack the wall towards the harbour, at the foot of which there was a level space—‘good landing ground?’ Yet we find that this part of the wall, with the ground below, was only accessible by sea (c. 13). I conceive, then, that the old harbour must have extended over a considerable part of the present marsh, and must have washed the base of the precipitous cliff which forms the eastern side of Pylos, thus preventing the land troops from attacking the wall at the south-eastern corner towards the harbour. The level ground and good landing-place below was probably formed by the sand-bank, then in course of formation, which now extends right across to the hills,

separating the harbour from the marsh. Here it was that these besieged 'dug through the shingle to get at such water as they were likely to find there.' The Athenian wall was high at this point; not because they expected an attack there any more than from the sea-board, but because they had a base of steep rock some ten or twelve feet high to build upon. It is evident that the marsh is now being filled up by drifting sand and the detritus of streams, and not deepening year by year, as it probably would if it had been a recent formation; indeed, all external testimony goes to prove that it is no such thing. In the *Livre de la Conquete*, written before 1346 A.D., we find that the harbour of Navarino was called by the French 'Port de Junch,' no doubt from the reedy marsh which formed part of it.¹ The Lacedæmonian troops, which attacked from the land side, must have directed their efforts against the wall built along the steep slope towards the north-western side of the hill; but so difficult was the approach, that they made no impression; they are hardly mentioned in the story. Close to the place where the Athenians dug for brackish water, a well has been sunk, probably by the Franks who built the castle. The water is excellent. Accompanied by one of our sailors, called Timocleon, we made a tour of the promontory. At the south-west corner, facing the open sea, is a piece of comparatively level ground, edged with a border of rugged, sharp-edged rocks shelving down into the water—the *ῥαχία* of the historian. On the inner side of these Demosthenes had built his wall; and here Brasidas

¹ Ed. Buchon, p. 41.

ran his ship ashore, and made his desperate efforts to land. Here the spear struck him as he stepped upon the landing-plank.

We then climbed up to the medieval castle which crowns the summit. It is of vast size, with an outer and an inner court built with rough stones and mortar filled in with small pebbles. We saw nowhere any trace of the Hellenic walls of which the French survey speaks, but we found their plan so grossly inaccurate in other points, that we did not set much store by their assertion on this. We descended by a steep and even dangerous path to a cave on the north side; no doubt the cave described by Pausanias as being within the city, where Neleus used to keep his cows. It is also famous in legend as being the cave where Hermes hid the herd stolen from Apollo; a precocious manifestation of divine power commemorated in the ode of Horace beginning 'Mercuri facunde.' Below this are remains of walls, both Cyclopean and Hellenic, plain for all folk to see, but scarcely indicated by the French survey. I found one stone seven feet by three and three. There are two oblong cisterns hewn in the rocks by the shore, and five or six flights of steps leading down to the little harbour of Boidio Koilia. The innermost rim of the harbour is a bank of loose sand. Between this and the marsh grow scattered bushes of lentisk and juniper and a few tufts of coarse grass. I counted seventy fine cattle, such as would have charmed Neleus or Hermes, though it was a mystery to me how with such pasture they got so fat.

On our return we landed on Sphacteria, and walked the length of the island. It is still wooded in places; I saw

lentisks, wild olives, and ilex, some as much as ten or twelve feet in height. The mischievous habit, so common in modern Greece, of burning the trees in order to improve the next year's grass, prevents them from attaining their natural growth. In the level ground where the Spartan camp must have been we found a shepherd with his flock. There is a well nine fathoms deep, into which he let down his leathern bucket and gave us water; it was slightly sweet, not unpleasant to the taste. Every part of Thucydides's story, as to the final capture of the four hundred, can be identified on this still desert and unchanged island. Here the Helots ran their boats on shore when they brought provisions over-night; here the Athenians landed; here the Messenians crept round under the cliffs unperceived, to take the Spartans in the rear; here they made their final stand, and at last waved their hands in token of surrender. No scepticism, no counter-theory can hold its ground after a visit to the place.

We were an hour and a half in recrossing the harbour, tacking this way and that, obliged at last to row.

The name Navarino, made so familiar to modern Europe by the great battle of the 20th October, 1827, comes from Avarino, ἐς τὸν Ἀβαρίνον, corrupted 'Ναβαρίνο.¹ Avarino is generally supposed to be derived from the settlement of a colony of Avars; those Normans of an earlier time, who, with the aid of the Slavonians, their subject allies, conquered the greater part of the Peloponnese at the close

¹ So, *vice versâ*, νάρθηξ is corrupted into ἄρθηξ: And so from the old English *a nadder* comes the modern English *an adder*.

of the sixth century of our era.¹ In the time of Heraclius 'the Avars made considerable exertions to complete the conquest of Greece; and attempting to carry their predatory expeditions into the Archipelago, they attacked the eastern coast of Greece, which had hitherto been secure from their invasions. In order to execute this design, they obtained ship-builders from the Lombards, and launched a fleet of plundering barks in the Ægean.'² Very probably this was the very harbour from which their piratical armament issued. It was conveniently placed for communication with their Lombard allies, and near to an inexhaustible supply of timber for ship-building. But I venture to propose another derivation of the name as at least plausible. We have no authority for saying that any Avars settled here; and we do know, on the authority of the *Livre de la Conqueste*, that Nicolas de Saint Omer built, at the close of the thirteenth century, the great castle whose ruins still crown the summit. 'Cellui Monseignor Nicole estoit moult gentils homs, estrays de roial lignage et fu riches desmesurement dou grant avoir que il prist à la princesse d'Antioche; de quoi il fist fermer le noble chastel de Saint Omer pardevant la cité d'Estives (*vid.* Thebes) qui fu le plus beau et riche manoir de toute Romanie . . . Et puis ferma le chastel de port de Junch' (p. 274); and to make it quite certain that the last words refer to the castle in question, the Romaic translation gives—

καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα ἔκτισεν τὸ κάστρον τοῦ Ἀβαρίνου.

The castle which he built at Thebes was, as we see,

¹ Finlay, *Greece under the Romans*, p. 418.

² *Ibid.* p. 420.

called after his own name; and similarly a castle which his nephew and namesake built in the hills near Elis, was called after its founder, and corrupted by the Greeks into Santamerino. Now, dropping the 'Sant,' we have a word so like *Aβαγο*, that I cannot but think this to be the true derivation of the name. Few would at first sight suspect the connexion between Navarino and Saint Omer.

The castle was seized and occupied in the fifteenth century by the Turks. It was supplied with water by an aqueduct constructed probably by the same noble and prudent lord; but kept in repair, as it appears, by the Turks of the seventeenth century. The year after the battle of Lepanto (1572), the Turks built the fort of New Navarino at the point which had now become, in a military sense, the key of the harbour. The northern entrance had been gradually silting up, and the Turks helped to make it impassable by throwing in large stones. The other entrance, wide as it was, could be commanded by cannon from the fort. In 1656 the old fortress, in which they still maintained a garrison, because the guns of an enemy in possession of the post would command the harbour, was attacked by the Venetians and their foreign mercenaries, under the command of Otto Kœnigsmark, 'the uncle of his nephew' Marshal de Saxe. 'Being dependent,' says Mr. Finlay,¹ 'for its supply of water on an aqueduct, it immediately capitulated.' This was an excuse invented by the Turks to palliate their cowardice. Even when the aqueduct was cut off, they had still a well of good pure water. New Navarino surrendered soon after, without any excuse whatever.

¹ *History of Greece*, vol. v. p. 215.

The Venetians evacuated Navarino on the approach of the Turks in 1715, when the latter, to the great joy of the Greek peasantry, reconquered the Morea. The Russians received a still warmer welcome when they occupied Navarino in 1770, in their foolish expedition to revolutionize Greece. They soon abandoned their deluded allies to the tender mercies of Turks and Albanians, and in the treaty of Kainardji, 1774, merely stipulated for an amnesty without making any provision to ensure its fulfilment. With all its military importance and its splendid harbour, Navarino is a place of no traffic. The country about is chiefly forest and pasture land; there are no practicable roads; and so Kalamata engrosses all the export trade of Messenia. A more lifeless place I never saw. A German doctor, who passed an evening with us, complained bitterly. He had held an appointment under government, and been deprived of it by the law against aliens passed by the successful revolutionists of 1843. Since then he vegetated rather than lived among an unfriendly people, who prefer being poisoned by orthodox quackery to being healed by heretical science.

The case of these poor Germans is a very hard one, and merits the attention of his majesty Louis of Bavaria, by the infection of whose Philhellenism they were induced to try their fortune in Greece, not calculating on the bitter miso-Frankism of the inhabitants.

CHAPTER XV.

VOURKAMO—MESSENE—MAVROZOUMENO.

APRIL 30.—We left Navarino at six o'clock, and taking the road by which we had come two days before, reached the forest at half-past eight, and halted for breakfast at ten. We chose a shady oak close to a guard-house, which is the head-quarters of a detachment of nomophylakes—the rural police, or mounted gens-d'armes of Greece. Two of these functionaries accompanied us to show the way; for the route now diverged from our former track, and was as new to our dragoman as to ourselves. The way was indeed exceedingly difficult to find, and puzzled even the gens-d'armes more than once. After getting out of the wood, we had to cross a succession of low ridges, divided by streams running between steep banks covered with thick bushes. Nothing like a path was to be seen. Here and there were patches of cultivation, but we did not come to any village till five in the afternoon. The multitude of Judas-trees all in flower, and the rich red of the broken earth-banks, contrasted with the various green tints of herbage and foliage, gave to the landscape a fantastic patchwork look such as would not be credited in a picture. Our course was further hindered by the repeated tumbles of a wretched overlaid baggage horse, and it was growing dark while we were still

scrambling over a rocky hill-side without having any resting-place in prospect. Suddenly we came upon a huge ruined wall, and we found ourselves on the site of Messenc. We had, indeed, passed over it without being aware, and were now at 'the gate of Laconia.' A steep path to the right led down to the convent of Vourkamo, where we were to pass the night. There was a considerable preliminary difficulty in finding the door—then a parley through the keyhole. 'Tines eisthe?' 'Who are you?' said a voice from within.—'Angloi,' said we.—'Lordoi,' added Alexander, for thus the dragoman designates all foreign tourists; and we were forthwith admitted.

A wild-looking monk, with long black hair and beard and gown, candle in hand, conducted us to the room set apart for guests—a large bare room upstairs with a divan, or, in Yorkshire phrase, a settle, covered with carpet at each end. Here we were visited by the abbot and all the brethren, and treated with sweetmeats, coffee, and liqueur. Our arrival gave evident pleasure. It was a break in the monotony of life at Vourkamo. We asked and answered many questions. In the monastery, we were told, there are fifteen regular monks or 'caloyers,'¹ and counting the lay brethren and dependent peasants—*georgoi* and *poiménes*—sixty persons in all attached to the establishment. The building, as we found next morning, is in a beautiful situation, on the steep slope of Aio Vasili, the ancient Euan, looking over the rich, well-watered plain of Messenia, with the sea to the right and

¹ 'Caloyer,' i. e. *καλόγερος*, a barbarous compound of *καλὸς* *γέρον* and meaning 'monk.' (γ in modern Greek before ε and ι has the sound of γ nearly.)

serried ranks of mountains in front and on the left. Like all convents in Greece, the building, as an achievement of architecture, does not satisfy the expectations raised by the ruins and traditions of the monasteries of Western Europe. Outside all is strong and solid, inside all is mean and rickety, as if it had been built with a double purpose of resisting the violence and not tempting the cupidity of brigands or other constituted authorities. Outside, one doubts whether it is most like a barn or a jail, inside our comparativeness halts between a khan and a college. There is a quadrangle with a church on one side, and on the other three an upper and lower range of cells, with a wooden balcony all along. The convent is almost enclosed with an orchard and a grove of maples and cypresses. One of the hangers-on of the place is a poor idiot who was always 'mopping and mowing' in the court, and whenever he caught sight of a stranger ran up to him with a sudden outbreak of gabble and grimace. These unfortunate people are treated with peculiar tenderness in Greece—at least so far as my observation went; and that not from pity or personal fear, but from a kind of superstitious reverence. This same reverence was strongly felt by the ancient Greeks, notwithstanding their habit of pelting mad people with stones.¹ Further experience would probably have

¹ Arist. *Aves*, 525. Peisthetærus stimulates the dormant *esprit de corps* of the birds, by relating the indignities they suffer at the hands of men—'They actually go the length of pelting you as they do mad people.' I have more than once observed in an English village, that the favourite amusement of the children was throwing stones at an idiot. The Tyrolese, too, who have the reputation of being a friendly and kindly people, sometimes treat their cretins with revolting cruelty.

shown that in modern Greece, too, the treatment of lunatics is not uniformly tender. A madman is always a stranger—no length of habit can make him familiar; we may pity him and even tolerate his presence, but we cannot sympathize with, or love him. He is always regarded with awe, fear, pity, and distrust; and among educated folk treated with uniform care, prompted by a mixture of these feelings. The ruder a people are, the more distinct are their impulses, the more fickle their conduct; hence, by children and rustics the unhappy madman is alternately worshipped and pelted. I think within the walls of the Panaghia at Vourkamo, among the grave fathers, poor Andréopoulos is safe from the latter fate. Before taking leave we had again to partake of preserves and liqueur with the Hegoumenos (or abbot). In return for the shelter and hospitality of the convent, every stranger who can afford it is expected to make a donation, as at the St. Bernard. One of the brethren asks you to come and see the church, and particularly directs your attention to a picture of the Panaghia which you cannot look at without seeing the poor-box below. After we had started for Messene we met a stout old gentleman in splendid attire, riding an equally stout cob. This proved to be the demarch of that ilk, who, having received notice of our visit from the nomarch at Kalamata, was on his way to make an early call upon us; one more instance of that Greek courtesy which we rarely, if ever, found to fail.

The walls of Messene are the most perfect example extant of Grecian fortification on a large scale. Thanks also to Diodorus, Pausanias, and others, we know the date, the motive, the manner of their erection, and the very cere-

monies employed in celebrating the completion of the work. Additional interest is given to them by the fact that the great mover and director of the undertaking was Epaminondas, whose gentleness, bravery, and magnanimity made him the most chivalrous character of ancient Greece and the favourite of all modern times; like Bayard, 'without fear and without reproach,' but greater than Bayard, because, in addition to unflinching courage and unstained honour, he had the skill of a consummate general, the wisdom of a far-seeing statesman, and that highest quality of all—which results from the harmonious combination of all other high qualities—power over the minds of men.

'The city is encompassed not by Ithome only, but also by Mount Euan on the side turned towards the Pamisus. Round Messene is a wall. The whole circuit is made of stone, and there are towers and battlements built in it. Now I never saw the walls of Babylon or Susa, nor ever spoke with any person who had seen them, but the best fortifications I have seen are those of Ambrysus in Phocis, and Byzantium, and Rhodes, and the Messenian wall is stronger than any of them.'¹ Standing by the so-called gate of Laconia, we are on a slight depression in the ridge which joins the south-eastern corner of Mount Ithome to the north-eastern of Mount Euan. The walls run along this ridge as it rises towards Mount Euan, and then turn sharp off, leaving the upper part of that hill outside. The words of Pausanias are strictly correct.² On the other

¹ Paus. iv. 31, 5.

² Colonel Leake remarks (*Travels in Peloponnesus*, i. p. 293), 'There is one passage and one only in the description of Messene by

end of the ridge the wall turns at right angles, and climbs the steep side of Ithome till it is rendered at once impossible and unnecessary by a perpendicular rock. At the top of this rock it recommences, and is furnished, not with towers at intervals, but with buttresses, like those of the peribolus below the temple of Zeus-Olympius at Athens. Along the ridge is an inner wall, not quite parallel to the other. Another wall runs from the gate of Laconia along the foot of Mount Ithome; the object of which doubtless was to afford another place of refuge, and a new line of defence in case the lower city were taken. This wall has been furnished with apparently circular towers; or, perhaps, the bases only were circular and the towers square, as was the case in the Peiraic wall. To the right of the gate is a tower about nine feet square, with door two and a half feet wide, window, and embrasure. Some six feet

Pausanias which I cannot reconcile with actual appearances. He says, if I have rightly understood his words, that the circuit of the city comprehended a part of Mount Euan towards the Pamisus, whereas the existing walls strongly testify that no part of Euan was included in the city, nor even any part of Ithome towards the Pamisus. May it have been, that before the time of Pausanias the Messenians had partly abandoned the old enclosure and built houses on the slope of Mount Euan? or is there not rather some corruption in the author's text? It seems to me that the author's words are both free from corruption and consonant with the facts of the case. Here they are, *περιέχεται οὐ τῇ Ἰθώμῃ μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐπὶ τὸν Πάμισον τὰ τετραμμένα ὑπὸ τῆς Εὐάν*. The word *περιέχεται* does not imply that either mountain was within the city, though undoubtedly a part of both was. Almost the same phrase is used with respect to Phigalia (viii. 41, 5): *περιέχεται δὲ ἡ Φιγαλία ὄρεσιν ἐν ἀριστέρᾳ μὲν ὑπὸ τοῦ καλουμένου Κοτωλίου . . . ἀπέχει δὲ τῆς πόλεως ἐς τεσσαράκοντα το Κοτύλιον μάλιστα σταδίου*. Phigalia is encompassed with mountains which are four miles outside the walls.

above the present level of rubbish are holes for beams, intended to support an upper floor. From this point a steep and stony path leads to the top of Ithome. We took our horses, but dismounted in pity for them, and walked. On the north side of the summit is some polygonal masonry supporting an earthbank, which may perhaps belong to the ancient citadel of Ithome—the Ithome of Aristomenes. The Hellenic walls and square stones of the temple have doubtless been used in the construction of the now-deserted *metoki*, a branch establishment belonging to the monks at Vourkamo. On this very site probably stood the temple where Aristomenes sacrificed his offering of thanksgiving for having slain an hundred foes to Zeus-Ithomates. There are a few fragments of marble in the walls.

The view from this point is very wide and very grand. The hills of Arcadia lie, like the seats of a stadium, about the flat Messenian plains, and to the south-east are prolonged in the great ridge of Taygetus stretching far into the sea. Near the top is a well of no great depth, in which is a spring of perennial water. This, and not the fountain of Mavromati, I take to be the Klepsydra mentioned by Pausanias. In the Agora he says there is a fountain called Arsinoe, and water flows underground to it from the source called Klepsydra (iv. 31, 5). Then, in the beginning of the thirty-third chapter: ‘As you come to the summit of Ithome, which is the Acropolis, there is a source called Klepsydra. Every day they carry water from that source to the temple of Zeus-Ithomates.’ The word *πηγη*, here translated ‘source,’ is used by Pausanias in the sense of a natural spring, whether at the bottom

of a well or appearing on the surface. The word *κλεψυδρα*, whose general signification was already so obsolete that in each case a local legend was invented to account for the name, is doubtless applied here, as at Athens and elsewhere, to denote a well of which the water sank at times below the usual level without any apparent outlet. A rainy or a drouthy season affords a natural explanation; but the Greek fancy was particularly struck with the notion of subterraneous watercourses, and they firmly convinced themselves of such communication even when circumstances made it much more improbable than at Ithome. *Κρηνη* is always applied to an artificial fountain, whether the water has been brought from a distance in pipes or issues from the ground immediately behind the structure. Hence, in accordance with the words of Pausanias, I believe that the well near the summit was the Klepsydra, and the fountain of Mavromati was the fountain of the Agora, then masked by stone-work. The revolted Messenians, who held Ithome against the Lacedæmonians, must have been supplied from the upper well. They could not have had access to the fountain at Mavromati. The use of this particular water in sacred rites must have rested on an immemorial and uninterrupted custom. Besides, we find that an especial sanctity was always attached to springs on the tops of isolated heights, as in the Acro-Corinth and the Acropolis of Athens. Their preciousness and rarity made them seem the direct gift of gods. The Agora of the later city must have been near the site of the present village—the most convenient situation for the country people, whether they came from the gate of Laconia or that of Megalopolis.

The name Mavromati, μαῦρον ὀμμάτιον, black eye, is not an uncommon term for springs of water. The comparison of a liquid pool fringed with lashes of fern, and overtopped by a brow of shrubs, making a break in the blank, bare hill-side to the human eye, is a touch of natural poetry for which the Greeks are indebted to an eastern source. The Turks also call springs 'eyes.' The author of the *Song of Songs* says, 'Her eyes are like the fishpools of Heshbon.' The epithet 'black,' so often applied to water, indicates its clearness. We find black water, μέλαν ὕδωρ, constantly in Homer and the Greek poets. It is true we find bright water, ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ, also. The same water which in the light is most transparent is blackest in the shade, being naturally colourless and pure. I am told that the Irish peasants, whose language is so rich in implicit poetry, use 'black water' in the same sense. Below the village are the remains of a theatre, and further on those of a stadium, constructed in the hollow made by the rivulet from Mavromati, which, as in so many other cases, has now resumed its natural course, and flows right through it. *Tamen usque recurret*. There were stone seats on either side of the stadium, somewhat more than half its length. We have observed the same thing at Nemea. Probably the upper part of the stadium was used also for wrestling and pugilistic contests, for witnessing which the whole length, 202 yards, could not be available. On either side and at the end was a colonnade, which probably included the gymnasium also. In these columns the fluting is merely indicated, and left unfinished. At the further end are the ruins of a small Doric temple, like the colonnade, of white marble. Here

the fluting is perfect. On the western side of the stadium are the foundations of another building in white marble, resting on the red schistous rock which comes to the surface in many places on the site of the lower city. Attached to the French map which we had with us was a plan of Messene, in which, among other inaccuracies, the stadium was drawn as if its length were 100 metres only, that is, half its real size.

We were very much pestered with shepherds' dogs while examining these ruins, not for the first time. These animals have incurred the malediction of all travellers in the Morea, but I never heard an authentic instance of their biting any one. Nothing can be 'waur' in its way than their bark. Their owners are slow to call them off, for fear of confusing their ideas of duty. They resemble a cross between an English sheep-dog and a mastiff. We tried more than once the artifice of the wily Ulysses¹—the simple expedient of sitting down—in which case the creatures sat down also in a ring and howled at intervals.

The western side of the old city is now thickly overgrown with wood. We passed a building apparently Roman on our way to the great gate, called by Pausanias the gate of Megalopolis. This much-famed gate is the most colossal and interesting relic of Hellenic antiquity in all the Morea. The street leading up to it from the inside is still paved with the old stones, marked longitudinally with cart-wheels,

¹ Homer, *Odys.* xiv. 29, sqq.

ἐξαπίνης δ' Ὀδυσῆα ἴδον κύνας ὑλακόμωροι·
οἱ μὲν κεκλήγοντες ἐπέδραμον· ἀντάρ Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἔξετο κερδοσύνη, σκῆπτρον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.

and still retaining the transverse cuts which afforded footing for the horses up the steep hill. On the inner side are two gates, each eight feet five inches in width, separated by a wall four feet ten inches wide. Entering, you find yourself in a circular space, surrounded with walls of the most perfect masonry, large stones in regular courses admirably fitted together, except where the roots of oaks and wild carob-trees have thrust them apart. We found a party of workmen clearing away the wood by order of the nomarch; a good deed, for which he deserves the thanks of future travellers. The outer gate is single, sixteen feet ten inches across; exactly double the width of each of the inner gates. A stone, which has served for one of the architraves of the inner gates, we found by measurement to be fourteen feet three inches long, seven and a half feet high, and two and a half feet thick. The workmen of Epaminondas outdid the Cyclopeans. The wall is here more perfect than in any other part of the circuit. Built of white limestone, without a weather-stain or a lichen, it looked as fresh as if it were in process of building. It required an effort of the imagination to believe that it had been standing two thousand two hundred and twenty-five years. The thickness of the wall near the gate seems to have been partly left vacant for chambers, partly filled up with earth and the chips of stone left by the masons. The top is accessible from the inside by steps made at intervals. Not far off is a tower, measuring in the interior nineteen and a half by eighteen and a half feet. This tower, like that which I have mentioned near the gate of Laconia, has had an upper story. About seven and a half feet above the floor are eight holes

in the wall, intended for the beams which were to support a second floor. There are no signs of a staircase, so it must have been accessible by a ladder. This upper story was furnished with six windows, two on each side, except that towards the town, and four embrasures to shoot out of, narrowing towards the outside. Each window is still furnished with four holes for fastening the shutters. M. Rangabé, the accomplished Minister of Foreign Affairs, told me afterwards at Athens that he had discovered in the woods near this gate a Cyclopean tower, not belonging of course to these fortifications, and not mentioned by any writer. About half a mile beyond the gate there is a little rivulet bordered with plane-trees, which had been fixed upon in the morning as the place of rendezvous with the cook. Hither we went to lunch, and returned afterwards to the wonderful gate. The wall is prolonged eastward up the side of Ithome, like the wall on the opposite side of the mountain, till it comes to the base of a perpendicular rock. On this side the lower slopes of the hill are covered with oak woods, whose foliage contrasts well with the white crags above. The strata of the mountain, which on the east and south side are violently contorted, appear on this—the west—side nearly vertical. We left Messene about five, and reached the bridge of Mavrozoumeno in about an hour. On the way we met a group of peasant girls, who gave and returned the Easter salutation. At this season the ordinary greeting χαῖρε, 'hail,' is exchanged for Χριστὸς ἀνέστη, 'Christ is risen,' and the reply ἀληθίνως ἀνέστη, 'He is risen indeed.' The Russians, too, say 'Christos voscress' on the same occasion; so that it seems to be an established custom in the

Eastern Church, one of the few which commend themselves to Western tastes and feelings as beautiful and edifying.

‘After one has descended thirty stades from the gate is the stream of the Balyra, and they say that the river got its name because Thamyris there threw away his lyre after he had been maimed (*i.e.* blinded by the Muses). And the Leucasia and Amphitos join their streams in one. And after crossing these there is the plain called Stenycleron.’¹ There is some difficulty in identifying the streams here mentioned. I am inclined to think that the Balyra is the stream which you cross about a quarter of a mile on this side the bridge. The geographer, or rather mythographer, as his practice is, devotes his space to it not in proportion to its size, but on account of the legend attached to it. There can be no doubt that the legend has taken its rise from the name, not the name from the legend. Else we should have to suppose that the Balyra flowed by Dorion, the scene which Homer assigns for the meeting of Thamyris with the envious Muses, who ‘stopped his singing’ by putting out his eyes.² Pausanias rationalizes the legend by supposing that Thamyris was deprived of sight by natural disease, and yielded to despondency; not like Homer himself, who bore up against it, and consoled himself with song. England can furnish another illustration. One might even fancy that the gods blinded poets, not from envy, but as men blind singing birds, to make their notes sweeter. The ancient Dorion seems, in fact, to have been not far from the banks of the river now called Mavrozoumeno, and may perhaps be identified with some

¹ Pausanias iv. 33, 4.

² *Iliad*, ii. 595.

scanty remains near the khan of Kokhla. But the little river I hold to be the Balyra is quite near enough the site of the Homeric legend to suggest an appendix to that legend by way of etymological explanation. The rivers Leucasia and Amphitos, in that case, will be the two rivers now called Mavrozoumeno and Vivari, which join just below the bridge. This renowned bridge owes its celebrity, first, to its antiquity, and secondly, its singular plan. A horizontal section of it would resemble the cognizance of the Isle of Man, the three legs, more than anything else. The two rivers, as I have said, join, leaving an apex of low land, liable to be flooded, between them. A few yards above the apex is the bridge; of which the western leg spans the Mavrozoumeno, the eastern the Vivari, and the northern leg stretches over the low ground between.

The *Dictionary of Geography*¹ says:—‘The foundations of this bridge and the upper parts of the piers are ancient; and from the resemblance of their masonry to that of the neighbouring Messene, they may be presumed to belong to the same period. The arches are entirely modern.’ This last statement is not correct. In that over the Mavrozoumeno, or western stream, not merely the foundations, not merely the rectangular opening at the side, but also several courses of the arch itself, are Hellenic. We made a minute examination of this bridge, and have no doubt whatever that the ancient bridge had at least one arch constructed on the modern principle. The span of the arch is about seventeen feet, and its height from the water to the keystone, about thirteen feet, of which nine

¹ Art. *Messenia*, p. 342.

feet six inches from the water consist of Hellenic work. That this is Hellenic work is certain; that it is coeval with the walls of Messene is very probable. If so, it proves that the old Greeks used their enormous architraves instead of arches, not because they were ignorant of the latter, but because the former style was to their eyes more grand and more suitable to the sanctity of a temple or the majesty of a city. We must remember that the remains of ancient Greek architecture still extant belong with scarcely an exception to great public works, where they aimed at splendour combined with strength, not convenience combined with cheapness. The abundance of stone, durable and free from flaws, was another reason why the Greeks did not feel the necessity of having recourse to makeshifts and expedients. In bridges, however, of any size—and such we are sure they had—the arch must have been employed to sustain the heavy traffic overhead. Close by the arch of which I have been speaking we have an example of what smaller bridges may have been. In this case it is a supplemental opening for the passage of the water, about seven feet high by four wide, like a rectangular door with a large single stone for architrave.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BLACK DEMETER—EIRA.

A FEW hundred yards beyond the bridge is a lonely house, the khan of Mavrozoumeno. There we stayed for the night. Next morning, returning to the bridge, we took the road to the north, across a grassy plain covered with asphodel—one of the commonest plants of the Greek flora, growing alike on the dry hills about Athens and the moist plains of Messenia. The soft-sounding name, and its frequent mention among Greek poets, give one a vague notion that it must be a beautiful and fragrant flower. It is nothing of the kind, being a sort of daffodil, with long coarse leaves about the root, a thick stem, and colourless flowers at top. It is familiarly known to the chemist as ‘squills.’ It seems to have been an article of daily food to the rustics in Hesiod’s time.¹ O dura ilia messorum! The plain over which we are crossing was the plain of Stenyclerum, famous for many battles in the legendary history of Aristodemus and Aristomenes. Somewhere on our right was Andania, the ancient capital of Messenia, before its subjugation by the Spartans. In the Middle Ages this plain had the name of Lakkos. Here, in 1205, was fought the single decisive

¹ *Hes. Epy. kai Hμ.* 41.

battle which, like the battle of Hastings, delivered the whole country into the hands of Frankish conquerors under another William, Guillaume de Champlitte. I cannot find in my map the particular spot—Koundoura—where it was said to have taken place.¹ The defiles in the eastward range of hills, known as Makraplai, were the scene of another victory, gained by Guillaume de Villehardouin and his Turkish auxiliaries over the Greeks, under the Grand Domestic, in 1267. On the summit of an eminence, a few miles to the westward, is a noble medieval castle with lofty towers, which a peasant tells me is called Vasilikó. From its position it seems to have been intended to protect the upper part of the Messenian plain from an attack on the side of Arcadia, the town on the western coast. The name Vasilikó implies that it was an imperial castle. It may, therefore, have been erected by one of the despots who governed in the emperor's name at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Franks still retained Elis and a strip of territory along the shore. In about an hour and a quarter we come to the base of the hills. After a short ascent is the village of Constantinous, and, by-and-bye, another steeper ascent, followed by some rough riding among ravines and ragged wood. After reaching the top of a kind of pass in the hills, we wait for our belated baggage. Turning to the south, we look over successive ranges to Ithome, with steep sides and truncated summit dominant in the centre of the picture. Below Ithome, to the left, is the great Messenian plain, shining with overflowing water, and then the sea in the

¹ Finlay's *Medieval Greece*, p. 207.

far distance. Turning to the west, we look over the plain of Cyparissa, rich in olive grounds and corn-fields, bounded on either side by hills dotted with black pines. The rocks about us are of a reddish schist, escaped, apparently, from under the limestone which we see on the higher hills, lying in level strata, peering here and there among the brush-wood. We halted for a couple of hours near Dimandra, and breakfasted in a ruined church beside a fountain overhung by a plane-tree. The provident Constantine had bought a turkey at the last village. He wrung its neck, and pulled its feathers as he rode. Espying a shepherd not far off, he had also furnished a bottle of sheep's milk, which Alcibiades churned into butter on the way. I record these particulars with an Homeric precision and a frequency which may seem unnecessary to readers at home. In the ordinary routine of civilized life people do not know what hunger is, nor feel the importance of a meal at meal-times. My object is to give as true a picture as I can of our travels, and if I were to pass over the commissariat as a matter of little moment, I should be both hypocritical and ungrateful. It is only the heroes of medieval chivalry¹ who can dispense with such appliances; modern travellers share the infirmities of Achilles and Agamemnon.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδήτῃος ἔξ ἔρον ἔντο

they resumed their journey.

Before we left Athens we had been counselled not by any means to neglect seeing the cave of the Black Demeter,

¹ Hago te saber, Sancho, que es honra de los caballeros andantes no comer, &c.—*Don Quixote*, bk. i. ch. 10, p. 72.

which, we were told, had been discovered by a recent French traveller ; and we were furnished with a precise description of its position, and a rough plan of the neighbouring country. Sending our baggage forward by the direct road to Paulitza, we diverged to the right, having procured from the neighbouring village an old man to act as guide. I have often wondered at the longevity of the ancient Greeks, and the intellectual vigour which they maintained to extreme old age ;¹ the physical vigour of Barba Jan—such was the name of our guide—compared with his time of life, was more wonderful still. He asserted, and his appearance confirmed the story, that he was ninety-two years old ; and yet he walked that day eight hours continuously over very rough road, refusing the horse which was offered him from time to time. He led us along a rocky path which wound round the base of Mount Tetrasi, through thick ilex woods, for two hours, catching glimpses now and then of a cliff before us, and a hole in the face of it. Leaving our horses, we scrambled along a steep wooded bank below the rock, and at last came to the object of our search. Instead of the vast cavern we had anticipated, we found a mere fissure in the rock, widened in quite recent days by shepherds, of whose pickaxes the marks are still apparent. It is about five feet wide, and

¹ Æschylus produced the *Agamemnon*, *Choephoræ*, and *Eumenides* at 66 years of age ; Sophocles was nearly 90 when he wrote the *Œdipus Coloneus* ; Euripides was the favourite of young Athens when, as the story goes, he came to a violent and premature end at the age of 75 ; Aristophanes continued to be funny at the great annual festivals for 40 years ; Pindar lived to be 80 years old ; Plato to 84 ; and because Aristotle died at the grand climacteric, 63, it was supposed that he must have committed suicide.

from six to nine feet high. The cave in no respect corresponds with that of the Black Demeter described by Pausanias; and if we had read that author more carefully, we might have saved ourselves the trouble of verifying the pretended discovery. 'Phigalea,' he says, 'is surrounded by mountains—on the left by that called Kotylion, and on the right another mountain stands before it, Elaion by name. Kotylion is distant about forty stadia from the city, and in it is a place called Bassæ, and the temple of Apollo the Helper. . . . The other mountain, Elaion, is about thirty stadia away from Phigalea, and there is a cavern sacred to Demeter, surnamed Black.'¹ The ambiguity which arises from the employment of the terms, left hand and right, instead of the points of the compass, is removed by the mention of the temple of Bassæ, which is still extant, to show which was Kotylion, viz., the range of hills on the eastern side of the city. The other hill, in which was the sacred cave, was that on the western side; and the cave itself, instead of being twelve miles to the east of Phigalea—where we had been sent to look for it—was probably not four miles to the west. The distance from the city to the mountain, in either case, is probably reckoned to the commencement of the unenclosed land. Pausanias himself was as much disappointed in his visit to the true cave as we in our visit to the false. He had read about it in some book or other, and about a statue, the work of Onatas, an Æginetan sculptor of the fifth century B.C., a particular favourite of his; and to see this was his principal object in visiting Phigalea: but when he

¹ Pausanias, viii. 41, 5, and 42, 1.

came there, lo! the statue had disappeared, and no one knew that such a thing had ever existed, except one old man, who said that in his grandfather's time some rocks had fallen from the roof and crushed it. There was, however, an altar in front of the cave, on which, according to the custom of the place, he made an offering of grapes and other fruits, honey in the comb, and wool uncleansed from the natural grease, and poured oil over the heap—or rather the priestess, assisted by a young acolyte, performed the ceremony in his name.

We might have employed our time better by climbing an isolated peak which lies between the cavern and the village of Kakaletri, sloping steeply down on all sides with a considerable space of available ground on the top. There is a tower and oblong walled space upon this hill, apparently of medieval workmanship. The defensible position of this hill makes it quite certain that one of the countless strongholds of ancient Greece must have been built there. What it was called must remain for ever undetermined. The city of Eira, into which Aristomenes collected the remnants of the Messenian people, was on the Neda, and there is no position on that river, so far as I know, which has stronger claims than this. Pausanias here affords us no help. Though we learn from him alone the story, I do not say history, of the second Messenian war, of which Eira was the chief theatre, he nowhere hints that he had visited, or even heard of its remains. Had he been told that they were near Phigalea, he would, we may be sure, have visited them; we may infer, therefore, that in his time all tradition of the whereabouts of Eira was lost. Going further back, we find that it was a matter of dispute

in the time of Strabo (b. viii. p. 360). Some affirmed that it was identical with the *Æchalia* of Homer, and was situated on the road between Megalopolis and Andania, to the eastward, that is, of the Stenycleric plain; others held that it was the ancient name of Messola, on the seaside, at the foot of Taygetus.

From these statements it is clear that Strabo had taken no account of the poem of Rhianus, from which he would have learned that Eira was near the Neda, as certainly as Troy near Simois and Scamander. He was ignorant also that the Eira of the *Messenika* was distinct from the Eira of the *Iliad*. It is of course hopeless to attempt to decide now what was a moot point in the reign of Augustus. On the western side of this hill is the village of Kakaletri, and about half a mile beyond it, on a lower eminence, the ruins of an ancient city, which we stayed to examine.

I transcribe here the rough notes made on the spot:—
 ‘The masonry very good, like that of Messene; the stones are of various size, but all rectangular in regular courses. The shape of the walls is that of a lozenge nearly, with a tower at each corner; the largest tower is at the south-east angle, the corresponding one at the north-west is fallen to ruin. The length may be 300 yards and the breadth 150. Inside the walls, but not parallel to any, is a strong basement with buttresses like those under the Olympieum at Athens, and outside on the slopes below are many remains of ancient terraces. Can this be Eira? The walls are much later than Aristomenes’s time.’

If the Messenians on their return had, in tenderness to the memory of the former city, built another Eira near

the old site, but in a lower and more convenient place—which is a natural conjecture—surely some record, some memory of the fact would have survived down to the time of Augustus. Possibly it was a frontier town built by the Spartans during their occupation of Messenia; at all events it was not the ancient Eira. It is too small in extent, not strong enough in position, and is obviously of later construction. The French surveyors have settled the question in their usual trenchant way. They place this ruined city on the top of the high hill before mentioned, and call it Eira, and in the position of these ruins write the words ‘Temple antique.’ The *Dictionary of Geography*¹ says ‘Near Kakaletri are the remains of an ancient fortress, which was in all probability Eira; and the lofty mountain above, now called Tetrasi, was probably the highest summit of Mount Eira.’ Now, as I have shown, the fortress of which these are remains could not have been Eira, the hill where it may have been has no ancient remains on it, and from both positions the mountain Tetrasi is quite detached, and owing to its height, 4580 feet, and wide extent, quite unsuitable to the historical mythus of which it is assumed to be the scene.

It was past five when we left these ruins. We followed for some miles a very rough path, if path it could be called, on the left bank of the Neda, looking with Barba Jan’s eyes for a convenient place to pass the river. At last we managed to cross, and plodded on some miles more. It was now growing dark. Barba Jan had forgotten or never known the road. Luckily we met another peasant, Anastás he

¹ Art. *Ira*.

called himself. Him we engaged as guide; but as it grew pitch dark he lost his way too. We all floundered along, over hedges and ditches, or what seemed to be such. At last we came to the edge of a ravine, a stream roaring, as streams do roar at night, far below. Somehow we scrambled down through the wood, plashed through the water, scrambled up through another wood, and so on till about ten o'clock we arrived at Paulitza. The village had been for hours asleep, excepting the household with whom we had to pass the night. Our men had made a fire outside, and were sitting round it, wondering with pleasurable anxiety whether we had been murdered by brigands or had only broken our necks. After all, the only article broken was an umbrella.

The house where we lodged consisted of a single room. At one end, round the fire, sat the whole family, old and young, enjoying an Easter feast, probably on the strength of what they were to receive for our night's lodging. As soon as the lamb was roasted, the goodman of the house tore it to pieces and put them into a dish, from which, after it had been sent to us to taste, they all helped themselves. After which they disposed themselves to sleep round the dying embers on the hearthstone. At the other end of the room our beds were laid among a mass of household stuff. Our hosts, like most of the people in this part of the country, were Albanians, knowing only a few words of Romaic. There are about 200,000 of this people among the inhabitants of the Greek kingdom, that is to say, nearly a fifth of the whole population. They first came into the Morea in the fourteenth century; some as mercenary soldiers, who received grants of land after

being disbanded ; others as invited or unopposed settlers on waste ground.

In the year 1415, the Emperor Manuel II., in a funeral oration which he delivered at Mistrá in honour of his brother Theodore, who had governed the Morea as despot or viceroy, made especial mention of the pains which he had taken to introduce Albanian colonists. These colonists were for the most part shepherds and herdsmen, and occupied the pastures on the high ground on condition of paying a rent to the government and to the Slavo-Greek proprietors in the towns and valleys. Even to this day the Albanian language is spoken almost universally in all the mountainous districts of the Morea, with the exception of the three southern peninsulas. In order to get rid of the obligation of paying rent, they took an opportunity in 1452, when the empire of Constantinople was struggling in the agonies of dissolution, to rebel in order to become lords, not tenants, of the soil ; but the attempt was quelled by the interference of the Turks. They have received frequent accessions from the same causes in more recent times ; but as there is a constant tendency in the less civilized races to be absorbed in and assimilated with their neighbours, so, doubtless, there are many people of Albanian blood who now rank with the Greeks, because they speak their language and have adopted their habits. They are, I was told, offended at being called Albanians or Skipetár, as they used to call themselves, and desire to be termed Hellenes. This desire on their part, and the systematic education which is now introduced in modern Greece, will in a very short time obliterate all the distinctions between them. Generally speaking, the Alba-

nians are lighter in hair and complexion and more athletic in form than the Greeks or Slavonians about them, but there are striking individual exceptions to the rule ; as I have said, they used to call themselves Skipetár, the learned call them Albanians, their rural neighbours call them Vlachi—a misnomer, but a natural one, since before the Albanians were known in Greece the Wallachians had occupied a great part of the country north of the Corinthian gulf. In the same way the Welsh give the name of Sassenach to the Flemings settled about Tenby and Milford Haven. The mistake is perpetuated in the names of some villages inhabited by Albanians, as, for example, in Vlakho-Raphti in Arcadia, Vlakho-Khóri in Laconia, &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

PHIGALEA—BASSÆ.

‘**P**HIGALEA is situated upon high ground, precipitous for the most part, and they have also walls built above the cliffs, and, when you get to the top, you find the hill smooth and level.’¹ Such is Pausanias’s description of the city. The walls are of rude masonry, of an order intermediate between the polygonal and the Hellenic, and may perhaps date from the seventh century B.C. The structure, however, is not uniform, and its archaic character may perhaps be due rather to rustic unskilfulness than to remote antiquity. There are all sorts of salient and retreating angles, to be attributed more to the nature of the ground than to a plan of fortification. There are also towers at intervals, some square, some round. In parts I counted nine courses of masonry. The inside of the wall has been filled up with loose stones and rubble. There is a postern four feet wide with successively projecting stones, and an architrave at the top. There has been, I think, a larger gate close by it, for the ground is artificially flattened both within and without. On the summit of the

¹ viii. 39, 4.—Κεῖται δὲ ἡ Φιγαλία ἐπὶ μετεώρου μὲν καὶ ἀποτόμου τὰ πλέονα καὶ ὑπὲρ τῶν κρημνῶν ὀκοδομημένα ἐστὶ τεῖχη σφισιν κ. τ. λ. The ordinary reading ἀποτόμον, πλέονα δὲ ὑπὸ τῶν κρημνῶν makes nonsense.

hill, which, though comparatively level, is not horizontal, is a kind of fort, built of rough stones just as they were picked up (*λογαδην*), with the exception of a tower at the west end, where tools have been used. The fort is oval, and the entrance is through a kind of passage formed by an overlapping wall, as in the so-called pyramid near Argos, and other places I have mentioned. About a mile outside the walls, on the way to Tragoge, on the top of a ridge, are the traces of some ancient building, hewn-stones and the base of a column. The report of our arrival must have spread to Tragoge before us, for as we approached the village we were met by all its housewives offering for sale some home-made woollen-cloths with gay embroidery in divers colours. Beyond the village, on the slope of the hill called by Pausanias Kotyilion, are the remains of terraced walls, apparently ancient—traces of old cultivation which the ebb-tide of prosperity has left high and dry. We ascend by a glen, and in forty minutes come suddenly in sight of the temple. Of the many hundred temples which the ancient Peloponnese contained, this is the only one remaining of which the plan and dimensions can still be estimated. Indeed, with the exception of the seven at Corinth, there is not another column standing in the whole peninsula. The columns at Corinth are seen in contrast with the mean and ephemeral houses of the modern town; the columns at Bassæ stand in a desert among rough rocks of kindred limestone, and surrounded by a scattered forest of oaks. We can only guess, and probably guess wrong, at the dimensions and destination of the Corinthian ruin; the successive generations of men dwelling at its base have

preserved no tradition ; of this temple in the wilderness we know the whole history, thanks to Pausanias. It was dedicated to Apollo the Helper, and built by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon. The inference drawn by our author that it was a thank-offering for their deliverance from the great plague of 1430-29 B.C., is almost beyond question. Although the work of the same architect, the proportions of the shafts and the angles of the capitals are very different—a fact which should teach one caution in drawing any conclusion as to the date of a building from architectural measurements alone. The frieze which adorned the inner walls of the cella was found almost entire among the ruins, and is now in the British Museum. The workmanship of this frieze is exceedingly rude, and would never have been guessed to belong to the same period and the same school as the Elgin marbles. It may be that it was the work of Phigalean artists, after drawings sent from Athens. The subjects are the battles of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and those of the Athenians and Amazons, having no conceivable connexion with the object and occasion of the building. The same lack of purpose, the same absence of all reference, seems to have obtained in the minor ornaments of other ancient works. In the throne at Amyclæ, for instance, the ingenuity of the connoisseur seems to have been sorely taxed to find a reason for this or that representation. The fancy of the architect and sculptor appears to have been allowed full liberty ; if they hit upon a theme specially appropriate, well and good ; if not, it was no matter ; the taste of the age was satisfied with beauty. So in the Gothic churches the workman indulged his caprice in decorating pillar, gur-

goyle and finial, with calm winged angels or grinning contorted demons, without reference to the saint under whose invocation the sacred pile might be consecrated.

The symbolism of a later age—an age which has ceased to be creative and become critical—forces upon the heedless simplicity of ancient works a subtle interpretation of which their authors never dreamed. I cannot but think that the odes of Pindar and the choruses of Æschylus have been sometimes subjected to similar misconstruction.

M. Bory de St. Vincent, in his narrative of the scientific expedition sent by the French into the Morea, speaking of this temple at Bassæ (p. 261), says that when Mr. Dodwell visited it, ‘Il n’y manquait que la statue du dieu qu’avaient encensé les antiques Phigaliens; en peu d’instans les magnifiques frizes et tout ce qui faisait l’ornement disparut spolié par une troupe de speculateurs qui en ont enrichi Londres.’ Then he quotes from the travels of a German *savant*, one C. Miller, who says, ‘The Ionic columns of the temple supported that celebrated frieze which Vandalism tore from them. What even the Turks had refrained from doing, what no nation would dare to do, that the English did.’ This is a monstrous falsehood, as M. Bory might have ascertained if he had taken the slightest pains to find out the truth. The temple when it was first discovered was in ruins, as it is now; and the frieze, which only became ‘celebrated’ after it was dug out, was buried among the fragments which encumbered the ground. ‘What no nation would dare to do!’ How did France stock the Louvre in the reign of Napoleon? How did she acquire the Venus of Melos? How came the Æginetan marbles into the sculpture gallery at Munich? How

comes it that the walls of the museum at Berlin are covered with fragments cut out of the tombs of Egypt? I say confidently that no nation has been more scrupulous in its acquisitions than England. At all events it ill becomes a Frenchman or a German to throw a stone at us. How is it that the lions of the Piræus stand on guard over the arsenal at Venice? The very commission of which M. Bory was president, found among the ruins of the temple at Olympia some precious fragments of Phidian sculpture, which they took away with them and deposited in the Louvre. No English traveller has as yet been found so foolish as to believe that they destroyed the temple, or so malignant as to affect to believe it. Never were treasures acquired more legitimately than the Phigalean marbles. M. Bory's tirade, coloured as it is by frantic national jealousy, would have been in bad taste, considering the pretensions of his work to a scientific character, even if it had been based upon acknowledged fact; being, as it is, based upon what he might have easily discovered to be a groundless fiction, it is worthy only—if I may be excused for using such strong language—of M. Michelet.¹

¹ A certain French author, M. F. Wey, who visited London in an excursion train from Paris, has embodied the results of his fortnight's observations in a volume entitled *Les Anglais chez eux*. He is brimfull of national prejudice, but possesses that happy knack of counterfeit *naïveté* common to most of his countrymen, but wanting in M. Bory de St. Vincent, which makes one excuse ignorance and forgive insult. In a sudden access of candour, which in a French author reads like a trait of genius, M. Wey says, speaking of the abuse lavished on Lord Elgin and the English, apropos of the marbles: 'Laissons crier et, pour être de bonne foi, convenons que, si quelque

Pausanias admired the exquisite material of the temple. A close-grained limestone, weather-stained but not weather-worn, blending its pale blue with the red-purple of a minute lichen,—nothing can surpass the rich effect thus produced. Many of my readers will remember Edward Lear's picture of the scene, which was in the Royal Academy exhibition some years ago—broad-leaved oaks in the foreground, and far in the distance the blue sea and the snow-capped hills. We, too, remembered the beauty of the picture, and were anxious to confirm its fidelity—but the Fates forbade. Though it was the 3rd of May, the oaks, which in this high ground follow the old style, were only budding, and a wet driving mist, worthier of Scotland than of Arcadia, blotted all the landscape out.

The mist turned to drenching rain as we rode along slippery earth banks and under dripping woods to Andritzena, a distance of about eight miles.

Andritzena is a large flourishing village with a street of shops called a 'bazaar.' This term, with other Turkish words, is still used in the rural districts of Greece. For instance, here at Andritzena, the women who offered coins for sale addressed us as 'effendi,' and the children asked for 'bachsheesh.' At Athens and the larger towns the language has already divested itself of the orientalisms contracted during servitude, and is adopting Gallicisms instead; thus passing through a phase similar to its state in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, during the

ambassadeur Français eût fait enlever au profit du Louvre les chefs-d'œuvre de Phidias, loin de le charger d'anathèmes, nous eussions applaudi à son patriotisme, et joyeusement accueilli les trésors de l'Attique.'

French occupation of Athens and the Morea. A notable specimen of the language (I mean of course the language of Greece, not Constantinople) at this epoch is preserved to us in a metrical Chronicle of the French Conquest, written,¹ as internal evidence proves, between the years 1326 and 1386 A.D. There is, however, this difference between the two cases—then the borrowed Gallicisms were words chiefly, now they are constructions. In former days French influence supplanted the vocabulary, now it corrupts the grammar. The French are the interpreters between the north and the south, between the east and the west of Europe. The thoughts of England and Germany are conveyed to the Russian, Spaniard, Italian, and Greek in a French mould; and thus the aggregate influence of the three nations seems at first sight to belong to France alone. It must indeed be admitted that this universality of the French language is a mighty engine of moral power, and secures to France a preponderance greater than is her due on the score of material or intellectual superiority. The dialect of the rayahs in Asia Minor and the Turkish provinces generally is mixed with Turkish, and in a less degree with Italian words, and will remain as it is till the next change of masters. The Greek spoken in the Ionian islands was, a few years ago, so overlaid with Italian words and phrases, that of the original stock scarcely anything but the particles remained. Greek sympathies, French literature, and English society are

¹ The author mentions the Catalan conquest of Athens, which took place in 1326, and states that they occupied it at the time he wrote. In 1386 the House of Aragon was succeeded by that of Acciaiuoli.

working a rapid change. Owing to the commerce and conquests of Venice and Genoa, Italian had extended itself not merely in the islands and coasts nearest to home, but had become the common language of interpretation all over the Levant. Now French, and to a smaller extent English also, is taking its place.

This digression may be pardoned, if anywhere, at Andritzena, at which there is nothing to be seen, and of which there is nothing to be said, except that it offers a night's lodging unusually commodious, and commands a wide prospect towards the north, where mountain ridges, the ordinary components of Greek scenery, are grouped in peculiar beauty, rank after rank, to the chain of Erymanthus; and behind that, two snowy peaks, which on the authority of a villager I set down to be the summits of Olonos.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM ANDRITZENA BY OLYMPIA TO PYRGO.

THE weather was again fine when we left Andritzena at eight o'clock A.M., on the 4th of May. The scene is not remarkable as far as Phanari, a village lying below the fine bold peak called in the French map Mount Paleokastro, anciently Kotylion. Both these names are, I believe, wrong. There is an old fort at Paleokastro, on the summit, but we could not learn that the mountain was named from it; and the ancient name Kotylion is applied by Pausanias to the hills near Phigalea, on which the temple of Apollo stands. Colonel Leake says the mountain is called Fanaritiko or Zakkuka, the latter being the special name of the ruin; we were told that it was called Oreas. Here begins a deep glen down which the river Phanari runs northward to join the Alpheus. Its steep sides are composed of grey limestone above, and red schistous earth below, and are covered with trees, oak, maple, and dark pine. As we ride along the high ground on the left bank the scenery becomes like a vast shrubbery, plots of maple, holly-leaved ilex, and arbutus hung with clematis and the creeping smilax, with smooth lawns and winding paths between. On a level spot across the glen we saw a group of peasants all in white, dancing the Romaika. We wanted only the pipe of Strephon or

Corydon to make us feel that we were indeed in Arcadia. From the distance at which the dancers were our imagination had full play, and might picture the shepherds and shepherdesses as worthy personally, no less than locally, of the poet's praise :—

Stay, gentle swains ; for though in this disguise
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renownèd flood so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs as great and good,¹ &c.

This dance has been supposed to be traditionally derived from the Cyclic dance of the ancients ; but of course this cannot be proved. The figure is such as would suggest itself without the teaching of tradition ; I have seen children in England dancing the Romaika many a time. An indefinite number of men and women of all ages take hold of hands and go round and round, with a hop and a slide, to a low monotonous chant, which keeps time, but cannot be said to have any tune.

At noon we reached the little hamlet of Bartzi, on the top of a hill looking over the Alpheus, which, issuing from a narrow pass to our right, spreads out over a wide bed of sand and gravel. Beyond it are swelling downs, high table-lands of pasturage, dotted with green trees and olive-brown shrubs ; the lower ground and sheltered hollows arable ; chequered squares of corn and fallow, with a village here and there, scattered about the slope. The

¹ Milton's *Arcades*.

houses at Bartzi are roughly built of limestone with alternate layers of clay, roofed with yellow tiles. After two hours' rest we crossed the river—here a wide and shallow stream—by the ford called 'of Bartzi;' and following the right bank, across meadows of asphodel, we met whole families of Vlachi, that is to say, Albanian shepherds, migrating to the summer pasture-grounds high up in the hills, with all their flocks, and a few horses and donkeys carrying their household stuff, beds, chicken-coops, and children. The women wore a kind of black coat without sleeves. By-and-bye we came to the Ladon, the stream of which was much deeper and stronger than that of the Alpheus. Hence the modern name, 'Rouphia,' which is unquestionably derived from 'Alpheus' and below the point of junction applied to the united stream, is above this point given, not to the stream which in ancient times was the upper Alpheus, but to the Ladon, as contributing the larger body of water; though when the direction of the course is taken into account, the other has a right to be considered the principal river. The precise description of Pausanias (v. 7, 1) enables us to identify the ancient Alpheus and its confluent. If the asphodel be allowed to pass muster as a lily, the poet again speaks no more than the literal truth of 'sandy Ladon's liliated banks.' An hour more brought us to the Erymanthus, a narrow stream flowing over gravel between abrupt cliffs of pudding-stone. Climbing up the further bank, we crossed first open pastures, and then a forest of fine trees, pine and oak, now scattered now clustered, in that wild variety which is so pleasing to our national taste. By-and-bye we descended, and came again to the banks of the Alpheus. On the

other side are a succession of sandy hills, thick with pines, and narrow well-watered valleys between. Somewhere among those recesses was Skillos, where Xenophon passed the quiet years of his life, writing, farming, hunting, offering sacrifice to Artemis and all the other gods, and training his boys to be virtuous, brave, and pious like himself. The want of power and profundity which critics complain of in his works is compensated by that easy grace and serenity of style which make you feel that the author was a happy man. When I read him I think of Addison. It is the fashion now to sneer at his history for want of patriotism, and at his *Cyropædia* because it is not practical; at the *Memorabilia* because it is not like the *Phædo*; and at the minor works because few people ever read them. Whatever be the justice of such criticism, we must remember that his sons, trained by his system, and on his principles, grew up to be models of manly beauty and prowess, mighty hunters and great soldiers; that one died for Athens on the field of battle, and that both were honoured with statues plain for all folk to see before the propylea of the Acropolis.

We had been promised a superb night's lodging in a new khan, so new that there had not been time for it to get dirty, much less dilapidated; but oh! 'the fallacies of hope,' if I may use the phrase after J. M. W. Turner. The landlord was gone to a wedding, and had taken the key in his pocket. In this perplexity, after a vain effort to break open the door, we betook ourselves to a cluster of shepherds' summer huts, the *kalyvia* of Miria by name, and induced a family to vacate one of them and make it over to us for the night. It was of an oval shape, made

of a rude wicker-work, with a steep roof supported on two poles, and entered by a door about four feet high. It was of course not proof against any weather. Fortunately the night, which had threatened storm, was windy, but not wet; and under the shelter, such as it was, of the kalyvion, we enjoyed as sound sleep as any of the shepherds or their flocks.

We left our kalyvion at half-past seven on a fresh, sunny morning. Scarcely two miles off we passed a prosperous-looking village among vineyards on the hill-side. If we had known of its proximity the night before, we might have slept under more effectual shelter. In less than two hours we arrived at a place where the hills receding leave a level plain between them and the river—the plain of Olympia. Its length is near three miles; its breadth very various, between the folds of the hills and the windings of the stream. It is now called Andilalo, after a hamlet which once stood on the bank of the stream which bounds it to the westward; and the hamlet was so called because at this point travellers turned up to the left along a valley leading to Lala, a town which had grown into importance during the latter years of Turkish rule. Of all the monuments with which this famous spot was once crowded—so numerous that Pausanias devotes about one-eighth of his whole work to their enumeration—not a trace remains, with the single exception of the ruins of the temple of Zeus. But for them it might have been doubted whether this were Olympia or not. Several causes may be assigned for this more than ordinary devastation. The statues of course would share the fate of all statues—the bronze melted down, the marble burnt into lime. The buildings

have been all pulled down for the sake of their materials. In the Middle Ages there were several important towns and strong castles on the plain of Elis—Andravida, Clarentza, Chlomoutzi, Vlisiri, &c. There were no quarries at hand on the plain, and here, at the gates of the hills, they found stone ready hewn. In later days, too, the Aga of Lala, as Colonel Leake says, found here the most commodious quarry. The nature of the ground, also, has contributed to conceal whatever the rapacity of man has failed to carry away. The soil of the plain is alluvial, and liable to periodical inundations from torrents and from the Alpheus; the hills around are of loose sand, and their conformation is altered by every wind that blows. The places of the stadium and the theatre are probably hidden deep in the hill-side, beneath the roots of many generations of pines. Not many years ago the ruins of the temple must have been hidden in the accumulated earth. They were discovered and dug out by the Turks. Happily, before they had quite carried off all, their sway came to an end; and the more recent excavations by Mr. Stanhope and others were undertaken with a nobler purpose. The size of the fragments had convinced Colonel Leake that these ruins could belong only to the temple of Zeus; and the subsequent discoveries tallying with the description of Pausanias, made the fact quite certain. I have already mentioned the minuteness with which he catalogued all the wonders of Olympia. He seems to have considered it a religious duty. The Eleusinian rites and the Olympic games had, he says, above all things in Greece, an especial share of divine favour; and the same piety which required him to keep silence about the one, prompted him to ex-

patiate on the other. The temple of Zeus was hexastyle, of the Dorian order, with a continuous peristyle. The material was freestone found in the neighbourhood (ἐπιχώριος πῶρος), except the roof, which was of Pentelic marble, cut in the shape of tiles. The pediments were filled with statues, representing, at the eastern face, Pelops and Œnomaus prepared for their chariot race, with Zeus in the middle, and Cladeus and Alpheus reclining on their urns at either end; at the western face, the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. When we call to mind the signification of 'Hippodamia' and the connexion of the temple with the race-course, it seems a coincidence more than accidental that both pediments related to a heroine of this name—the wooing of Hippodamia daughter of Œnomaus, and the marriage-feast of Hippodamia daughter of Atrax.

As the statue of the god inside was inspired in the mind of Phidias by the lines of Homer,¹ so I think it probable that the subject of the sculptures in the eastern pediment was suggested by a passage of Pindar,² where he calls upon his Muse to take for her theme 'Zeus wielder of red lightning and the revered headland of Elis, which of yore Pelops the Lydian hero won, a noble dower of Hippodamia.' It would be appropriate, too, that outside the god should be represented with the attributes of his power, armed with his thunderbolt, seeing that inside he was to be shown in peaceful majesty, sternly resolute and omnipotent by the effort of his will: 'Kronion spake and bowed assent with his dark brows, and the ambrosial locks waved on the king's immortal head, and he shook great Olympus.' There

¹ *Il.* i. 528, sqq.

² *Ol.* ix. 6.

were also compositions in statuary above the doors at either end, representing the labours of Hercules. Fronting the eastern door was seated this famous statue, the master-work of Phidias, and the perfection of ancient art. The flesh was represented in ivory, the dress overlaid with gold, like the Athene of the Parthenon. In his right hand the god held a crowned Victory of similar materials, and in his left hand a sceptre adorned with all the metals, and an eagle perched upon it. The throne, the footstool, the basement, were covered with paintings and statues detached or in relief. Round the throne the pavement was of black marble, the rest white. Immediately about the statue the floor was depressed, in order to hold oil, which supplied to the ivory the moisture required for its preservation. It will be in the recollection of many that it was found necessary to inject oil into the ivory found at Nineveh. In the Parthenon water was used instead, being found to answer the purpose as well, or better. By this exquisite care both the statues had been preserved in pristine perfection for nearly six hundred years. Round the interior, above the columns, ran a sort of triforium, by which people could get behind the statue, and a twisted staircase led up to the roof. Of all this splendour the traveller sees now only some great drums and capitals and broken stones lying in a pit among heaps of rubbish and tufts of shrubs. We found there some pieces of pavonazetto which seemed as if they had formed part of a pavement. Perhaps they supported some later offerings. It is possible, also, that the temple was converted into a church, and they may have been used in its decoration. The Greeks in the classic times made no use of any of the coloured marbles

which they might have had for the quarrying. The black was used, as here and in the propylea at Athens, but only for pavement. A great many tortoises were crawling in the sun over the stones. Among the ruins is a flourishing wild olive, perhaps a descendant of the very 'kallistephanos,' the sacred tree brought by Hercules from the fountains of Ister, 'beyond the north wind, to be a shelter common to all men, and a crown of noble deeds.'¹ The 'noble palm,' the 'palm of Elis,' which the Latin poet speaks of, was really only the kotinos, or wild olive. A hundred yards south of the temple is another apparently Roman building, which cannot be identified. To the north is a low sandy pine-covered hill, which, in default of a worthier claimant, we must suppose to be the famous mountain of Kronos, which Pindar, in the set phrase of conventional compliment, calls ὑψηλοῖο πέτρα ἀλίβατος Κρονίου. This is another instance which should teach us not to expect literal accuracy from the Greek poets, especially from such as, like Pindar, were paid for their praise. In this case the sanctity and celebrity of the spot justified the application of epithets which, on material grounds, were utterly beside the mark. Colonel Leake speaks of a tumulus north of the temple. It appeared to me that the 'tumulus' was in reality part of the hill of Kronos, for their level sandy strata corresponded exactly. It appears to have separated from the hill in recent times, for the purpose of carrying an artificial watercourse between. In the complete absence of all traces it is vain to speculate on the positions of the stadium and hippodrome. The former was pro-

¹ Pindar, *Ol.* iii. 18.

bably in one of the recesses formed by the hills, and the hippodrome which adjoined, as we infer from Pausanias, its lower extremity, perhaps ran at right angles to it along the level. There would scarcely be room, otherwise, between the end of the stadium and the bank of the river. There are no remains in all Greece which can be identified as belonging to a hippodrome. Hippodromes were always on flat ground, such as would be brought under cultivation when they were disused; and the banks around, not being so high as those of a stadium, the space for spectators being so much greater, would be soon levelled by the plough.

Nowhere, perhaps, in Greece or the world is the contrast so marked as at Olympia between the present desolate aspect and the busy past history of a place. The remark is trite and obvious, but it would be mere affectation not to make it again. Every four years the games here celebrated drew together crowds of men owning the Hellenic name, from Marseilles to Kertch, from Cyrene to the coasts of Thrace. With scarcely an interruption they were held at the appointed time for at least eleven hundred years. Because games with us are matters of little consequence, sneered at by grave men, and denounced by pious men, we are apt to think lightly of the games of antiquity. But this is a great error. To the Olympic games we owe not merely the odes of Pindar, but the chronology of all history, literary or political. Amid all the intricacies and complications of policy, through all changes of fortune in the component states, in spite of pestilence and war, the Olympic festival recurred with the regularity of a solar phenomenon. Hence, to the earliest

compilers of general history it suggested itself naturally as a date which should supersede all others. Of all modern nations the English are most passionately attached to the athletic exercises by which the Greeks set so much store; but we have no gathering among us which can afford anything like a parallel to the ancient festivals. If we could suppose all the best horse-races, foot-races, prize-fights, and wrestling matches, all the May meetings and musical festivals, to be fixed for the same place at the same time, and then conceive not merely that the Houses of Parliament should adjourn to attend, but even that in time of war a truce should be proclaimed during their celebration—imagine the assemblage of men of English blood from the furthest corners of the known world, to all of whom, and to their children, the name of the victor in the principal race would form an epoch and a date never to be forgotten, superseding that of the monarch or the president—if, I say, we can form such a picture as this, we shall have some idea of what the festival of Olympia was to the old Hellenic world.

The last Olympiad, the 293rd, was celebrated in the year 393 of our era. The last victor, the last successor of the dynasty of Coræbus the Elean, was Varastad, an Armenian, who called himself a Roman. About the same time the statue of Zeus was carried off to Constantinople, where it perished in a fire in the year 476. When the statue was removed, the temple was perhaps converted, as I have said, into a church, perhaps into a ruin. There is no record either of the time or manner of its destruction. The temple, reared on so grand a plan by Libo, and decorated with such costly skill by Phidias and Alcamenes, the

object of the reverence, admiration, and munificence of all the civilized world for centuries, perished at last by ignorance or fanaticism, and its fall caused not a murmur of regret. Like the fate of many a monarch who, born in the purple, surrounded with homage in the day of his power, and at last 'bankrupt of majesty,' is left to die by unknown hands, and buried without an epitaph.

After staying three hours and a half among and about the ruins, we resumed our journey. Crossing the Cladeus, we soon came to a wide sandy plain, which, I think, may dispute with the plain of Olympia the site of the battle of Prinitza, in which the gallant Frankish cavaliers defeated an army of Greeks ten times more numerous. The name Prinitza, like so many other names, has disappeared, either because the place itself is gone, or because occupiers of another race have given it a new name; but it is clear from the Chronicle that the battle took place in a plain in the lower valley of the Alpheus, and on the right bank of the river; and as the object of the Franks was to prevent the enemy's advance into Elis, it is evident that they would engage as soon as the Greeks were come into ground sufficiently wide for the cavalry to attack with advantage.

In front of us was the mouth of the Alpheus. A rocky strip of land stretches into the sea from the north side, crowned with a ruined castle which played an important part in medieval history. It was called by the French Beauvoir, and by the Greeks Pondikokastro, or 'Water-rats' Castle.¹ In two hours we crossed another river,

¹ The French in their turn gave a facetious name to the castle of

and came to a little village called Koukoura, where the peasants were swinging in a tree in honour of St. George, whose festival it was. From a rising ground close by we looked over a wide extent of level plain and sea, with the island of Zante in the background. By-and-bye we came in sight of Pyrgo, a considerable town of scattered white houses, lying on a sunny well-watered slope among vineyards and clumps of trees. We put up at the house of one Aristides Elianopoulos, a breeder of silkworms, which were piled tray upon tray in every corner of the house except that which was devoted to our use. There is an English vice-consul at Pyrgo, a Greek by birth, who, hearing of our arrival, came in all haste to express his regret that we had not gone to stay with him. We found, also, a friendly Zantiote who, volunteering his services as guide, took us about the town. At every convenient level spot there was a group formed to dance and to look on at the Romaika. I cannot believe that this dreary, monotonous performance is descended from any dance, Cyclic or other, of the ancient Greeks. Only a phlegmatic semi-oriental people could take any pleasure in it.

Akova, which was one of the posts commanding the turbulent district of Scorta, 'Mategriphon' or 'Trap for Greeks.'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PLAIN OF ELIS—PATRAS.

THE next day's ride was one of the longest and dullest of the whole journey, over the flat plain of Elis. And yet the road commanded views of the mountains and the sea which would have charmed us if we had been entering the Peloponnese and had not been feasting our eyes for many days past on its various beauty. Riding through the vineyards which surrounded Pyrgo, we came to a low level, crossed by a road bordered with wet ditches, broken down in places and deep in mud. Far away to the right the burnished helm of Mount Olonos was shining in the sun. After surmounting a sandy hill, we came upon higher and dryer ground, partially cultivated, with olive-girt villages far apart and now and then a lonely house. On the right ran the low range of hills on which stood the city of Elis; on the left the promontory of Clarentza, 'the revered headland of Elis,'¹ which was once an island, but long ages before Pindar's time had been joined to the continent by the alluvium of the Peneus. The central height is crowned by the towers of a fortress called by

¹ Pindar, *Ol.* ix. 7. Cyllene, afterwards Clarentza, was the port of Elis, and the ordinary landing-place for those who came from over sea to Olympia. Hence the mention of it by the poet of Thebes.

the Italians Castel Tornese, and by the Greeks Chlomoutzi. The derivation of the latter word is evidently, says Colonel Leake, from the Romaic word *χελμὸς χλομὸς*, which is applied to hills of a regular form. It may be doubted, however, whether it be not merely a corruption of Clairmont, the name given to it by Geoffrey de Villehardouin, who built it in 1218–1220 A.D. Over the sea lay the island of Zante, so clear that we could discern the white houses of the town and the walls of the fort which crowns the hill behind. We crossed the Peneus, now called Gastouni, about three in the afternoon. The town from which the river derives its modern name lay some few miles on the left, and received its name, as Colonel Leake conjectures, from some follower of the French conquerors named Gaston. Andravida, the French capital, was not far from Gastouni, on the other side of the river. About half-past five we came to the forest, which consists of oaks in the dryer parts, with alders and willows fringing the marshy ground. We had here a heavy shower; and as it cleared off we caught glimpses of the sun setting over the sea and shining on the lagoons which line the shore. The level rays shone so brightly upon the young green leaves, that to our dazzled sight the trunks seemed pink and the shadows purple. We had many deep water-courses to cross, and muddy paths overhung with thicket to force our way through, before we arrived at our destined place of rest. When we did arrive the daylight and our patience were both spent.

Ali Tchelebi, bearing the name of a former Turkish proprietor of the estate, is not a village nor even a hamlet. It consists of two tenements—the one a khan, the other a

metoki belonging to the famous convent of Megaspelion. This latter is a building of considerable height, pierced with scanty and irregular windows. The door is perhaps twelve feet above the ground; and you get access to it by a flight of stone steps and a bridge of planks easily removable in time of danger. Besides these precautions, there is a strong crenelated wall surrounding the courtyard, now in these peaceful days falling to ruin. We chose, I forget why, to stay in the convent rather than the khan. We were at first refused admittance, on the plea that the abbot of Megaspelion himself and some of the brethren had come, and there was no room. Just as we were moving away the monk, who had opened the door, called us back, bade us enter, and showed us up a dark stair to a large room occupying nearly the whole of one story, which, notwithstanding our reclamations, the abbot and his suite insisted upon vacating in our favour.

Next morning, as we were preparing to start, we found that one of our boys had fallen sick and one of our horses lame, so that the weight to be carried was increased and the carrying power diminished. After many groans and complaints, which might more fitly have come from the other horses which had the extra burden to bear, the thing was arranged, and both the invalids were brought safely to Patras, where a rest of two days restored them. The wood through which we rode consisted of scattered oaks, of the kind which produces the *Vallonia*, one of the principal articles of export from the district. About three miles from the convent is the *Larusus*, a small stream, which in old times divided the territory of Elis from Achaia. In three hours we came to the edge

of the wood, and rested under an oak beside a somewhat scanty fountain for two hours and a half. We looked over a glen whose sides were planted with vines and maize, and over the nearer hills peeped the snowy ridges of Olonos. From this place a ride of three hours and a half brought us to Patras. After crossing a considerable stream, which must be the Peiros of Pausanias (vii. 18, 1) and the Melas of Strabo (p. 386), being described by each as forty stades from Dyme and eighty from Patras, we rode along the edge of the shore, having on the right hand the fertile plain and terraced slopes of Patras, backed by the graceful lines of Mount Voidia, and on the left hand the narrow sea, looking even narrower than it is, with the bold mountain-barrier of Ætolia beyond. Opposite to Patras rises immediately out of the sea the abrupt mountain called Kakeskala, upwards of three thousand feet high, and in shape not unlike the roof of a pavilion of the Louvre. Turning round towards the open sea, Ithaca lies full in view, an insect of an island, almost cleft in two by a deep bay; and beyond it the towering height of Cephalonia. Some have suggested that Homer calls Ithaca 'low' because it is so in comparison with the Black Mountain in the neighbouring island of Cephalonia; but this explanation does not meet the difficulties of the passage.¹

As we entered Patras we met a funeral. The coffin, as is the custom, was open. The corpse, that of a young woman, was dressed in gay clothes; the face was bare, and the mouth covered with a piece of scarlet riband. In front

¹ Vide page 205.

the coffin-lid was borne upright, hung with wreaths of flowers, and before that a large cross. The attendants sang a low, monotonous chant as the procession moved along. The coldness and stillness of Death strike the mind with a sudden shock of awe, when seen beneath the rays of a cloudless sunshine and beside the ripple of glancing waters.

Of the twelve cities of Achaia, Patras is the only one which has retained its ancient name and preserved a continuous existence among all the changing fortunes of Greece. This it owes not merely to its excellent commercial situation, but also to the obvious recommendations which it offered as a military and naval position to the various Western nations who from time to time have gained, or aimed at, the sovereignty of the Peloponnese.

Augustus, after the battle of Actium, made it a Roman colony. It was the seat of a Greek, and afterwards of a Latin archbishopric. It was the first citadel which was taken by the French invaders in 1205, and one of the last which was abandoned two centuries afterwards by the Venetians. It was the first place against which Andrew Doria, the great Genoese admiral, directed his efforts in 1532. Here Morosini, the Venetian, landed in 1687, and after defeating ten thousand Turks commanded by Mehemet Pasha, under the walls of the town, captured it without further opposition. During the Venetian domination it was one of the four capitals of the Morea, the others being Nauplia, Monemvasia, and Navarino. It was the first place captured by the Greek insurgents in 1821, and through the disastrous years which followed suffered grievously on all hands. No place paid a dearer

price for liberty ; but its natural advantages endow it with an obstinate vitality in spite of all the calamities of war. In ancient Pagan phrase, Ceres and Minerva protect the city against the enmity of Mars. In Pausanias's time a great number of women were employed in the manufacture of ladies' caps and other vanities, out of the byssus, or fine flax, which grew in the adjoining plain. Now it has found a more abundant source of wealth in the production of the currant,—a source which will never fail so long as England keeps Christmas. The crop of the Peloponnese, in 1856, was estimated by the *Osservatore Triestino* at between thirty millions and thirty-five millions of pounds, fetching in the market a price varying from eighty to seventy-three colonnati for every thousand. The whole amount may be roughly estimated as being worth five hundred thousand pounds sterling. The island of Zante produces about nine million pounds of currants in a good year, but there is an export duty which places them at a disadvantage as compared with their continental rivals ; on the other hand, they are free from the direct taxation which the subjects of King Otho have to pay.

There are two hotels in Patras. That of Great Britain (*παρδοκεῖον τῆς Μεγάλης Βρετανίας*) is clean, good, and cheap ; there is also a Turkish bath for the use of which natives are charged one drachma, foreigners three, and as many more as they can be induced to part with.

Our plan had been to take a boat from Patras, and cross the gulf to Delphi ; accordingly, under the auspices of the English vice-consul (whose courtesy and kindness are ill-requited by being mentioned in a parenthesis), we engaged a trustworthy seaman to take us and our attendants,

rational and irrational, to the Scala di Salona for twenty-four dollars. The bargain was made conditional on the duration of the westerly wind and next day was annulled by a furious scirocco which set in from the east and threatened, in the opinion of the weather-wise, to last a fortnight; it did not, in fact, last three days, but before its cessation we had resumed our journey by land. The scirocco's natural direction is from the south-east; but it is headed round by the mountains at the end of the Corinthian gulf, and blows down it, as through a funnel, from the east, or from a point north of east. During the settled weather of summer the prevailing breezes are westerly, with this exception, that every morning, about an hour after sunrise, a sharp breeze sets in from the gulf and dies away as the day advances. This fact illustrates the account given by Thucydides (ii. 83) of the operations of Phormion. In the summer of 429 B.C. the Corinthians and other allies of Sparta fitted out a fleet of forty-seven vessels to convoy troops into Acarnania. Phormion, who had been stationed at Naupactus with twenty ships, was watching them as they coasted along the southern shore, keeping on the other side a little in advance. His ships were indeed not half as numerous, but less heavily laden, and manned with more skilful crews. He made no attack so long as the enemy kept in shore; but knowing that they must cross somewhere, he reserved his attack till he could make it at a favourable time, when they should be in the middle of the gulf and he should have room to execute the *periplus* and other manœuvres in which the superiority of his force consisted. It was a game of skill against number. The enemy had

brought up for the night at Patras, Phormion at the mouth of the Evenus on the opposite side; the Corinthians hoping by that means to get over unnoticed, weighed anchor in the night;¹ but Phormion observed the movement, met them, and compelled them to fight in the open sea, midway. The enemy then arrayed themselves for defence, placing their triremes' prows outwards in a circle as large as they could without giving room for the Athenians to break through, and putting the transports inside. The Athenians meanwhile kept sailing round and round—executing the *periplus*, and by feigned attacks driving them into a still narrower compass, having orders, however, not to attack really till their commander gave the word; for he was waiting for the breeze out of the gulf, which generally blew towards daybreak; thinking that with so many transports huddled together among the ships of war, they would be thrown into utter confusion. At last down came the expected breeze; ship ran foul of ship, and the crews, engaged in pushing them apart with their poles, shouting and abusing one another, neither heard the word of command nor the boatswain's whistle, and being lubberly seamen, could not get their oars to work in the swell, and the ships consequently having no way on them, did not obey the rudder. The battle was

¹ I venture here to read ἀφορμισάμενοι, a word which, though justified by analogy, is so rare that it has been corrupted in the MSS. to ὑφορμισάμενοι. They brought up every evening as a matter of course, so did Phormion. The unusual move which they hoped to make, without his perceiving it, was the weighing anchor over night—an operation too important for the story to be left to be inferred by the reader.

already won when Phormion gave the word of command. The Athenians captured twelve ships, and the rest fled to Patras and Dyme.

The only point in this narrative which presents any difficulty is that Thucydides makes the breeze set in towards daybreak (*ἐπὶ τὴν ἑω*), whereas my informant at Patras stated that it blew about an hour after. This is a discrepancy of little moment to the story; such as it is, it tends to prove that Thucydides had never himself resided in the neighbourhood. Indeed, as he states the distance between Rhium and Antirrhium, at the mouth of the gulf, to be seven stades, whereas it is really about twice as far, I am inclined to suppose that he never saw the scene of the actions which he describes with such admirable force and vividness. There is no reason to suppose that the strait was ever narrower than it is; and though Thucydides's informant, who perhaps had never thought of the distance when on the spot, might easily be so far wrong in his impression, it is impossible that any one measuring it with his eye should not have come nearer to the truth. This historian's account of the second sea-fight, at the close of the same summer, would lead a reader, unassisted by a map, to suppose that the breadth of water inside the mouth of the gulf was much less than it really is. The fact is, that the difference in this respect is not very great between the inside and the outside, certainly not enough to justify the distinctive names of *ἐνρυχωρία* and *τὰ στένα*. Besides, if the Peloponnesians stationed at Panormus sailed, as they are described in chap. 90, 'towards their own shore inside, in the direction of the gulf,' it would not have suggested to Phormion the

notion that they meant to attack Naupactus. I am not sure that I have made my meaning clear, or can do so without entering into tedious detail; but as I sat on one of the sandy hills east of Patras, and read the history in full view of the scene, I felt confident that the writer would have written differently if he had been there. Among other points it is not explained why Phormion did not station himself at Naupactus. The inference you draw from the narrative is, because there was not sea room between it and Panormus to fight in, and that I conceive to have been the impression on the author's mind; but in reality there is space enough for all the manœuvres of which the best fleet was capable—five miles at least.

In those days the town of Patrai stood upon the ridge of hills which is separated from the sea by the alluvial plain. This is shown by a passage in Thucydides (v. 52), where it is said that the inhabitants, at the suggestion of Alcibiades, extended their walls to the sea. Being Achæans by blood, they had no sympathies with the Dorians, and had declared openly for Athens as soon as she appeared to be strong enough to protect them. These walls were to secure their communications with their allies, then masters of the sea, and to prevent a blockade of their city by the enemy. From the description of Pausanias we gather that the new city of Augustus extended to the sea, and probably occupied in great part the site of the modern town, having its Acropolis, where the castle now stands, at the extremity of the ridge. The Turkish town, again, occupied the site of the ancient Hellenic city; and now that the sea is as free from pirates as in the reign of Augustus, the new Patras, like the Roman colony, is built

in the most natural and convenient site, close to the shore. The Acropolis of which Pausanias speaks occupied probably the place of the present castle. Within it were the temples of Artemis-Laphria and other deities. In the outer wall I observed a mutilated statue, an Ionic capital, and several columns built into the wall horizontally with the bases outwards, and many blocks which had been squared by some Hellenic hand. This part of the building belonged, doubtless, to the Byzantine castle which the Crusaders took with so little trouble. Close to the walls of this castle stood the church of St. Theodore, the cathedral of the metropolitan see of Patras, which, in enlarging the castle, the French partly destroyed. A letter of Pope Innocent III. to Geoffrey, Prince of Achaia, is still extant, in which he repeats the complaints of the unfortunate archbishop, how that his throne had been destroyed, the bones of his predecessors dug up, &c. Some of the French, too, broke into his house, seized his steward, who had fled for protection to his master's arms, and, to use the pope's words, 'cruelly amputated his nose, only because he had faithfully defended the church's rights.' The prelate himself was kept for five days in a 'dire prison.' I observed on the walls of the castle a bird, somewhat rudely carved, representing an eagle or a falcon. If the former, it may have been the cognizance of Guillaume de Alaman, first baron of Patras; if the latter, it may have been put there by one of the family of Saint Omer, hereditary grand-marshals of Achaia, and whose original family name was Falconberg.

As you enter Patras from the west there is a large new church dedicated to St. Andrew. It is the only church I

saw in which the artists employed to paint the altar screen with figures of saints have ventured to abandon the stiff angular Byzantine type. Close to the church is a well called also after St. Andrew, and believed to possess miraculous powers of healing. It is covered over with Byzantine masonry, and the descent to it is by a flight of steps. This is the only spot in the modern town which can with anything like certainty be identified with the description of Pausanias. A stream or a fountain survives many successive buildings, and a local superstition attached to either has the best chance of permanence. A tradition, to be lasting, must be writ on water.

‘ There is a grove by the seaside affording commodious promenades and pleasant recreation in summer-time. Close to it is a sanctuary of Demeter, and in front of it a spring with a stone wall over it on the temple side, with a descent made to it from the outside. There is an oracle which never fails, not dealing with all subjects, but only consulted about sick people. They let down a mirror by a cord, so as just to touch the top of the water, and then, after praying to the goddess and burning incense, they look at the mirror, and it shows them the sick person either living or dead.’¹

The holy well is supposed now to have a healing, not a prophetic power, and the magic of a Pagan goddess is changed into the beneficence of a Christian apostle.

In a garden belonging to a certain M. Kritiko there is a sarcophagus which seems to belong to the Roman times, but is executed with great spirit and truth. In front there

¹ Pausanias, vii. 21, 5.

are six Bacchant children, two and two, and at each corner one. Behind them are garlands in relief. This relic would have found its way to London or Paris before now but for an order of the government forbidding the exportation of works of art. No one can object to the issuing of such an order; but then it should have followed as a corollary to the establishment of museums in the country. As it is, all the antiquities remain in the keeping of those who find them until such time as the Greek treasury shall be rich enough to buy them—which will be about their kalends.

CHAPTER XX.

VOSTIZZA—MEGASPELION.

AFTER three days' stay at Patras, we set off at eleven o'clock in the morning of May the 10th. The scirocco still blew with unabated strength, producing languor and uneasiness in man and beast. This effect is due, I think, not to its heat, but to the fact that, being exceedingly dry, it holds the dust, as it were, in solution. In other words, it is filled with minute and impalpable particles, which get into the throat, eyes, and nose, and stop up the pores of the skin. We had not, however, ridden many miles when it suddenly ceased, and the angry foam of the waters of the gulf gave place to a glassy smoothness. After passing the sand-hills near Patras, we came opposite to the low, marshy spit of land which joins the Castle of the Morea to the shore; and then rode for several hours along a path sometimes dipping down to the shore, but generally keeping along the steep side of hills thickly covered with shrubs, and more sparsely with pines and other forest trees. The sea and the bleak hills on the other side were in sight on our left nearly all the way. About five o'clock we came to a more open country, where the steep hills recede and leave a ledge of fertile land between them and the sea. We saw here and there a village in the midst of vineyards and corn-fields, and shortly after

the large houses of Vostizza appeared in sight. We arrived about seven, and found the whole population at church. On this day and the next there were to be special services to pray for the cure of the grape disease, which had now prevailed for five years. We waited for some time before the door of the house to which we had been recommended, till the crowd poured out of church and came down the street, and among them the portly person of our intended host. He was one of the principal merchants in the place, and we had a letter to him from our kind friend the vice-consul, who was connected with him in business. He seemed at first more surprised than pleased at seeing the group collected round his door; but as soon as he had read the letter, he welcomed us with exceeding cordiality. The house was the largest and the best furnished which we had yet seen in Greece. All the family were in their dresses of ceremony—I think it was the eve of the feast of St. Alexius—the men in white kilts, the ladies in jackets of tight-fitting velvet and wearing red fez caps with long blue silk tassels embroidered with gold. Our host could only speak his own language; but there was a brother-in-law who had studied medicine in Paris, by whose aid we carried on a brisk conversation over the chibouques and coffee.

The failure of the currant-crop was the chief theme. For several years past the grape disease had reappeared as regularly as the fruit set, and neither prayers nor remedies had been found effectual. This year a new remedy was to be tried—powdered sulphur blown on to the grapes with a kind of bellows. Some of the priests opposed the use of human means, but the fathers of

Megaspelion had more worldly wisdom. They had made a bargain with our host whereby he was to furnish the sulphur and apply it to their grapes on condition of sharing half the produce. The experiment proved afterwards perfectly successful, and must have added largely to the treasures of the Kyrios Soteri Panaghiatopoulos.

Vostizza, which beyond all question occupies the site of the ancient Ægium, stands in a beautiful position at the corner of a tableland stretching from the mountains to the gulf. The torrents on either hand have thrust out tongues of alluvial plain into the gulf, and so made something of a sheltered port for the town of Vostizza. On the seaward side is a steep cliff, and between the foot of the cliff and the shore a narrow strip of level ground. Here is a fountain of abundant and excellent water gushing out from sixteen pipes, and close by a magnificent plane-tree, the pride of Vostizza, which, though past its prime, is still the largest in Greece. It measures forty-five feet in girth at a height of three feet above the ground. I have only seen two others which could compare with it—one in the seraglio at Constantinople, the hollow trunk of which is used as a baker's shop, and another between Therapia and Buyukderé. About the trunk of the Vostizza tree—as it was a holiday—a goodly number of men and boys were assembled. It is the *lesche* of the town; and a pleasanter spot for the purpose could not well be imagined. It was early morning in early May, and the place was full of pleasant sights and sounds, such as Theocritus loved—a fountain prattling at our feet; waves rippling on the beach hard by; and overhead the breeze shaking the leaves and tassels of the plane-tree together,

and making the very shadows dance merrily to the music. The fountain, which here, as at Patras, has survived all other antiquities, enables us to tell how this vacant ground between cliff and sea was occupied seventeen hundred years ago. 'In Ægium, by the seaside, is a place sacred to Aphrodite, and after it one to Poscidon, a third to Persephone, and a fourth to Zeus-Homagyrios. In that place are statues of Zeus, Aphrodite, and Athene. The surname Homagyrios was given to the Zeus because Agamemnon assembled in this place all the most notable men in Hellas to deliberate in common how to undertake the expedition against Priam's kingdom. Next to Zeus-Homagyrios is a temple of Demeter-Panachaia. And the shore in which the aforesaid temples belonging to the Ægians are, produces water in abundance from a spring sweet both to look at and to drink.'¹ The epithets of Zeus and Demeter show that here was the meeting-place of the Achæan league, and that this, like Grütli and Runnymede, is one of the holy places consecrated to Liberty.

Livy says (xxxviii. 30): 'From the beginning of the Achæan league the national assemblies were summoned to meet at Ægium—an honour due either to the dignity of the city or the convenience of its position.' This statement is not strictly true. There was an Achæan league from time immemorial, consisting of twelve federated cities. The assemblies were held at Helice, a city about five miles east of Ægium, which was completely destroyed by an earthquake and a consequent irruption of the sea in the year 373 B.C., together with all the inhabitants. The

¹ Pausanias, vii. 24, 1.

country people who survived probably thought it better to join themselves to Ægium, their next neighbour, than to incur the trouble and cost of building a new city, an enterprise from which superstitious motives also would combine to deter them. At all events, Ægium succeeded to the lands and privileges of the submerged city, and became the meeting-place of the league. The peculiar epithets given to Zeus and Demeter date, no doubt, from this time, and are due to this cause. The legend which attributed the first convocation to Agamemnon is curious and significant, both as respects the effrontery with which it was invented and the simplicity with which it was believed. Some time after this the meetings of the Achæan league were interrupted by the Macedonians, who established a petty tyranny in each city. At length, in 281 B.C., the towns of Dyme and Patræ, Tritea and Pharæ, effected their deliverance, and formed the nucleus of a new confederacy. Five years later Ægium obtained its freedom, and was again made, no doubt from the influence of old associations, the place of assembly. It was with this second league alone that the Romans had any connexion, and hence Livy ignores the former.

As I have said, there are no Hellenic remains of buildings; but vast quantities of bricks and pottery attest the existence of the ancient city. Owing to its abundant water and commodious port, and the fertility of its soil and the salubrity of its site, there has probably been a town here in all time, which received its new name from an immigration of Slavonians. The French called it Voustice, and made it one of the twelve great baronies of their principality. Hugh de Charpigny was the first

baron. The tragic fate of his descendant Guy is told in the *Livre de la Conquete* as Froissart himself might have told it.

In the year 1295, when Florence of Hainault was Prince of Achaia, Walter von Liederkerke his cousin, captain of Corinth, and residing in the castle, seized one Photi, a wealthy Greek, and kept him in a dungeon. As the prisoner showed no inclination to pay the ransom required, Walter von Liederkerke had recourse to the form of distress-warrant which Front de Bœuf found so efficacious with the Jews. After Photi had lost two teeth his avarice gave way, and he ransomed the rest for 10,000 'perpers.' Photi having complained in vain to the prince, resolved to take revenge with his own hands. The rest shall be told partly in the words of the chronicler (p. 328).

'Si avint chose ainxi que les aversités et les fortunes entrevienent aux gentils homes et aux prodomes qui vont par cest chetif siecle, que le noble baron, Monseignor Guis de Cherpiegny le Seignor de la Vostice si aloit en cellui temps en une barque par mer de la Vostice a Corinthe ; et ses chevaux et sa maisnie aloient par terre. Et einsi come il aloit par mer, si lui vint voulenté de descendre en terre pour mengier plus aise. Si prist port a un leu que on appelle Saint Nicolas au Figuier a une fontaine qui illeucques est. Et ainxi come il issi en terre en la compaignie de deux chevaliers et quatre escuiers si appareillierent son mengier encoste la fontaine. Et ainxi come il estoit assis et menjoit avec sa compaignie, si avint d'aventure que Foty, que cellui qui adès avoit espies et faisoit gaitier celle voie pour soi revangier se trova a celle contrée avec une bone compaignie de gent qui cher-

goient' (? chaçoient). The baron and his friends seeing the hounds along with the men, took them only for a hunting party. 'Et pour ce les attendoient sans panser nul malice,' and continued their repast. 'Et Foty qui vit Monseignor Guy, qui ressembloit aucques a Monseignor Gautier pour ce qu'il avoit la chiere blanche et estoit blondes, si le feri de l'espée un grant coup sur le chief, si que il le fist embrunchier a terre ; et puis le referi plusieurs autres coups. Et ainxi come il le feroit si va dire : 'Or prenés, Monseignor Gautier, vostre loier.' Et quant la gent de Monseignor Guy oierent nomer Monseignor Gautier et cognurent que ce estoit Foty si escrierent : 'Ha ! Foty, ha ! Foty, que faites vous qui tués le Seignor de la Vostice pour Monseignor Gautier.' When Photi heard this he threw away his sword and began to weep very tenderly, and fell at the feet of the wounded man, and cried him mercy : 'Ha ! sire, ayés pitié et merci de moi et me pardonés car je ne vous cognoissoie mie,' &c. So the friends of Guy took him to the boat and sailed to the port of Corinth, where they arrived the same evening. 'Si mirent Monseignor Guy sus un paleffroy ; et le menerent a la cité a moult grant paine pour ce qu'il estoit navrés au chief d'un coup mortel.'

The 'mires' (*i.e.* médecins) came and examined his wounds, and found one so deep that only a miracle of God could cure it. So knowing that he was not a man who loved falsehood or flattery, they told him all his danger. So he sent for a friar minor, who was a wise man and a good scholar, and to him he confessed, and received the sacrament with much devotion, and then made his will. And after having thus fulfilled all his duties, he only lived

one day. And from his death came great harm to the country of the Morea, for he was a noble man and well beloved.¹

The simple charm of the story is somewhat marred in my abridgment. But even so, my readers will still think it worth the telling. No one can fail to be struck with the vivid picture of a vanished age. We seem to see the white-sailed boat as she comes scudding before the wind down the blue gulf, watched by the darkling crafty Greek, who is beating the coverts on the hill-side for stags, but really in quest of far other game. We can fancy the jovial baron, with his fair face and blond hair, eating his pasty and drinking his malvoisie in the shade beside the spring, with no suspicion of harm and no prescience of fate; we seem to hear the waves rippling on the shingle, and the plane-tree rustling in the wind—six hundred years ago.

Before we left Vostizza we went to the house of M. Demetrios Petmazas to see two statues which had been found close by. They are both about the size of life. The one is a draped female figure with the left hand wrapped up all but the thumb and forefinger. The other, which, as a work of art, appeared to us much superior, represents, probably, Antinous holding a palm-branch.

We then took leave of our host, and set off about nine A.M. for Megaspelion. As we rode through the vineyards which cover the slopes on the south-east side of

¹ Buchon calls Guy the son and successor of the first Baron Hugh; but as he had received the barony ninety years before the tragedy just narrated, at which time Guy was still a man in the prime of life, there was probably one generation at least between them.

the town, where the vines grow luxuriantly among the *débris* of the old city—broken bricks and potsherds—we witnessed a curious ceremony. A priest was carrying the skull of St. Alexius, their most precious relic, accompanied by other priests or acolytes bearing crosses, and a large crowd of people in holiday costume, from vineyard to vineyard, stopping at each and chanting. The object of their intercession was the removal of the disease. After crossing a large river-bed, now nearly dry, in about an hour and three quarters from Vostizza we came to another smaller stream, and turned up its left bank towards the hills. On the opposite side of the ravine is a cavern which, to judge from the artificially smoothed rock and the large holes cut in it, had in old times a vestibule of masonry in front. It may be the cave mentioned by Pausanias as that of Hercules, near the town of Bura. But there is another cave marked in the French map on the eastern side of the next hill. On both these hills are some scanty Hellenic remains, identified on the map with Korynæa and Bura respectively. If this be right (and the text of Pausanias seems so far to favour it), then the cave of Hercules is the other cave, as it was clearly to the north-east of Bura; but a difficulty arises as to the river Crathis and the town of Ægira. From Pausanias, one would infer that the river Crathis was very near the cave (vii. 25, 7), and the town of Ægira is stated by him to be only seventy stadia from it—a distance greatly exceeded in the map. Possibly the text is not free from corruption. At all events, a more accurate examination of the district requires to be made in order to settle the question.

By-and-bye we halted under the shade of a huge

perpendicular cliff of conglomerate, overlaid in places, from top to bottom, with a thick layer of stalactite, formed by the water trickling down its face. The glen up which we had come was thickly grown with myrtles and arbutus. From this point we had higher and more open ground to cross. At noon we reached a khan called 'Makaron,' a little to the south of the ruins which are supposed to mark the site of Bura. The trees afforded scanty shade, but it was a breezy place, and a spring flowing into a pond close by supplied good water and plenty of cresses, now, as of old, called *Kárdama*. From thence the road continues to ascend for forty minutes through a wood—scattered planes and oaks—to the top of a ridge, from which there is a grand view of Mount Khelmos, with its snows and precipices, to the south-east. Turning to the north is a prospect which combines all the elements of picturesque beauty in a way which I had never seen paralleled. Immediately in front are broken masses of mountain, with cliffs grey below and red above, belts of dark pine on the ledges, and tracts of bright green sward on the upper slopes; beyond, looking down the ravine that parts the hills, a strip of plain by the shore, then the blue gulf, and over all the snowy heights of Parnassus and Ætolia. Beauty of form is the unfailing characteristic of Greek scenery; monotony of tint its customary defect. In this prospect the colours are vivid and various in a degree that would be remarkable anywhere. From this point there is a long descent, and nothing worthy of note, except on the hill-side a fountain, which is said to be cold in summer and warm in winter. Herodotus mentions a spring in the desert with a similar property. The obvious

explanation that the water is of uniform temperature and seems therefore cold in the hot season, and *vice versâ*, though our guide scornfully rejected it, is beyond doubt the true explanation. A phenomenon exactly similar is presented by the temperature of a good cellar, and in the case of the spring the natural reservoir is probably so far below the surface that it is not affected by change in the external air.

We cross the stream just before its entrance into a dark, narrow defile between abrupt precipices, and come before sunset to a glen artificially terraced and irrigated, and divided into a multitude of little gardens, the handiwork and property of the monks of Megaspelion. The fruit-trees and hedges were clamorous with nightingales. In a few minutes more we arrived at the gate of the convent. We presented a letter which our host at Vostizza had written to the hegoumenos, were admitted, and after waiting some time below, were conducted up a series of dark staircases to a room in the uppermost story, —the guest-chamber—a room with wainscoted walls and wooden divans, on which carpets were spread for our use. A number of monks visited us in succession. One of them favoured us with a history of the Septuagint translation, which he unhesitatingly attributed to Demetrius Phalereus. The others listened in silence to their learned brother, evidently proud of him.

Next morning we inspected the convent. Of all the convents of the Eastern world, this of the Megaspelion has probably been most frequently visited and most frequently described. I will therefore confine myself to a brief sketch. I have before mentioned, as characteristic of this

region, the perpendicular cliffs of conglomerate. Megaspelion, 'the great rock,' is one of them, rising to the height of three hundred feet at the head of a narrow glen in the midst of steep hills and thick pine woods. The base of the great rock has been scooped out by nature and art, so as to form a huge cavern, of which the deepest recess serves for a church. In front, parallel to the face of the rock, runs a solid wall twenty feet thick, to judge by the eye, though the monks said thirty; and upon this rest the successive stories of the convent buildings, continued up to the face of the overhanging rock, and at each stage becoming more rickety and irregular. The monks affirmed that the height to the topmost story was sixty mètres. This, however, seemed to be as much over the mark as Colonel Leake's estimate of sixty-five feet to fall below it. The effect of the whole, as seen from a little distance in front, is exceedingly grotesque. If the semi-human Aristophanic swallows had set themselves to build a factory in Nephelococcygia, this is the sort of structure that might have resulted. Within all is mean and miserable except the cellars; the library is a narrow closet, holding perhaps 150 volumes deep in mould and dust; of its contents no one could tell us anything. The 'learned brother' was not there. The *Handbook*, I know not on what authority, states that the books are of no great value or curiosity. The only work which we saw deserving mention was a MS. of part of the New Testament, dated ,σ ψ' α', i.e. A.M. 6701 or A.D. 1193. Colonel Leake says, 'There are none but ecclesiastical books in the monastery;' I noticed, however, a printed *Aristotle*, and two or three other profane works. The refectory is a filthy room furnished with

rotten tables and benches. In the dismal cell which serves for a church there is a hideous carving in low relief of the Virgin and Child—the work, they tell us, of St. Luke—before which a single oil-lamp is kept burning. These Greek monks have none of that skill in art which wins our admiration for the Carthusian, nor of that zeal for learning which claims our gratitude for the Benedictine; nor, if outward signs and public opinion may be trusted, have they aught of that devout spirit failing which these institutions are unworthy of respect, are purposeless and mischievous. Before our visit we received warnings from several quarters not to leave anything of value unprotected, as the honesty of the monks was not to be relied on. The insinuation may or may not have been just, for we took care not to put their honesty to the test. I mention it as showing the estimation in which the fathers are held. Of their sordid love of money and shameless importunity we had proof enough. A few hundred yards in front of the convent a little platform, with a fine group of ilex-trees upon it, projects from the hill-side. This is the cemetery. The graves have no name inscribed. A few years after burial the bones are dug up to make room for a new comer, and thrown into a kind of outhouse close by, which is half filled with these ghastly unhonoured relics.

CHAPTER XXI.

STYX.

WE left the convent at half-past eight in the morning of the 12th of May, taking with us a young monk, a native of Solos, and therefore acquainted with the road, to guide us to that place. Among the many tracks which intersect each other in the woods leading to this or that field or pasture tended by the monks, it is very easy to miss the right one, and this is what befel our attendants, who strayed down into the valley instead of climbing the hill. The young monk, standing on a prominent rock, shouted with all the power of his lungs. It was some time before he got an answer, except from the echoes; but at last a far-off shout was heard in reply, and the wanderers by-and-bye rejoined us. We called our monk Philammon, after the hero of Mr. Kingsley's tale. He was wonderfully active and stalwart withal—a handsome, sensual face, with fine dark eyes and a wild mass of black hair hanging down his back. In the excess of his spirits he played all manner of antics, unimpeded by the gown which reached to his ankles. By-and-bye we came upon a large party of monks digging a watercourse in order to irrigate a pasture, busy and seemingly happy in their work. Thence we rode through a wooded glen, opening out here and there into a grassy glade, till at eleven we reached a copious fountain deserv-

ing its name of Krya Vrysis. In another half hour we reached the top of the pass called by the monk 'Skylográimis.'

The prospect northward toward Parnassus and the gulf of Crissa, which is seen winding into the land with beautifully sweeping curves, is scarcely inferior to that of yesterday. On the other side, immediately below us, are enormous precipices of white calcareous stone breaking abruptly into the valley of the Crathis. We descended for an hour by a steep path rough with shale; and before reaching Solos, turned off to the right, under the guidance of 'Philamon,' sending the others to wait for us at the village.

In half an hour more we came in sight of the head of the glen—a grand specimen of mountain scenery. Mount Khelmos here breaks away in a vast wall of precipitous rock many hundred feet high, but choked with a heap of *débris* reaching half way up and sprinkled here and there with meagre pines. Over the jagged line which marks the top of the precipice we see the higher slopes covered with snow, and from a notch in the mountain side a thin stream of water falls down the cliff on to the rugged heap below. Every now and then the stream is lifted by wind and scattered over the face of the cliff, which, elsewhere grey with lichens and weather-stains, is, where thus washed, of a deep red tint. This thread of water is one of the sources of the full clear stream which flows through the glen and joins the Crathis below Solos. The stream and the waterfall are both called Mavro-Nero, or Black-water, and are, beyond question, the same stream and waterfall which in Pausanias's time had the name of Styx. I give here a compressed translation of his narrative:—

‘Westward from Pheneos are two roads—that to the left leading to the city of Kleitor, that to the right leading to Nonacris. In old times Nonacris was a strong place (πόλισμα) of the Arcadians, but in my time only some scanty ruins were to be seen. Not far from the ruins is a high cliff. I know of no other that reaches such an elevation; and down the cliff drips water, and the Greeks call it the water of Styx. The author of the *Theogonia*, whom some think to be Hesiod, has personified the Styx. . . . Above all, Homer has introduced the name of Styx into his poem, for he says in ‘The oath of Hera,’¹ ‘Witness herein be earth, and the broad heaven above, and the falling water of Styx.’ The expression seems as if he had seen the water of Styx dropping. And in the Catalogue² he makes the water of the river Titaesius to flow from the Styx. And he represents the water as being in Hades³ when Athena says that Zeus has forgotten how by her means he saved Hercules: ‘For had I known these things in my cunning mind, what time Eurystheus sent him to the place of Hades that keeps his gate fast, to bring from Erebos hateful Hades’ dog, he had not ’scaped the sheer streams of Styx.’

‘The water that drops from the cliff beside Nonacris falls first on to a high rock, and after passing through the

¹ Homer, *Iliad*, xv. 36—

ἴστω νῦν τόδε γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὑπερθε
καὶ τὸ κατειβόμενον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ.

² Ibid. ii. 756—

ὄρκοῦ γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατος ἔστιν ἀπορρώξ.

³ Ibid. viii. 369.

rock, runs down to the river Crathis. This water gives death to man and every other animal. Glass, crystal, agate, and earthenware are shivered, and horn, bone, and metals rotted by this water. The only thing which can contain it is a horse's hoof. It is said that Alexander the Great was poisoned by this water, but I do not know the truth of the story.¹

The belief here expressed by Pausanias in the identity of the Arcadian waterfall and the Homeric Styx seems to have been accepted by all subsequent travellers and modern geographers. It is a belief which one is glad to share and loath to disturb. We clutch eagerly at every visible link connecting the present with the past; we feel an indescribable pleasure in looking upon an object which we suppose Homer to have seen, if not with the bodily, at least with the mind's eye, and in finding an illustration of unchanged nature in the works of immortal genius. It is, however, worth while to examine the point more narrowly—even at the risk of giving a rude shock to sentiment—because the solution of the question is an important step towards estimating the geographical significance of Homeric poems generally. If the author of those poems had seen or known of this waterfall in the wildest valley, and in the very centre of the Peloponnese, the fact would lead us to infer a similar knowledge of the topography of other parts of Greece. Indeed, he who was acquainted with her secluded mountain-wildernesses would certainly be familiar with her cultivated plains and 'well-built' cities.

¹ Paus. viii. 17, 4, and 18, 1-2.

We have, then, to discuss this question : Is Pausanias right in identifying this waterfall with the Homeric Styx ? It appears to me that the very passages he has quoted, taken with their context, prove the contrary. In the oath of Hera calling to witness heaven and the earth and the waters under the earth, the Styx is obviously conceived by the poet as belonging to and representing the under-world. In any other sense the witnesses invoked by Hera are not co-ordinate or homogeneous. The same words occur in the *Odyssey* (v. 184). This inference follows, also, from a consideration of the passage from the catalogue. The river Titaresius, which is a tributary of the Peneus, is an 'arm' or outlet of the Styx, which here again is in the mind of the poet a river of the under-world,—not a mere thread of water trickling down a rock, but a great abounding flood, of which one of the rivers of upper earth is a fraction. Similarly in the *Odyssey*,¹ when Circe directs Ulysses on his voyage to Hades, he is to cross the stream of ocean far beyond the confines of the inhabited world and to moor his ship on the further shore, 'where to Acheron flow Pyriphlegethon and Cocytus, which is an outlet of the water of Styx.' The third passage quoted by Pausanias scarcely needs comment. He himself remarks that the Styx there mentioned is in Hades. Strange that he should suppose it to be also in Arcadia. It may be observed, too, that Homer,² speaking of the Arcadians in the catalogue, mentions Mount Cyllene, the tomb of Æpytus, and nine cities, but says not a word about the Styx. If in this same catalogue he makes such espe-

¹ Hom. *Od.* x. 514.

² Hom. *Il.* ii. 603.

cial mention of the Titaresius, an arm of the Styx, surely he would not have omitted all notice of the Styx itself.

But in truth all the natural features, rivers or mountains, which are connected with the earliest forms of Greek mythology, with the vague horrors of Pelasgian superstition as distinguished from the anthropomorphic realism of the Hellenes, are to be found north of the Corinthian gulf. To return to the Styx. The Homeric ideal is that of a great river falling down in a sheer cataract to the underworld, and then running with a mighty stream to infinite distance, flowing as well beneath the roots of the Thessalian hills as below the palace of Hades beyond the ocean stream. In the *Theogonia* we have a description of the Styx much more detailed than the aggregate of Homer's allusions, but in the main so accordant with them, as to furnish a strong ground for claiming for this part of the poem an antiquity scarcely less than for the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. There Styx is represented both as a person and a river. 'As far below the earth as earth is below heaven, where the Titans are imprisoned beneath the roots of earth and sea, where Day and Night meet and greet each other, where dwell the dread brethren Death and Sleep, on whom the sun never shines, where the palace of Hades and Persephoneia is guarded by the hateful dog—there dwells also the goddess, hateful to immortals, Styx, eldest daughter of reflux Ocean, in halls over-roofed with lofty rocks, apart from gods. Thither Zeus sends Iris to bring from that far place the mighty oath of gods in a golden ewer—that renowned water cold that pours down from a rock huge and high—and with copious stream it flows beneath wide earth through black night from the sacred river

(ocean)—a horn of ocean, the tenth part thereof. Nine parts of ocean roll in silver eddies round land and water, and then fall into the sea, but the tenth part pours from a rock, mighty bane of gods.’¹ Then, after detailing the penalties which the gods must pay for perjury, if they have sworn by this water, the poet proceeds, ‘Such an oath did the gods make the water of Styx imperishable primeval, which she sends through a rugged region.’

Pausanias has not quoted nor alluded to this part of the *Theogonia*, though he says that when he read that part in which Styx is called the wife of Pallas (383 sqq.) he thought it not genuine. He has told us that gold, like other metals, is incapable of holding this wonderful water, yet in the *Theogonia* we see that Iris fetched it in a golden ewer. I should like to have seen the matter-of-fact gravity with which he would have endeavoured to reconcile the discrepancy.

Let us now turn to the passage of Herodotus which is generally adduced to confirm the statements of Pausanias. The historian is speaking of Cleomenes who, he says, was organizing a confederacy of Arcadians against Sparta, and was particularly anxious to insure their fidelity by assembling the chiefs at Nonacris, and exacting an oath from them on the water of Styx.² ‘Now, the Arcadians say

¹ Hesiod, *Theog.* 719–806. I have omitted what had no reference to my immediate subject.

² Herod. vi. 74—ἐν δὲ ταύτῃ τῇ πόλει λέγεται εἶναι ὑπ’ Ἀρκάδων τὸ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ καὶ δὴ καὶ ἔστι τοίονδ’ ἐπὶ ὕδωρ ὀλίγον φαινόμενον ἐκ πέτρης στάζει εἰς ἄγκος τὸ δὲ ἄγκος αἵμασις τις περιθέει κύκλος. This account accords in the main with that of Theophrastus (Leake, iii. 162), who describes the water as dropping ‘from a sort of bit of a rock—ἐκ

that in this city is the water of Styx, and there actually exists what I am about to describe. A little water appearing from a rock, drops into a hollow, and round the hollow runs a kind of circular wall. And Nonacris, in which this fountain is situated, is a city of Arcadia near Pheneos.' It will, I think, be obvious to any one acquainted with Herodotus's style, that he is here speaking of what he has himself seen; and to me it is equally obvious that the description does not apply to Styx of Pausanias. What Herodotus saw was a scanty source of water, probably within the walls of Nonacris, which fell drop by drop into a pool, around which a wall protected the sacred and precious water from the touch of profane persons; not a mountain torrent pouring over a rock hundreds of feet sheer down into a gorge choked with the ruins of the mountain, to which only an adventurous mountaineer could gain access, and whither in all likelihood no human foot had ever climbed; for no goat would stray there in search of pasture, and among the old Greeks, the most matter-of-fact people that ever existed, there were no amateurs ready to peril life and limb for the sake of varying the monotony of civilized life or satisfying a vague sentimental craving for the horrors of nature. The Styx of Herodotus,

τινος πετριδίου—a singular phrase to apply to that which was the highest precipice Pausanias had ever seen. Even Plutarch's notion of Styx—or, properly speaking, the notion of the writers from whom he copied—seems to have been a kind of dropping-well which hardly even dropped. Speaking of the poison given to Alexander, he says (*Alex.* 77), τὸ δὲ φάρμακον ὕδωρ εἶναι ψυχρὸν καὶ παγετῶδες ἀπὸ πέτρας τινὸς ἐν Νωνακρίδι οὖσης ἣν ὥσπερ δρόσον λεπτὴν ἀναλαμβάνοντες εἰς ὄνου χηλὴν ἀποτίθενται.

moreover, had no outlet, else why guard it with a wall ? The modern Styx appears at the foot of the gorge an abundant and perennial river. This again is remarkable. Pausanias had Herodotus at his fingers'-ends, guiding his pen, as one may see constantly by his phraseology ; and in this very passage he uses the word (στράζει) which Herodotus had used ; and yet he never alludes to the historian's account of Styx. How comes this ? The fact is, I believe, that he did not know what to make of it ; he saw that the description did not suit the phenomena, and so abstained from quoting what he could not explain. His employment of the word στράζει, which would assuredly not have been suggested by the waterfall itself, was suggested by Herodotus. The older writer would certainly never have used it for the 'pouring' of a stream ; but in the time of the later writer it may, like many other words, λαλεῖν for instance, familiar to Hellenistic scholars, have lost its special meaning, and have been used in a generic sense for the falling of water, instead of its 'dropping' or 'dripping.' I suppose that when the old Styx had been forgotten among the ruins of the deserted Nonacris, the most remarkable water in the neighbourhood was promoted to the name, and had been firmly established as the Styx before Pausanias's time. A certain rough agreement with the Homeric and Hesiodic words was quite enough to sanction what everybody was glad to believe. In the Island of Ithaca, in the little cove called Dexia, there was a grotto by the sea-shore, which all were agreed to believe was the very grotto where Ulysses hid his treasures after the Phæacians had put him ashore. Now this grotto was ruthlessly blown up by the British government, because it was in the line

of a projected road; but government could not explode the tradition, which has taken refuge in another cave half a mile inland. There it was that Ulysses hid his treasures, &c. And future generations of *dilletanti* will believe in cave No. 2 as devoutly as past generations believed in cave No. 1. And, indeed, why disturb these harmless illusions? If I had thought that my reasons could produce any effect, I would not have said a word. But I feel assured that reason is powerless against sentiment, and that all travellers, in all time to come, will continue to believe in, and to swear by, the Styx. Let them. The great bane of gods can do harm to no man. By the way, I could not learn that there was any ground for the assertion that the neighbouring people have to this day a superstitious dread of the water, and a conviction of its poisonous qualities. Our guide, 'Philammon,' whom I questioned about it, repudiated the charge as an injustice, and, slapping his stalwart thighs, said, 'It was the water of Styx that made these.' As we crossed the river I tasted the water, and found it excellent. Neither its temperature, colour, nor flavour is such as to suggest or support the notion of its having a preternatural origin. When Colonel Leake was at Solos, not one person, not even the schoolmaster himself, had heard of the Styx. The river was then called, like so many other rivers, Mavro-Nero—a complimentary name. A consequential person who, with the other able-bodied inhabitants of Solos, favoured us with his company during our *al fresco* breakfast there, angrily denied the statement, maintained that it had been always called Styx, and grew quite warm on the subject. Since the government decreed the restoration of the ancient

names, Greek patriotism has taken a curiously topographical turn, and the identity of a site is maintained as positively as a political commonplace elsewhere. Few men have patience to make themselves learned, but, failing that, any one can be dogmatic and pedantic—and all are.

The village of Solos stands on a slope overlooking the confluence of the so-called 'Styx' with the river Crathis, the latter still retaining traces of its ancient name in 'Akratá.' Leaving Solos at 4 P.M.—an hour too late, as our habit was—we followed a path which wound along the slopes on the left bank of the Crathis. The earth hereabouts seems to consist of broken shale, so that the torrents which in winter-time pour down the hill-sides cut deep gullies for themselves, and oppose a formidable obstacle to the horse and his rider. Owing to the nature of the soil, no permanent pathway can be obtained along the steep banks, and the animals have to crawl as best they may in and out of the ravine by means of a groove in the bank on either side. In one of these places a horse of our cavalcade lost his footing, scrambled, and was within an ace of rolling down the steep. If he had, his rider's travels would have come to an abrupt termination, and the public would have been spared the infliction of the present narrative. Crossing the main stream, we begin a steep climb through pine woods, the path in places resembling a winding stair with interlaced roots for steps. At 6.20 we reach the crest of the ridge which, like the stream born in its bosom, was called anciently by the name of Crathis. A little further on we came to the edge of the descent on the southern side, just where was a break in the forest; and suddenly our eyes were greeted with a scene of which the charm

was enhanced by the surprise. Two thousand feet below us lay a wide expanse of still water deep among the hills, reflecting black pine woods and grey crags and sky now crimson with sunset. Most beautiful at that moment, it must be beautiful at all times. The glory of sunset clouds and the mystery of evening shadows may enhance its loveliness, but the light of common day cannot steal it all. Here, in the heart of Arcadia and Peloponnese—a land where lakes are few and far between, and water so precious and so sacred, that every pool had its legend—is a lake seven miles long and seven miles broad, washing the base of famous Cyllene, which yet has been sung by no poet, mentioned by no historian, described by no geographer from Pausanias to the author of the *Handbook*. Hitherto every spot had been familiar to us by name from boyhood, and the sight of each caused a pleasurable sensation like that which one feels at making a long-desired acquaintance; but now we felt the delight of discovery, such as Livingstone may have felt when he found a new Niagara in the Zambesi, or Pizarro when he ‘stared at the Pacific,’ silent upon a peak in Darien. The French map, it is true, marked a lake on the place; but so the maps give a lake Copais, which grows rice, cotton, and reeds, and is such a lake as surrounds the Isle of Ely; and as our books spoke only of a flat, partly marshy, plain, we were not prepared for a real lake, worthy to be matched for size with Windermere, and for beauty with Lucerne. The mystery was fully explained the next day; meanwhile we made haste to descend. Ere long night fell. The path was steep and stony, and the thick woods overhead made it doubly night. However, about eight

o'clock we emerged from the forest, and found ourselves close to the convent where we were to sleep. It would have been misplaced gratitude to thank our stars for our safety. Indeed we were not yet at the end of our journey. In proposing to pass the night at the convent we had reckoned without our hosts. The doors were fast barred; the monks were asleep, or at least feigned to be so. It could not be real sleep, for they must have been roused by the vigilant clamour of half a dozen sheep-dogs which, left loose about the premises, bayed deep-mouthed defiance as we approached. As usual, they only barked at us, and—after the Anglo-Saxon custom of deodand, which, by the way, was embodied also in the oldest criminal law of Greece¹—avenged themselves by biting the stones we threw at them, thus proving the identity of dog-nature, or the permanence of Cynic tradition, since the time of Plato.² In vain we battered at the gate. The monks were obdurate as their bolts and bars, so we were obliged to move off, our attendants the while venting their wrath in loud and emphatic terms, impugning the orthodoxy of the fathers, and doubting, to say the least of it, their salvation. We made our way in about half an hour, over comparatively level and open ground, to the village of Phonia. People wakened out of their first sleep are naturally sulky, and we met with several successive refusals. In vain the dragoman asserted that we were 'Lordoi,' that is to say, foreigners prepared to pay for shelter—'the rank is but the guinea's stamp'—neither

¹ Demosth. c. *Aristocr.* p. 645.

² *Republic*, v. p. 469.

avarice nor charity availed to open the door. At last the paredros or 'adjoint' of the village was induced to take us in, and save us from an *al fresco* night, which high among the mountains, and early in May, is much too 'fresco' to be pleasant. It was past midnight before we got to bed.

CHAPTER XXII.

PHENEOS—STYMPHALUS.

FOR many ages past, perhaps ever since the establishment of the Adamite world, Poseidon seems to have been disputing with Demeter the possession of the Pheneatic plain. In the Acropolis of the city was a bronze statue of Poseidon-Hippios,¹ the same that smote the rock of the Athenian Acropolis and brought forth a spring of barren salt water, what time Athene beat him in the contest by inventing the olive. Close by, as it seems, was a temple of Athene-Tritonia. Demeter was worshipped by the grateful Pheneates with singular rites, under the three titles of Eleusinia, Kidaria,² and Thesmia. There was an artificial bed made for the river, fifty stades long and thirty feet deep; made, as the people told Pausanias, by Hercules himself; but the obstinate stream had returned to its old channel. 'Most of all gods they honoured Hermes,' which indicates that, having found skill and labour impotent to prevent, and prayers and sacrifice unavailing to avert, the catastrophe which perpetually menaced them, they had come to regard good luck as their best friend.

¹ Pausanias, viii. 14, 4. The details which follow are derived from this and the next chapter.

² Kidaria, probably from *κίδαρις*, an oriental head-dress. The 'Arcadian dance' so called is perhaps a dialectic variety of *κίδαρις*.

The natural phenomena so vitally interesting to the Pheneates themselves are not so much as mentioned by any extant author before Strabo. We need not wonder at this. Pheneos was an insignificant place in the midst of horrid mountains, lying in no one's path. Its name is mentioned once by Homer¹ without even an epithet, and once, quite incidentally, by Herodotus.² Strabo³ quotes Eratosthenes as saying 'that the river Anias converts the ground in front of the city of Pheneos into a fen, and falls into certain narrow channels called *Zerethra*; and when these have been stopped up, sometimes the water overflows on to the plain. This had occurred, according to Pliny,⁴ five times. When Plutarch, if Plutarch it be, wrote the treatise *De Sera Numinis Vindicta*, the whole plain was, and had clearly for some years past been, under water.⁵ When Pausanias was there the plain was dry, and from the vague manner in which he mentions the tradition of a former inundation, we may infer that none had occurred for some time.

After this Pheneos disappears from history. Year by

¹ *Iliad*, ii. 605.

² Herod. vi. 74.

³ Strabo, viii. 8, 5.

⁴ *N. H.* xxxi. 5.

⁵ ἀρ' οὖν οὐκ ἀποπώτερος τούτων ὁ Ἀπόλλων εἰ φερεάτας ἀπόλλυσι τοὺς νῦν ἐμφράξας τὸ βάραθρον καὶ κατακλύσας τὴν χώραν ἅπασαν αὐτῶν, ὅτι πρὸ χιλίων ἐτῶν, ὥς φασιν, ὁ Ἡρακλῆς ἀνασπώντας τὸν τρίποδα τὸν μαντικὸν εἰς Φενεὸν ἀπήνεγκε; no stress is to be laid on the 'thousand years,' which is merely a round number. How was Plutarch to know or to care in what year Hercules committed the burglarious act in question? Colonel Leake's inference that the story of the submersion is untrue, 'otherwise the exact date would have been known,' is unwarranted, and has been signally confuted by the subsequent commentary of nature.

year its waters rose and fell unnoted, except by the rustics thereby dwelling—Arcadian, Sclavonian, Albanian. It reappears in Colonel Leake's pages under the name of Phonia. When he was there in 1806, the state of the plain seems to have been much the same as what Eratosthenes described as its normal condition—partly fen, partly fine dry ground. Its subsequent fortunes were described to us by our host, the paredros of the village, thus: In 1821 the lake began to fill, till at last all the plain was flooded. In the year 1833, 'the year of King Otho's arrival,' he added significantly, as if there was something more than mere coincidence in it, the waters broke away. In 1838 the lake began to fill again, and this time it was owing to the malignity of the people of Lycuria, who stopped up the Katabothra.

Our faith in the accuracy of our informant was somewhat shaken by our further inquiries. On the other side of the lake, about fifty feet, as I guessed, above the present water-level, there is a horizontal line running along the slope of the hill exactly like a high-water mark. 'And,' said the paredros, 'that is the level which the water reached in 1764—time of the Venetians.' As the 'time of the Venetians' had come to an end forty-six years before, we withheld our belief of the rest of the statement. It is, no doubt, of this very mark that Pausanias speaks. 'Once upon a time, when the water overflowed, they say that the ancient Pheneos was submerged ;'¹

¹ Paus. viii. 14, 1.—It is obvious at a glance that we must read *κατακλυσθῆναι* (as indeed Siebelis does) for the *καταλυθῆναι* of the 12^{mo} Tauchnitz. This is one of the worst texts ever printed (albeit 'ad optimorum librorum fidem accuratè edita'), and they have stereotyped it !

so that even in our time traces were left upon the mountains up to which they say the water rose.' There is no corresponding mark on the banks about Phonia, and the probability is that it is not a water-mark after all. Col. Leake attributes the appearance to the evaporation from the water, but the discolourment so produced would surely not terminate abruptly in a regular line. It is more likely to be the mark of junction of two strata, the lower of which is less adapted for vegetation. A personal inspection of the place would settle the controversy at once, but the point did not seem to us then to be of sufficient moment to warrant the *détour*.

Phonia is a village of scattered detached houses, on gently sloping well-watered ground, with tall trees and green fields and orchards all about it. Close to the lake is a conical hill, the Acropolis of the old city. Pausanias, indeed, describes the hill on which it stood as 'precipitous on all sides' (*ἀπότομος πανταχόθεν*), which can hardly be predicated of this hill; but the slope is still very steep, and was, no doubt, much steeper before the ruins of successive buildings cumbered its base. At all events there are most undeniable Hellenic walls, with three towers, still to be traced. One of the towers is about fifteen feet square. Some of the stones composing the wall are as much as three feet long, and the masonry is as regular as that of Messene. On the eastern side is a platform, artificially levelled, which may have been the site of a small temple, probably that of Athene-Tritonia, the only one which is mentioned by Pausanias as being in the Acropolis. On the top is a ruined tower, of the 'time of the Venetians.' It is sad

to see at the edges of the lake the remains of the drowned vineyards.

Leaving Phonia at half-past eight, on May 13, we rode eastward along the margin of the lake, and crossing the river Aroanius, or Anias, now a scanty stream, turned towards the south, still keeping the lake close on our right hand. We passed two ruined houses yet bearing the name of a former Turkish occupant, 'Khamil Bey.' Soon turning to the left, we ascend the hills and reach a village known by the not unfrequent name of Kastania, at a quarter before twelve. We had ridden very slowly, the poor horses having got nothing to eat the previous night but some green Indian corn. Remounting at two, we descend a steep path to a ruined khan, whence the road is through level ground as far as the Stympthalian lake. As at Phonia we expected to see a fen and found a lake, so at Stympthalus we expected a lake and found a field. Having known and believed in the Stympthalian lake from childhood, we were disappointed to see it in rig and furrow.

The reason why Stympthalus was celebrated while Pheneos remained obscure, is, I suppose, that it was a thoroughfare not only for persons going from Sicyon and Phlius to Orchomenos, but also for Corinthians, Athenians, and Bæotians travelling by land to Olympia.

Turning to the right, we rode over corn and pasture in search of the Katabothron. We soon came to a stream running swiftly in a channel ten or twelve feet deep, which it has scooped for itself in the accumulated sand, hastening to the cavern which yawns for it at the foot of an abrupt limestone cliff. At the mouth of the cavern were wooden piles,

broken here and there by the violence of the current, the object of which was to prevent any large solid substance being carried in which might stop the passage and so inflict upon Stympthalus the plague of Phencos.¹ The grey face of the rock tufted with red flowers, the dark cave, and the turbid river, making its mad plunge from sunlight to darkness, presented a striking picture to the eye and the imagination. It is not always that one can approach so near. Colonel Leake says² ‘The plain of Stympthalus is about six miles in length, of which at present the lake occupies about a third in the middle.’ . . . ‘The natives do not confirm the assertion of Pausanias³ that in summer there is no lake, though it is confined to a small circuit around the Katabothra.’ Certainly, when we were there, on the 13th of May, there was no semblance of a lake.

On the northern side of the plain, and parallel to its length, is a platform of rock isolated, except at the western

¹ Such a calamity did actually befall in Pausanias's own time (viii. 22, 6). It seems the Stympthalians had neglected to keep properly a certain feast of Artemis. ‘So (οὖν) some timber falling into the cavern where the water goes down, prevented it getting away, and they say that the plain became a lake for a space of forty stades’ (reading τεσσεράκοντα for the impossible τετρακοσίους).

² *Travels in the Morea*, iii. p. 110.

³ The words of Pausanias (viii. 22, 3) seem to refer to a lake, small even in winter and dry in summer, beside the *source* of the stream. ἐν δὲ τῇ Στυμφάλῳ χειμῶνος μὲν ὥρα λίμνην τε οὐ μεγάλην ἢ πηγῇ, καὶ ἀπ’ αὐτῆς ποταμὸν ποιεῖ τὸν Στύμφαλον· ἐν θέρει δὲ προσλιμνάζει μὲν οὐδὲν ἔτι, ποταμὸς δὲ αὐτίκα ἐστὶν ἀπὸ τῆς πηγῆς· οὗτος ἐς χάσμα γῆς κάτεισιν ὁ ποταμὸς κ.τ.λ. He evidently was there in summer only, and perhaps misunderstood what the natives told him as to the site of the lake. When he saw Stympthalus, clearly there was no lake at the Katabothra either.

end, and rising abruptly from the level, about two hundred yards long by sixty broad, where it is broadest, and on an average forty or fifty feet in height. Along the outer edge of the summit may be traced a wall of partly polygonal and partly Hellenic masonry, which has evidently surrounded the whole platform. It is most perfect on the side towards the plain, where the basements of several towers are still extant. At the western end the walls terminate in a large square tower. The rock, inside the circuit, bears frequent traces of human occupation, having been artificially levelled for building or for pathways. The eastern extremity has evidently been the site of a temple, and has been separated from the rest by a wall. Towards the south, too, outside the wall, the rock has been escarped and hewn into ledges for seats or steps. About the middle, just below the rock on the south side, is a fountain, behind which a semicircular recess has been hewn, perhaps—I speak from memory—thirty feet in diameter. On the same side may be traced in the plain the foundations of walls both at right angles and parallel to the face of the rock. On the north side, towards the hills, runs from the great tower before-mentioned, at right angles to the direction of the rock, a wall or causeway nearly twelve feet wide, and which, after about three hundred yards, terminates in a tower and what seems to have been a gateway.

No allusion to these remains, which are assuredly for the most part of very great antiquity, is to be found in Pausanias. Either he was suffering from a fit of laziness when visiting Stymphalus, or from a lapse of memory when writing about it. All that he says is in substance this:—

‘The Stympthalians are said to have been originally settled in a different part of the country, not in the present city. There was a legend that in old Stympthalus Teme-nus nursed Hera, &c.; but no monument connected with it is found in the present city, which contains nothing worth mentioning but the fountain from which Hadrian carried the water by aqueduct to Corinth, and an old temple of Artemis.’

As to the position of the ‘fountain’ here alluded to there can be no question. It is where the river Stympthalus issues from the foot of the mountain, somewhat more than a mile, as I suppose, from the ruins on the rock. On the way thither we pass several scattered remains belonging to one or more temples. I remember, in particular, a large fragment of a cornice, of which the material was the same as that of a ruined church near it, beautiful white limestone. The church has been very large, and seems to have been built in the best times of Byzantine art. It appears to have had a precinct enclosed with walls, and perhaps formed part of a convent.

Colonel Leake says: ‘The ancient town surrounded the projecting cape, and extended from thence to the source of the river inclusive.’ With this I cannot agree. It would suppose Stympthalus to have been one of the largest cities in the Peloponnese, whereas there is every reason to infer, from its insignificance in history, that it was one of the smallest. Its name even does not occur in the index to Mr. Grote’s History. Strabo¹ mentions it as one of

¹ Strabo, viii. 8, 2.—The other cities are Mantinea, Orchomenos, Heræa, Kleitor, Methydriou, Kaphyeis, Mænalos, Kynætha, and

the cities which in his time had ceased to exist, or of which scanty traces were left. If the old Stymphalus—for such the rock above-mentioned unquestionably was—had been included within the walls of the town when Pausanias was there, how could he have failed to speak of it? The truth, I imagine, was this. The Stymphalians had abandoned the ancient site long before his time, and removed to the base of the hills between the fountain and the place where now stands the ruined church. Probably the Stymphalus of his day was little more than a village. Whatever were the reason, he seems to have taken very slight interest in the question; and when told that the old Stymphalus was ‘in another place,’ acquiesced without further inquiry. As I have suggested in a previous note, he seems to have been also mistaken as to the position of the lake.

Our curiosity was damped and our investigations shortened by a heavy shower of rain, the forerunner, as we fancied, of a wet night, so we made haste to depart. The sky was again clear when we reached, at half-past six, the Albanian hamlet of Khaliani, where we were to sleep.

Pheneos. These ἡ οὐκέτ' εἰσὶν, ἡ μόλις αὐτῶν ἵχνη φαίνεται καὶ σημεῖα. Τεγέα δ' ἔτι μετρίως συμμένει.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALBANIANS, SCLAVONIANS, AND HELLENES.

KHALIANI lies in a little level plain—a sheltered nook among the bases of Cyllene. The steep slopes of the lower hills, breaking away here and there in scaurs of red earth and seamed at intervals with capricious torrent-tracks, are clothed for the most part with holly-leaved ilex and other shrubs, whose rich brown tint is now varied and brightened with the fresh green shoots of spring-time. Above these soars the great mountain, visible to the very summit. Where all other vegetation has ceased, a scattered forest of black pines has rooted itself in the grey limestone. From among the pines rises an irregular cone, utterly bare. In the manner of an ancient poet, one might imagine that around the summit, consecrated to Hermes, a magic circle had been drawn, beyond which the spirits of the wood were forbidden to intrude. In the rifts a remnant of snow is still lying, like veins of quartz—the last shreds of the winter's robe which a short month ago had not a rent in it. As we rode on our way towards Sicyon we had this monarch of Arcady constantly in view. From no point does he look more regal than from Khaliani.

The hamlet designated by this sounding name consists of about half-a-dozen houses, in the largest of which we were lodged. There are two rooms in it—one above, one

below. The latter is half underground, and serves, I suppose, as storehouse for the less perishable household and agricultural stuff; the upper chamber is accessible by a flight of steps. Three-fourths of it is used as a granary, but at one end is a hearthstone, and about it a small space kept clear for the use of the family, who sleep around with feet towards the fire like the spokes of a wheel. I have said elsewhere that the Albanians have, as a general rule, lighter hair and complexion than the inhabitants of the plains. They are also, I think, more strongly built, and have more regular features; but their faces are not lighted up by the dark, keen, southern eye which is in itself beauty. Exposed as they are to rough weather and hard work almost from their cradle, the young people, and young women especially, have little of youthful delicacy in tint or form, and no youthful suppleness in gesture or motion. The dress of the men, if rude, is picturesque enough: kilt and greaves, and sheep-skin jacket, not unlike the dress of a figure in the foreground of Velasquez's 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' in the National Gallery. The kilt is of linen, and has once been white; it is never changed, and consequently never washed, except in an occasional shower.

The costume of the women is of a still more savage simplicity. A sack of thick woollen stuff, reaching from neck almost to ankle, wraps them formless in its fold. It must, indeed, be a superb beauty that could triumph over such a toilet.

I have already said¹ that these colonists from Albania

¹ Page 252.

are exceedingly anxious to be reckoned as Hellenes. Neither is there now any antipathy on the other side to prevent this desired amalgamation. Though originally unopposed or even welcomed immigrants, difference of blood, language, and habits fostered for a long time secret animosities between them and their lowland neighbours, of which the Turks cunningly, or perhaps merely instinctively, availed themselves, and not unfrequently employed Albanians as agents and instruments of oppression against their fellow-Christians. Some of them had even embraced Mahommedanism. The conspicuously gallant part, however, which they played in the War of Liberation has obliterated all recollections of old grievances, and the adoption of the Albanian as the national costume of regenerate and rechristened Hellas is an official mark of complete reconciliation. We shall probably find the grandsons of these Albanians calling themselves Epaminondas, Phocion, and so on, and bragging of their glorious ancestors as do those descendants of multifarious barbarians who now call themselves Hellenes—a name to which they have little better title than the modern Mexicans or the modern Britons to theirs.

The permanence of the old language is the one point of difference in their favour, but in a question of race this does not tell for much. The language spoken by an uneducated Greek scarcely resembles the ancient tongue more nearly than the language of the Spaniard or the Provençal resembles Latin; and if the modern dialects of Spain and Provence had not been stereotyped by long civilization and literary culture, it would have been almost as easy to bring them back to the old grammatical forms

as to restore to the modern Romaic the inflexions and vocabulary of ancient Greece. And yet how small, we may be sure, the infusion of Roman blood in the Provençal and Spanish people !

Moreover, no other nation has suffered under circumstances so unfavourable as Greece, ever since the loss of its independence, now nearly twenty-two centuries ago. Besides continuous misgovernment and chronic disunion, the successive pestilences which, coming from the east, have scourged Europe, seem to have spent upon Greece the first force of their malignity ; and successive hordes of barbarians, repelled from the frontiers of stronger states, have found here an unresisting prey. Even before the sixth century of our era, Slavonian colonies had begun to settle in the deserted lands of that peninsula, the remotest and least accessible of Greek provinces, which was afterwards to be called by a word of their own—Morra, Morea. The great plague of 746 cleared the way for more immigrants. ‘ All Hellas and Peloponnese was made Slavish, and became barbarian when the plague desolated the earth in the days when Constantine Copronymus swayed the sceptre of the Roman empire.’ This is the testimony of Constantine Porphyrogenitus,¹ himself emperor. In his time the Slavonians had assumed Greek names and begun to intermarry, even with the imperial house ; but there was, it seems, still some distinction between them and the Romans (for so the Greeks called themselves) in complexion or feature. Now such distinction is entirely

¹ Quoted by Mr. Finlay: *Medieval Greece and Trebizond*, p. 21.

obliterated, and the 'Hellenes'¹ of Slavonian descent do not differ from the other Hellenes in person or in idiom.

There was, however, yet another cause in operation long before the time of Goth or Hun or Avar, and more potent than them all for corrupting the purity of Hellenic blood—I mean slavery. The earliest glimpse which we get of that ancient people shows us slavery in all forms, domestic and predial, rooted among the national habits as an immemorial institution, and an active slave trade carried on without question and without stigma, as if it were a law of human nature. Long after the stigma had been attached to the traffic it continued to flourish, and indeed only ceased at last when, besides being discreditable, it came also to be unprofitable. Slavery itself did not perish in Greece till the tenth century after Christ. Century after century the population of ancient Hellas was recruited by large and frequent importations of Thracians and Scythians; and there can be no doubt that, in the zenith of Hellenic power, the free population was far outnumbered by the servile—the Hellenes by the barbarians. Even then the purity of race, if it ever had

¹ If the terms Hellas and Hellenes be considered as merely 'geographical expressions,' and not asserting a claim of descent from the ancient Hellenes, there can be no objection to them. In the time of Pausanias the word Hellenes was no longer applied to all the race, but only to the inhabitants of a district nearly conterminous with the modern kingdom of Otho. In this sense the word was used by the Byzantine historians, who always affected classical phraseology, long after it had been disused by the people themselves. Mr. Finlay mentions that a citizen of Constantinople would have been insulted by being called a Greek or Hellene instead of 'a Roman.'

any meaning as applied to the Hellenes, was fast becoming a fiction. The barbarian origin of this and that so-called 'Athenian' supplied the comic poets with an inexhaustible theme. Some even of the greatest Athenians did not disdain to intermarry with, or refuse to acknowledge their descent from Thracian and Scythian families. Miltiades, Thucydides, Demosthenes, are examples to the point. No institutions, municipal or political, could be of any avail to prevent a gradual admixture of alien blood and an ultimate confusion of races. *Quid leges sine moribus vanæ proficiunt?* and what 'morals,' we may ask, can there be co-existent with slavery? In ancient Greece the morals, so far as they concern the present question, were more lax, and the retro-active evils of slavery greater, than in modern America. And why? Because in America the differences of race, as shown in complexion, feature, and mind, between master and slave, are so great as to produce a mutual repugnance, and to ensure detection and exposure of secret sins by stamping all offspring with a brand of affiliation. It was not so in Greece. The great majority of Greek slaves came of races physically as noble as their masters, and of intellects not naturally so acute, but capable of a high degree of refinement and culture. The best and most profitable slaves were those who became most rapidly Hellenized. The Davus and Syra who waited behind the couch of Mæcenas spoke Attic and sang Greek songs to Greek music. Thus society in Greece wanted the safeguards which protect it in America. It may, indeed, be laid down as a general rule, that 'the retro-active mischiefs of slavery' (as I have ventured to call them) are greater in proportion to the relationship of

race between master and slave. According as the national sin is more shameful and flagrant, so is the retribution more speedy and terrible.

These arguments, drawn from historical facts, make it, to any unprejudiced mind, perfectly certain that the proportion of Hellenic blood which now runs in the veins of King Otho's subjects is infinitesimally small. Those who, in spite of these facts, maintain the opposite thesis are either Greeks or Ionians, actuated by a pardonable national vanity, or foreigners anxious to combat a doctrine which stultifies their own Philhellenism. The writers and speakers on this side whom I have read and heard, judiciously avoid historical ground, and support their position, first, by insisting on the permanence of the language, and, secondly, by asserting the uniformity of type, physical and moral, which characterizes the present Greeks, and the resemblance of that type to the ancient Greek.

First, as to the language: The fact of its permanence, however corrupted, is worthy of all admiration, but, properly interpreted, warrants no inference as to the genealogy of those who speak it. A Hellenist is not necessarily a Hellene. The genius and enterprise of the ancient Hellenes, which won for them their long-continued pre-eminence in colonization, commerce, and letters, ensured also the adoption of their language as the earliest *lingua franca* of the Levant. When the interests of different nations come to be closely connected, and intercourse frequent between them, then there grows up an imperious necessity for such a *lingua franca* for bargains in peace and parley in war. Even in the time of Herodotus this want had begun to be felt, and he found in the most distant cities

which he visited in Africa and in Asia Hellenist interpreters. The conquests of Alexander added a new impulse to the Hellenistic tendencies of the world. After his death, Alexandria, Pergamos, Antioch, &c., became the capitals of kingdoms called Greek, not because either sovereigns or subjects were of Greek blood, but because Greek was the language they had adopted in common. These nations, I repeat, may fitly be called Hellenist, but not Hellenic, just as the peoples of France and Spain may be called 'Romance,' but not Roman. The Hellenistic tongue absorbed and overpowered a multitude of local jargons, and converted each new capital from a very Babel into a 'city of articulate-speaking men.' The most obstinately tenacious of all sects found it necessary for the general understanding of their own holy books to have them translated into this master-language—that language which obtained its crowning triumph when, three centuries later, in it were delivered the last oracles of God. The New Testament consecrated what was before the language of art, literature, and commerce as the language also of religion; thus, on the one hand, providing for its still wider extension, and on the other, securing it against, or at all events arresting the progress of corruption. To the children of the orthodox church, of whatever race, the language of the Gospels and of the Liturgy was the mother-tongue—the use of which was almost an article of faith from which, to their immortal honour and the credit of our common Christianity, neither persecution, nor sword, nor any other creature could separate them.

Thus, while I deny that the existence of the Hellenistic language warrants any claim of kindred with the great

people who spoke it in its earliest form, or the great poets and sages who cultivated it, I affirm that it proves for the moderns a far nobler genealogy, and vindicates for each successive generation the praise of faithfulness, constancy, and courage.

I come now to the second proposition, viz.: That the modern Greeks are characterized by uniformity of type, and that type resembling the ancient. The first part of this proposition is sometimes implicitly denied by the advocates for the second, when they affirm that the islanders especially resemble the ancient Greeks in features. But I waive this point, and am content to assume that there is perfect unanimity among the advocates for both.

It must be premised that all such general assertions are very easily made or contradicted, but not very easily proved or refuted. In such cases the eye sees not only what it brings with it the power of seeing, but also that which it brings with it the desire to see.

And, first, to confine ourselves to the supposed physical resemblance. What *were* the national characteristics of the ancient Greeks in face and form? What means have we of forming a judgment? Here literature stands us in no stead, and we can only fall back upon the remains of ancient art, statues and friezes and metopes, and cameos and coins, where we have on the one hand ideal representations of gods and heroes, and on the other portraits of individual men. The ideal faces from the time of Phidias downwards all conform to one well-known type, of which the low forehead, the straight nose in a line with the forehead, and the short upper lip are the chief characteristics. The archaic type as seen in the

Æginetan marbles and in the *Athene* of the coins is somewhat different. The difference lies chiefly in the expression, and is unimportant to our present inquiry, because it is due either to want of manual skill or intentional imitation of antique rudeness. With regard to the portraits, which belong for the most part to the latest period of art, we must take into consideration several facts before we can argue upon them at all.

In the first place, many of those which bear the names of illustrious Greeks are either ideal or portraits of Romans which have been inscribed with Greek names in Greek letters in order to increase their value in the market by Italian owners or vendors in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, at the revival of learning, art, connoisseurship, and forgery. Secondly, we must bear in mind the tendency of the portrait-maker to flatter his subject by assimilating his features as much as possible to the divine and heroic type. Making these allowances, the genuine Greek faces will be found very various in character, and not resembling the ideal type at all more closely than a collection of portraits of Italians, Spaniards, or any southern people at the present day. But any conclusion must be dubious when drawn from such dubious and scanty data.

Among the modern Greeks, so far as my observation went—and I was constantly observing them with this particular view—one sees very few faces which recal the type of ideal beauty. Some exceptional instances may be found in all countries; but they are always rare, and not less rare in Greece than elsewhere. The most striking examples which I noted were an Albanian shep-

herd near Athens and a rustic at Zante. For the exquisite proportions and muscular development of ancient statues we can find no parallel in men as they now are, for the modern Greek wraps himself up in elaborate folds, and never takes the trouble to undress. We are more likely to find living antitypes of the Apollo and Antinous in England, where the young men are animated with the passion of the old Greeks for gymnastic exercises far more than their *soi-disant* descendants and namesakes.

So much for the physical question. With regard to the moral qualities, we are assured that the modern Greeks resemble the ancient in their virtues and in their failings, whether as civilians or soldiers—as soldiers in their fitful courage and sudden panics ; as civilians in their enterprising spirit, their versatility, their patience, frugality and sobriety, in their selfishness, unscrupulousness and cunning.

To take these *seriatim*. It is quite true that, so long as the wars of the ancient Greeks were waged by their own free citizens in person, ‘fitful courage and sudden panic’ did characterize their armies, except only the Spartan, as they characterize all half-trained and half-disciplined bodies of men, to whatever race they belong. The raw levies of America ran away at Bladensburg, and the raw levies of England refused to advance at the Redan. But the Spartans, who were veteran soldiers all, showed no such weakness. The Greek mercenaries of later times serving under Cyrus or Alexander were remarkable for steadiness in the field.

Again, the modern Greeks show no aptitude for combined enterprises ‘of great pith and moment,’ such as

distinguished the better days of the old Hellas; but only for petty traffic and individual gain, in which the mixed population of the Levantine shores have been ever active. This is enterprise of a much lower stamp than that which of old colonized the coasts of the Mediterranean with free and flourishing cities. In this sense the Jews and the hybrid Ionians and Maltese are quite as enterprising, as versatile, and as patient as the Greeks.

Frugality and sobriety are virtues not peculiar to race, but to climate. All the southern nations—Spaniards and Italians and Hindoos—are sober and frugal.

The vices which are attributed to the Greeks are vices developed by oppression, and could not with justice be charged upon the ancient Greeks as a people so long as they were free. They are the arts whereby weakness baffles and eludes violence. In the animal world nature furnishes analogous qualities to the creature preyed upon as a defence against the talon and the claw.

To sum up all: I hold, first, that such homogeneity as there is in the modern Greek nation is due not to purity of race, but to the combined action of other causes—frequent intercourse, similar habits, and identity of climate and language. We see, in the case of the United States, how rapidly such causes operate in fusing into one people with marked characteristics, physical and moral, a multitude of very various origin and descent. Secondly, whatever resemblance may be traced between the ancient and modern Greeks is owing to the similarity of external circumstance; and however many minor qualities they may exhibit in common, the moderns show no spark of the mighty genius of the ancients. That genius has left its stamp

upon every art and science, upon every branch of letters and province of thought. Modern Greece has produced no great artist, nor statesman, nor general, nor poet, nor philosopher.¹

¹ I should be sorry to depreciate the merits of Koraes, Soutzos, Trikoupi, and others who have deserved well of their country and of literature; but there is no modern Greek 'great' in the sense in which many ancient Greeks, many Germans, French, English, and Italians are great.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SICYON.

WE left Khaliani at a quarter-past six A.M. The path lay along a wide, bare valley, traversed at intervals by the torrents which descend from the eastern flank of Cyllene. The mountain was visible nearly all the way on the left, not cone-shaped, as it appeared from Khaliani, but terminating in a jagged ridge. We passed another amphibious lake, like that of Stymphalus, but much smaller. By-and-bye we fell in with a group of peasants of both sexes and all ages, headed by a priest marching in slow procession, and stopping at each man's field to chant a *Kyrie Eleison* and invoke a blessing upon their crops. The whole way is a gradual ascent; and about ten o'clock we reached the summit of a ridge of hills running east and west and commanding a splendid prospect of both the gulfs and the isthmus between. The thin and arid soil produces nothing but a few scattered stunted oaks and a scanty undergrowth of familiar shrubs. The descent on the northern side is more rapid, down a path cut deep between chalky banks and glowing like a furnace in the mid-day sun. Here and there I observed traces of an old road. The monotony of the journey was relieved by an occasional assault upon a snake surprised as he lay basking in the heat. One of them was about a yard long with a

disproportionately large head, spotted black and grey, and, according to the testimony of his destroyer, *πολὺ κακό*, that is, 'very venomous.'

At half-past twelve we came to a ruined bridge, probably ancient, at the bottom of a ravine, and then ascended the right bank by a steep path. Along the crest of the hill might be traced fragments of a Hellenic wall—the western wall of Sicyon.

A finer site for a city could not well be imagined. The mountains hereabouts fall down towards the sea not in a continuous slope, but in a succession of abrupt descents and level terraces—a series of landslips, as it were, so that green smooth pastures alternate with white steep scaurs. These are severed at intervals by deep rents and gorges, down which the mountain torrents make their way to the sea, spreading the spoils of the hills over the flat plain two miles in breadth, which lies between the lowest cliffs and the shore. Between two such gorges, on a smooth expanse of tableland overlooking the plain, stood the ancient Sicyon. On every side are abrupt cliffs, and even at the southern extremity there is a lucky transverse rent separating this from the next plateau. The ancient walls may be seen at intervals along the edge of the cliffs on all sides. The entire circuit of the city cannot have been much less than four miles. In shape it approximated to a triangle, with the apex towards the hills and the base fronting the sea. Within the walls there is a higher and lower level. A line of rocks parallel to the base separates the triangle into two unequal parts, of which the southern is higher and smaller than the northern. In the most flourishing days of Sicyon the whole space thus included in the fortifications was called Acropolis, there being a lower town

on the plain at the foot of the cliffs, and a seaport as well. In 303 B.C. Demetrius Poliorcetes, with the consent of the Sicyonians themselves, destroyed the seaport, which was incapable of being defended by the diminished population, and transported them to the Acropolis, which was amply sufficient for them all. The upper platform was then called Acropolis, as probably it had been in earlier times, when the dimensions of the city were coextensive with those of the city of Demetrius. In the historical times Sicyon was never more than a second-rate city; but its importance in a military point of view made its possession coveted by more powerful contending neighbours, so that it suffered all the evils without the glories of war. Its importance as a fortress arose from its natural strength and abundant supply of water, and from its proximity to Corinth and the rich plain which lay between.¹

It is twice mentioned in the *Iliad* as a city under the dominion of Agamemnon: 'Sicyon, where Adrastus was the first king,'² and 'Sicyon with wide dancing-places.'³ This last is, like 'well-built,' a familiar epithet paid by way of compliment to those cities which have no peculiar and characteristic adjective of their own; were it less common, we might well suppose that the level site of

¹ The description of Diodorus (xx. 102, 3) applies to the site even now, excepting that the 'abundance of water' is diminished by the choking up of the underground aqueducts, and that corn-fields have taken the place of 'gardens.'—ὁ γὰρ τῆς ἀκροπόλεως περίβολος ἐπίπεδος ὦν καὶ μέγας κρημνοῖς δυσπροσίτοις περιέχεται πανταχόθεν, ὥστε μηδαμῇ δύνασθαι μηχανὰς προσάγειν, ἔχει δὲ καὶ πλῆθος ὑδάτων ἐξ οὗ κηπέας δαψιλεῖς κατεσκεύασαν.

² *Il.* ii. 572.

³ *Ib.* xxiii. 299.

Sicyon would make it here especially appropriate. At any rate the *insouciant* Hippocleides did not avail himself of his opportunities when he chose the dinner-table for the memorable performances related with such unction by the Father of History.¹

The reign of Cleisthenes was probably the culminating point of Sicyonian power. He was strong enough to wage war with the Argives, and was anxious to assert in every way the independence of his city. The means which he adopted for this end are wonderfully characteristic of the early days of Greece. He forbade the rhapsodists from chanting Homer's poems, 'because they glorified Argos and the Argives;' and also, as we may suppose, because Sicyon was represented as subordinate to Agamemnon; and he wanted to turn Adrastus out of his heroum in the market-place because he was an Argive. From this we see, first, how undoubtingly the Greeks of that day accepted the epic tales for literal positive fact; and, secondly, how completely not only the Dorians themselves, but their enemies also, identified them with the Achæans whom they had conquered and supplanted. And if, as is supposed, Cleisthenes was himself an Achæan supported by the favour of his brother Achæans against the Dorian aristocracy, in insulting the so-called Argive hero Adrastus he was in reality insulting one of his own race. It was as if Owen Glendower should have forbidden his minstrels to sing of Arthur on the ground that he was an Englishman. Not being able to expel Adrastus from the market-place, he introduced his bitter enemy Melanippus into the strongest

¹ Herod. vi. 129.

part of the Prytaneion, so that the latter hero might be able to oust the former from his defenceless post in the market-place below.¹

The market-place of which Herodotus speaks was doubtless on the lower level of the upper city, where in his own time was to be seen the stoa of Cleisthenes, built from the spoils of Cirrha.² The Prytaneion was, I conceive, the upper level, which constituted a fortress in itself, and was set apart for the residence of the sovereign, as the dukes of Ferrara had a fortress in the midst of their city. Probably 'Prytanis' was the official title borne not only by the Sicyonian but also by other despots of the time.

Colonel Leake says: 'It appears from several authorities that when Sicyon was in the height of its power the walls extended to the sea. It must then have been at least eight miles in circumference.'³ If ever the city had this extent, it was probably in the reign of Cleisthenes. But I do not know what are the several authorities here referred to. Neither Herodotus nor Thucydides gives any hint of the long walls of Sicyon, and it is certain from incidents related by Xenophon in his *Hellenica* that the seaport of Sicyon was not so connected with the upper city in the time of Epaminondas. Sixty years later we have the distinct statement of Diodorus that there was a vacant interval between the two.⁴ Under the high-handed Cleisthenes, the ally of Athens,

¹ Herod. v. 67.

² It was still extant in Pausanias's time, ii. 9, 6.

³ *Travels in the Morea*, iii. 365.

⁴ Diod. xx. 102, 2.—εἶθ' οἱ μὲν φρουροὶ συνεσέπεσον εἰς τὴν ἀκρόπολιν, ὃ δὲ Δημήτριος τῆς πόλεως κυριεύσας τὸν μεταξὺ τόπον τῶν οἰκιῶν καὶ τῆς ἀκρᾶς κατέειχε.

the Acropolis may have been connected with the seaport, as in aftertimes that of Athens itself was joined to the Piræus; but neither Corinth nor the other states of Peloponnese would have suffered a second-rate town, to which rank Sicyon soon after sank, thus to block up the road along the coast.

After the outer walls, almost the only remains of ancient Sicyon are to be found along the line of low cliffs separating the higher from the lower platform. Entering from the west, we come first to the stadium, the upper end of which occupies a fold or recess in the line of rocks, partly natural partly excavated; and in order to give it the requisite length, it is prolonged at the lower end by an artificial platform, supported on three sides by walls of masonry which, though polygonal, makes an approach to regular courses. Of these courses I counted twelve, and the walls are in all about eighteen feet high. All incline somewhat inwards, so as better to resist the lateral pressure of the earth. Close by there is a little cave in the rock, and about it hewn seats or steps, as at Stympalus. Very near the stadium, towards the east, is the theatre, of which the circular part, as well as the basement of the stage wall, is excavated out of the rock. From the rock, on either side, project masses of masonry, intended to prolong the seats of the spectators to the stage wall, which crossed them at right angles. These are traversed by spacious *arched* passages opposite to each other. Now, these walls are composed entirely of large stones without cement, and belong unquestionably to the best Hellenic period—the best, that is, in a masonic point of view. There is every probability that they were erected by Demetrius, the benefactor of Sicyon,

if, indeed, they be not of a still remoter date; so that we find that the Greeks were acquainted with the mystery of throwing an arch at least as early as the end of the fourth century B.C. If it had then been a recent discovery it would have created a sensation, and we should have heard of it, for that is precisely the period as to which we have the fullest knowledge of all that interested the Greek people. It is not mentioned because it had been known from time immemorial, and therefore did not awake any one's curiosity or wonder.

On the upper level above the theatre are two or three altars hewn out of the living rock, with a hollow on the top to receive the fire, and a basement of successive steps. On the lower ground, near where we may suppose the market-place to have been, is a Roman building almost perfect, with the exception of the roof, divided into several small chambers. Probably it was intended for baths, as the chambers are too small to admit the supposition of its having been a public building. If the rubbish which cumbered the floor were cleared away, the point would be set at rest. Near the little hamlet of Vasiliká, in the northern cliff, is a gully up which a steep and narrow path gives access from the plain below. Here, doubtless, was one of the gates of the city; not, however, the sacred gate, as that probably led to the sanctuary of Titane, the especial object of Sieyonian veneration,¹ and was therefore on the landward side. Following the edge of this cliff, towards the east, we come to a church, in and about which are several fragments of antiquity, part of the shaft of a large Doric column, some triglyphs, and a cornice of

¹ Pausanias, ii. 11, 5.

white marble. Hard by is a kind of tunnel wide enough for one man to pass, of which the lower end is half way down the cliff. It is still unobstructed, and seems to have been a kind of postern. That it is ancient appears from some foundations of walls round the upper outlet.

About five o'clock we reluctantly quitted this most interesting site. At the foot of the hill are some scattered fragments and the wheelmarks of an old road. We crossed the Asopus by a modern bridge. It was probably on the plain near the banks of the river that the hippodrome was situated, though of course no trace is left of it. An ode of Pindar, wrongly classed among the *Nemean*s—the ninth—refers to a victory gained in a chariot race at the games of Sicyon, called Pythian, 'which Adrastus instituted in honour of Iphæbus beside the streams of Asopus.'¹

The plain between Sicyon and Corinth, in old days proverbial for its fertility, is now sparsely planted with vine and olive, and sown in patches with corn. It appears to have owed its renown rather to careful tillage than natural richness. It doubtless well repaid the trouble of the culture when it had a populous city at either extremity, affording a ready market for its produce.

About sunset we reached Corinth.

¹ Pindar, *Nem.* ix. 9.

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